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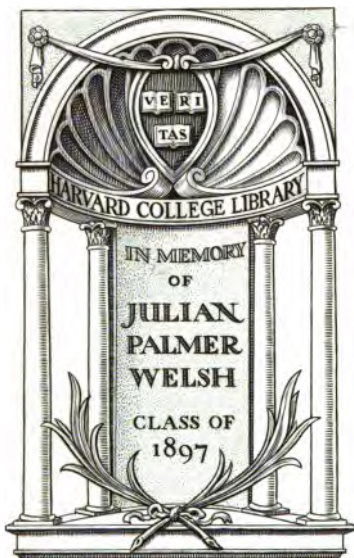
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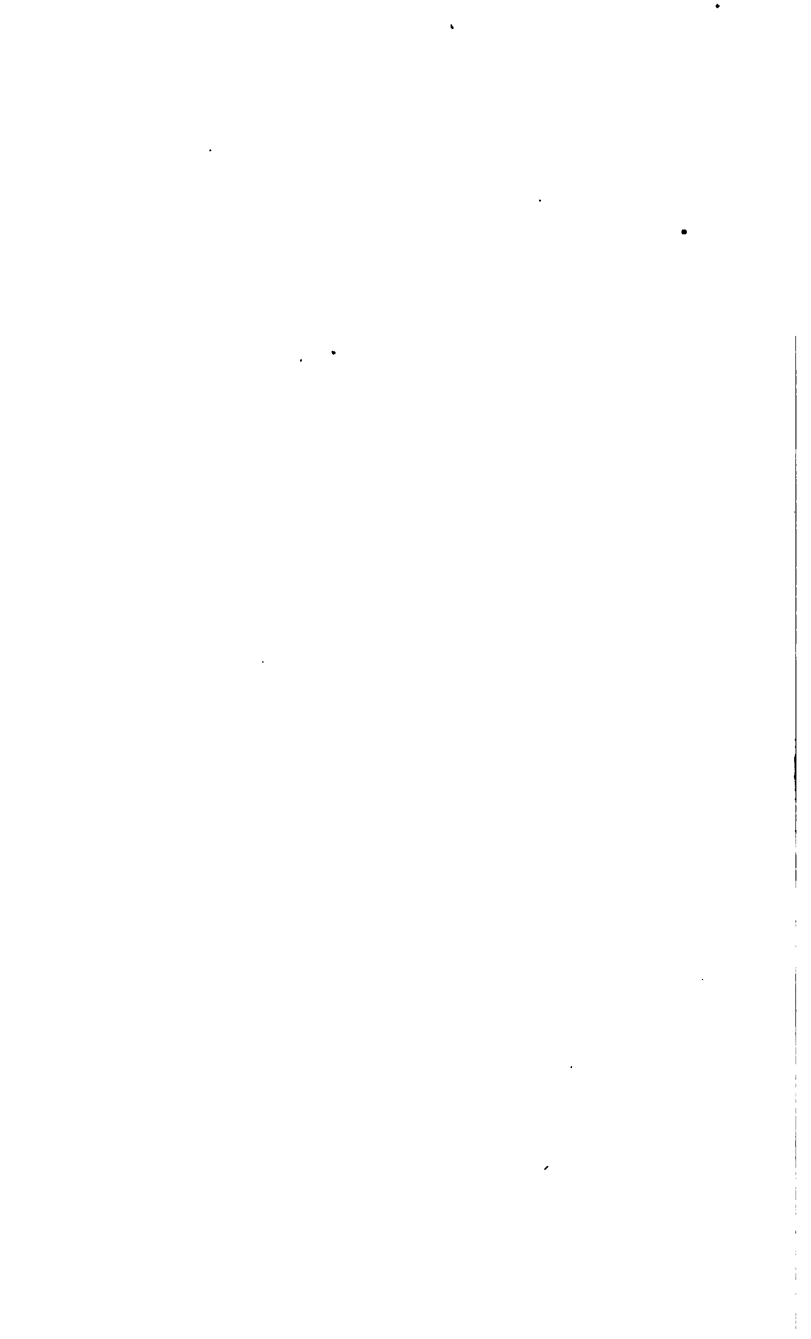
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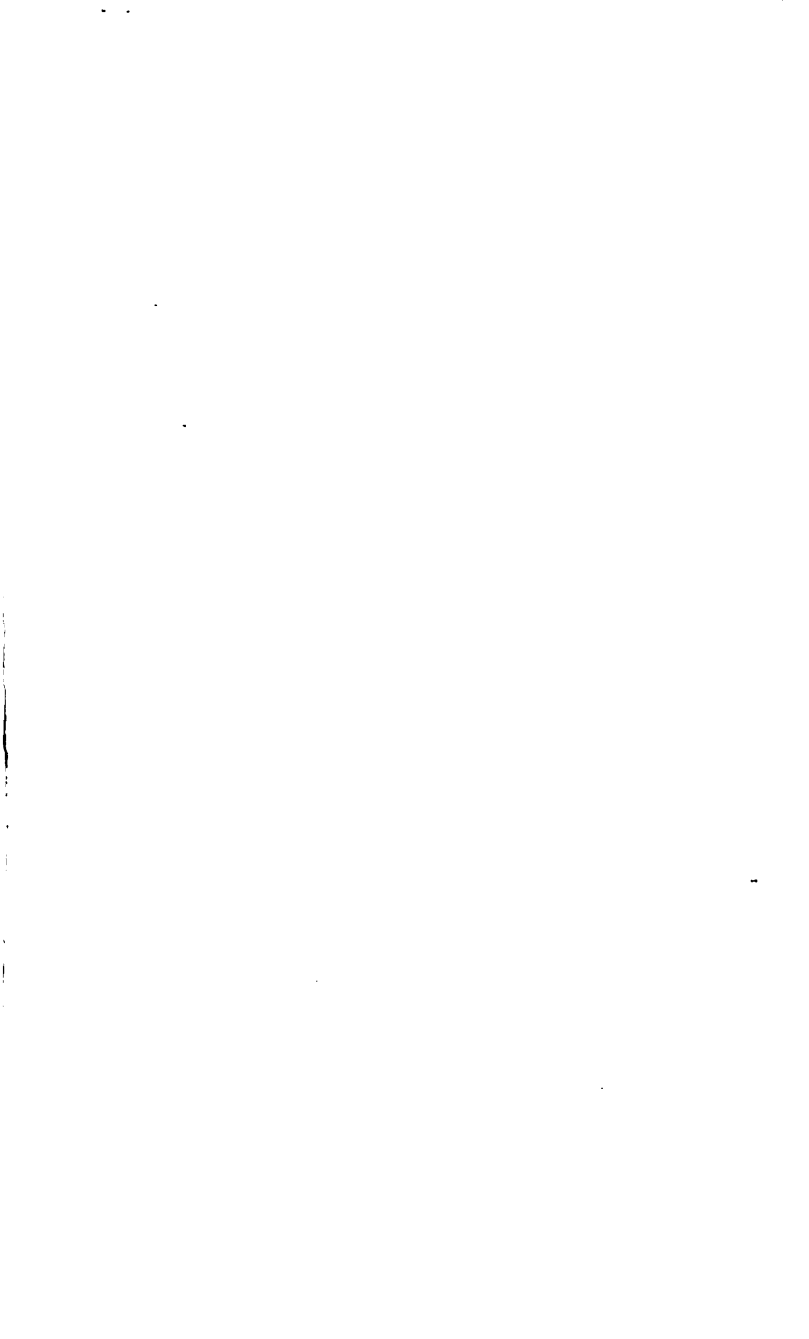
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Robert W. Elliot
Toronto
1871







HAMILTON;

AND OTHER

POEMS AND LECTURES.

BY

W. A. STEPHENS,

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, OWEN SOUND.

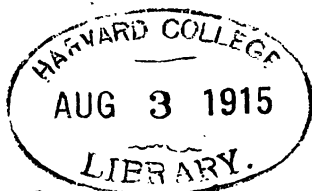
SECOND EDITION.

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one, by W. A. STEPHENS, in the Office of the Minister of
Agriculture.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

If I had not written this book, no one else in the world would or could have written it; no one else was in a position to select all the subjects that I have chosen, and to look upon them from my stand-point. And if any one had attempted it, no matter what his ability or experience, our books could not have been identical. No one but he who is can be the parent of his own offspring, either mental or natural.

I have tried to make a book both "pleasant to read and useful to remember;" but no matter what may be my own opinion of my success, the intelligent reader will, of course, claim his own right of judging.

"The Infant Wanderer" was my first published piece, and nothing that I have written has, I believe, been read with more interest than this.

As to "Hamilton," the principal piece: In my preface to the first Edition I stated that I was asked to do so by a lady friend in Hamilton. Some time after its publication, I had an interview, in his library, with the late Bishop Strachan, and he observed, in reference to the

above poem—"There is very little of Hamilton in it." This is so; and in this it resembles Cowper's *Task*. There is very little of the "Sofa" in it:

—"But there
Perhaps all likeness ends between the pair."

After a free conversation upon literary subjects, the Bishop remarked—"I once intended writing a poem myself. There was an immense elm tree growing on the commons, near Toronto, and my purpose was to personify this tree, and make it describe what it had seen of change during its long lifetime. First, to tell of the Indians—their history, manners and customs; next, the arrival and settlement of the French, and what they accomplished; and lastly, to tell of the conquest of the country by the English—their settlement, enterprise, and progress. But," he added, "a pressure of other business prevented me from carrying out my design." If he had written the poem, who knows but he might have developed poetical powers that would have made him the Heber of the Anglo-Canadian Church?

I had been told some time before this, by ex-Judge Mitchell, of the London District, that about the beginning of the century he and Dr. Strachan were intimate friends, and, at the same time, teachers of District Grammar Schools, and also contributors to the *nearest* literary periodical, which was in Philadelphia.

While engaged, in 1840, in publishing my first edition, I visited most of the towns in Canada, from London to Montreal, and I met, in every place, with kindness and attention, and among other kind friends I would especially mention the late Vice-Chancellor Jameson, of Toronto, from whom I received especial encouragement, which, coming from one of his position and fine literary taste, and whose wife ranked so high among the lady writers of England, was very gratifying to a young author; and he kindly said—"When you publish another edition, I will revise it for you." But he has gone to that place where there is no *revision* of anything done here.

There were at that time comparatively few journals in Canada, but all that I saw, with one exception, noticed my book favourably. That one gave me a column of keen and caustic criticism. Those who have been in a similar case for the first time, will not be surprised when I confess that for an hour or two I felt as if I had a blister upon my organ of *approbativeness*; but I soon began to console myself with the thought that I might place the commendation of twenty against the condemnation of one, and have a large balance in my favour.

It was said in a lecture upon the Poets of Canada, by the Rev. W. W. Smith, (who has himself a wide reputation as a poet, lecturer, and editor,) that mine was the first volume of poems published in Upper Canada. Since then, many volumes have been given to the public, some

of them possessing great merit, and adding largely to the "mental outfit of the Dominion;" and there are many besides, who, although they have not written a book, have embellished the periodical press with their fine effusions, among whom I would mention *Sylvicola*, who for some years has been a frequent contributor to the *Owen Sound Times*, and whose poetry has been very generally admired.

"Hamilton, and other Poems," was out of print in a few months after publication, and I did not then anticipate that so long a time as thirty years would pass before publishing another edition. But since then, as well as before, I have been actively engaged, both with mind and hand, in the practical business of life. This, together with weakness of sight, with which I have been troubled for some fifteen years past—during which time, until lately, I was unable to read scarcely a single volume—prevented my reappearing sooner as an author, excepting in a small Poetical Geography, and as a contributor, in prose and verse, to various journals in Canada and the United States, for I always continued to *interview* the muses, and always with pleasure, although perhaps not with the romantic zest of earlier years, when hopes of fame fired my young ambition, while its ardour was heightened perhaps by the too partial plaudits of my friends. It was said by a very rich octogenarian of my acquaintance—"If my son takes as much pleasure in spending my money as I have in making it, I shall be well repaid." And I may say, that if others take as much pleasure in reading my productions as I have

had in writing them, I shall be very well satisfied. My first book was dedicated to the late Consul Buchanan, of New York, who was "my own and my father's friend." He was, also, himself an author of several books upon important subjects. He wrote me in reference to my production, and said—"I have not a poetical fibre in my composition, and I would advise you not to spend your time in writing poetry." And, I presume to enforce his advice, he added—"I was in Scotland in 1794, and being at Dumfries, I was desirous of seeing Robert Burns, and asked my landlady where he lived, when she impatiently exclaimed, 'I wonder what all the folks are making such a *fash* about that drunken guager for!'"

Poor Burns! How little most of his cotemporaries dreamed then of the way that the mind of British and Colonial, and American Anglo-Saxondom would effervesce at the centenary celebrations! and that one of Scotland's most gifted girls would write, amid the plaudits of millions—

"He more of honor to his country brings
Than all her kings."

How sorrowfully this contrasts with the sad latter lifetime of the poet.

I shall conclude my present remarks by the following extract from Mr. Henry J. Morgan's elaborate work, "Bibliotheca Canadensis," page 358: "W. A. Stephens, Collector of Customs, Owen Sound, U. C. Born in Belfast,

Ireland, 1809. Contributed in verse [or prose] to the *Niagara Gleaner*, *The Casket*, and *The Garland* (Hamilton), *Palladium*, *Examiner* and *Leader* (Toronto), *The Saturday Courier* (Philadelphia), *The Review* (Streetsville), *The Baptist Magazine* (Montreal), and various other journals. In 1853 edited the *Lever* (Owen Sound). Published Hamilton and other Poems, *Toronto*, 1840, 180 pages. Poetical Geography and Rhyming Rules for Spelling, 1848."

OWEN SOUND, February, 1871.

INDEX.

	PAGE
The Infant Wanderer.....	13
Jabal, Jubal and Tubal-Cain.....	22
Knowledge is Power	26
To my Mother.....	32
Hamilton—Book I.—Argument.....	35
“ “ II.—Argument.....	57
“ “ III.—Argument.....	85
“ “ IV.—Argument.....	105
Notes to Hamilton.....	139
On Perseverance.....	145
Verses on the Death of the Author's Father	147
Stanzas to the Memory of a Sister	149
Upon Sacred Music.....	151
Stanzas	153
To a Friend on his Wedding.....	155
To the Hamilton “Garland”	156
Two Descriptions of Love.....	158
The Fairy and the Dew-drop	160
To ———	161
Lines written in a Lady's Album.....	164
A Morning Reverie	166
To a Young Friend	170
An Epigram	172
To Fanny.....	173

	PAGE
The Seasons—To a Lady Friend	174
The Tide of Love	175
A Roundelay	180
On the Death of a Child	182
To Dona Julia.....	183
My Birth-place	186
Our Progenitors—A Lecture	188
Futuro made the Confidant of Fate	224
The Fireman's Song	230
How Peter used the Keys of the Kingdom	231
The Thousand Islands	238
To my Little Mary Ellen	239
My Little Earnest	241
To my Little Edward.....	242
To my Little Harvey.....	244
To my Little Heber	245
On seeing a Light in the Window of Home	248
Lecture on the Harmony of Science and Religion	249
A Year Ago To-day	273
That Loving Couple	276
The Offering of Isaac.....	277
The Conversion of Saul.....	279
Niagara Falls	283
To my Wife.....	284
The Weather	285
Tipple-a-Little, &c.....	287
The Death of Aaron	289
The Death of Moses	291
An Epigram.....	292
Thirty Days hath September	293
Names and Order of the Books in the Old Testament...	294

	PAGE
The Creation Week	295
The Love of Alcestis..	297
On the Death of Mr. McKeever.....	298
Queen's Birth-day Excursion	300
Visit of the Prince of Wales	302
A Time is Coming	304
God	306
And did the Lord of Life.....	307
Lord of Life, Supreme, Eternal	310
Envy Not—A Moral	311
The Symbolical Head.....	314
My Shanty	316
To Catch a Thief.....	318
Lines in an Album.....	319
Written for a Lady's Album—By request.....	320
Hints to Housekeepers	321
Rural Music.....	323
Mr. John Carey and Verses to a Lady	325
The Owen Sound Council for 1859	329
Impromptu—At Hamilton	330
“ At Owen Sound	331
“ At Meaford.....	332
The Twelfth of July	333
Lines written in a Young Lady's Album	335
To Maggie	335
The Blind Piper and W. A. Stephens.....	336
To Miss B——, while Playing the Piano	339
The Pope Infallible.....	339
Honour and Fame from no Condition Rise	341
Changes in Man's Physical Identity	342
A Leaf from my Diary.....	344

	PAGE
A Canadian Song	345
I Loved Thee—Yes !	346
The Preacher's Address.....	348
Once Guided by Moses	350
The Baptism of Christ	351
A Child carried away by an Eagle	354
A Citizen of Drunkendom	357
On Prayer.....	358
Christian Armour	359
Transfiguration of Christ	360
The Nine Parts of Speech.....	363
Poetical Geography	364
Rhyming Rules for Spelling.....	383
The Debtors' and Creditors' Circle	388
If all the Clocks in all the World	391
Jack to Tom	392
Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow.....	393
I Gazed upon thine Auburn Tresses	394
Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes	396
Now there remains one Day the Less.....	398
The Merry Heart	399
Jennie Watson's Concert	401
On a Meeting at Brock's Monument	402
On the Death of McGee	405
The Wise Men of the East	407
Rejoice in Christ Jesus	409
In God's pure Sight	410

THE INFANT WANDERER.

The following Poem, on the loss of the Author's sister who strayed in the woods on the 17th of April, 1827, at the age of two and a half years, is almost his earliest production, and whatever may be the opinion of its literary merit, it has one thing at least to recommend it—it is a *literal* description of the most distressing event it ever was his lot to witness.

What mean those notes of woe? that anguish
wild!

The oft-repeated words—my child! my child!
—A well-known voice—it is my mother's cry,
Her words are woe, her look is agony—
That child is lost! in wild maternal wail
Now Ellen! Ellen! mounts upon the gale—
And Ellen! Ellen! echo hill and dale!

What hurry—what dismay in ev'ry look!
With speed we search the well, the running
brook,

The barn, the cellar, brushwood, field and swamp,
The sunny hills and glens all dark and damp.

With more than courier's speed the tidings fly,
Our friends and neighbors kindly make reply
By hast'ning to our aid, and as they come,
Ask how and when she wander'd from her home,
"Thro' yonder wood the elder children went
To drive some cattle, by their mother sent—
The child has follow'd—tho' none saw her stray
Her tiny footsteps mark the sandy way.

It chanced, a man had call'd the day before
To get of scholars' names the usual *score*,
Intending, if it would the neighbors suit,
"To teach the young idea how to shoot?"
The children all were pleased, the thing was new,
And Ellen said, "Mamma, may I go too?"
"Oh yes, my dear shall go to school," and so
She thought the rest had gone, and she would
also go.

They now disperse—the woody mazes search,
Where grows the cedar and the shady birch,
Every thicket, every nook explore,
Trace and retrace their mazes o'er and o'er.

The sun is sinking—Oh delay thy race !
 Hide not so soon from earth thy cheering face.
 O wouldst thou now, as once on Gibeon's height,
 Prolong thy stay, and thus keep back the night,
 Then might we hope this wand'ring child to save
 From rav'ning wolves and bears, a *tombless grave*.
 Vain thought—he sets—his flight no pow'r can
 hold

But his who did from ancient chaos mould
 The vast creation—and whose eye can pierce
 Thro' thickest night—Oh save from prowlers
 fierce

This wand'ring babe until the coming morn,
 Then guide us where she strays all helpless and
 forlorn.

'Tis night, reluctantly we wander home ;
 All ling'ring and disconsolate we come,
 My father on his children looks around
 With tearless grief,—“ Your sister is not found !
 His voice of woe falls deadly, dark and cold
 Revealing depths of misery untold.

Hope could not bear the sound—tho' fain to
 stay,

She slowly flapp'd her wings and soar'd away,
 Despair replaced her, who with fun'ral wing
 Ready to perch had long been hovering,
 She ever urges Hope's unwilling flight,
 Ready to seize her abdicated right.

My little brothers to mamma do say,
 "Poor Ellen's lost—she cannot find her way.

"Come light the torches—let us try once
 more"—

Again we go and search the forest o'er,
 Intently listening oft with straining ear,
 Hoping an infant's voice or sigh to hear :
 But vain's our list'ning—all our searching vain,
 There is no hope 'till night is on the wane :
 Home we return impatient for the day,
 O! that sad night, how long it seem'd to stay.

Morn has return'd— we eye with fearful look
 The ice that's frozen on the playful brook,
 We fear the pow'r that seized the rippling flood
 May have congeal'd the currents of her blood,
 And stopp'd the efforts of that little tongue
 That often cried "mamma" the trees among;

To hear her call no fond mamma was nigh,
To soothe her grief, or falling tear to dry.

The sun is up—our friends from far and near,
With hast'ning neighbors thronging on appear,
And now a host has gather'd on the lawn,
With anxious hearts to find her lone sojourn.
—With short discussion we arrange a plan
For careful search, by ranging man by man
All in a line, with little space between,
That, nought escaping, all might plain be seen.

Behold my father's venerable form
Oppress'd by grief—an oak bent by the storm—
His grief too deep for tears—no tears do flow—
An image of unutterable woe,
Yet does not sink: he turns his gaze on high—
See, hope has gleem'd athwart his agony.

Four furlongs from our house, the Credit holds
Its winding way, all shaded, clear and cold,
Here rests one flank of our extended line;
Now on we march in order—all combine

Strict care with speed, to search the brake and
brush,

Each hollow log, each streamlet, swamp and
bush,

And thus we journey on thro' hill and dale.

—Hark, rustic trnmpets loud our ears assail—

Again they flourish, longer, louder, higher!

Away we dash thro' brushwood, brake and briar.

My elder brother, 'bout a mile from home,
On Credit's bank observed two neighbors come
Down to the ford—the stream was greatly swollen
By melting snows and rains that late had fallen,
They could not cross—at once he bade them go
Down where the channel's broad, the water low;
They quickly cross, land on a little isle,
Conversing of the wand'ring babe the while—
They start—they listen, hear a mournful sound
—What's this? what have we here? the child is
found!

A fallen tree across the water lay,
O'er this she found her narrow, dang'rous way;
The island had been clear'd two years before,
A crop of wheat the fruitful island bore,

And had been stack'd, tho' now 'twas ta'en away ;
 Among the rails which fenced it, there she lay
 Crouch'd on the rotten straw, all cold and lone,
 On head and knees, with scarcely strength to
 moan.

Not long they loiter—in their arms she's raised,
 While fervently exclaiming—God be praised !
 The man who bears her finds, tho' closely
 press'd,

She closer clings to his exulting breast.

—They leave the isle, meet stragglers on the
 road

By whom the tidings fly to our abode—

She's found ! she's found ! now flies upon the
 gale—

She's found ! she's found ! re-echo hill and dale.

Her mother scarce believes it, yet she flies

And meets the group, joy dancing in all eyes ;

Some matrons with maternal feelings sought

To take her, but she screamed and would have
 fought

To stay with him who from the island bore

Her, tho' she ne'er had seen his face before.

Her mother comes—she hears the well-known
sound,

And sudden starts, and gazes wildly round,
With eager joy she throws her willing arms
Around her mother, safe from all alarms,
Like ivy to the elm—no winds can sever—
She clings as tho' she'd fondly cling for ever.

These tidings, yet, my father does not know,
He's where the hemlocks thick entangled grow
Almost impervious to the foot of man,
And there his solitary search began,
For much he fear'd that we in passing through
Would not its ev'ry maze and thicket view,
And oft he call'd upon his dear lost child
Amid this dreary solitary wild,
“O Ellen, Ellen, answer me, my dear,
Alas, your father's voice you cannot hear.”
The darkness of his grief becomes more dense—
A gun is fired—with interest intense
He starts and listens—hope is chill'd by *fear*,
“It is some hunter's gun, who's wand'ring
near,”

—Another shot ! “ It is, it must be so,
The child is found ! ” Away like bounding roe
He flies along ; now he has reached the goal,
Who can describe the transports of his soul !
I shall not try (for, failing to conceive,
Who could portray them ?) and the theme I leave.

JABAL, JUBAL AND TUBAL-CAIN.

Lamech, one of the descendants of Cain, is known as the first poet and the first polygamist of history. He took unto himself two wives; the name of one was Adah, and the other was Zillah. Adah bare Jabal, the father of all such as dwell in tents and keep cattle, and his brother's name was Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ.

Zillah bore Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, and his sister's name was Namah. Thus their history is given in the 4th chapter of Genesis.

Jabal, and Jubal, and great Tubal-cain,
 The three great inventors before the *great rain*,
 They had time then to finish whate'er they began,
 As they reached in those days a nine-century
 span.
 E'er the torrents from Heav'n met earth's rushing
 fountains,
 United and swept o'er the tops of the mountains

Jabal taught to make tents and to rear and keep
cattle,

Tubal-cain made the tools for peace or for battle.
His genius and force did all obstacles pass,
And brought from earth's bosom the iron and
brass.

How he made the first tools without hammer and
tongs,

No one has recorded in prose or in songs.

How he made his first bellows, his anvil and forge—
Did he find his first coal in some deep mountain
gorge?

How long did it take the great Vulcan to feel
His way, till he first could change iron to steel?
How proud must have been both his mother and sire
When they saw the first work of his hammer and
fire.

And his young sister, Namah, with uncles and
cousins,

To see and admire would assemble by dozens,
When he'd forged the first sword and made the
first crown,

To be wielded and worn by some chief of renown.

When he'd worked off the jav'lin, the lance and
the dagger,

To aid the first bullies to quarrel and swagger.
These weapons of war made the violent strong
To fill all the earth with fell rapine and wrong.
But to lessen the wrong, though, the poets will
tell

He invented the sickle and plough-share as well,
By which people then, ever since and do now,
Bring food from the ground by the sweat of their
brow.

And all human history, write it who would,
Shows a mixing and mingling of evil with good.
Thus *War*, though a scourge, is a great civilizer,
And *Peace* fails in good when the people don't
prize her.

But I'd give, if I had it, a bright silver ruble,
To see the first organ of Patriarch Jubal,
Or to hear his first harp. How their ears must
have tingled

When musical notes first in harmony mingled,
While the minstrel himself felt his fingers inspired,
And his eye, ear and soul all with melody fired,

While the musical tide swept the passions along!
Quickly moving with all the vibrations of song!
And these wonderful arts to the world still remain,
Gifts of Jabel, and Jubal, and Great Tubal-cain.

Feb. 1st, 1870.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Knowledge is power, said England's mighty sage.
 Knowledge is power, repeats each passing age.
 What science yet shall to the world unfold
 By time and science can alone be told.
 Judg'd by the past, the future sometimes can
 Be almost known with certainty by man ;
 But here, we fail imagination's flight
 Is stopped, bewildered by excess of light.
 God's Spirit moved and waked the dark repose
 Of chaos ere our world to being rose !
 Mind moulded matter—then His word is given,
 And chaos is transformed to earth and stars of
 heaven.

A counsel then was held—Come, let us make
 Man in our image, and we shall awake
 His form to life, when moulded from the clod,
 By breathing in that form the breath of God.
 Man springs to life, and, at his wondrous birth,
 Was crowned unrivalled potentate of earth.

His charter gives him, then, a right to reign
 O'er things of earth, and over earth and main,
 Subdue the earth with intellect. He gave,
 When well exerted, also pow'r to brave
 And crush all opposition, and the right
 Was given by His command, who gave the might.
 What man can't do, God does, and 'tis as true
 He nothing does for man that man can do.
 Man can't create ; no attribute is his
 To form with life the smallest thing that is.
 To do it were to pass the bounds that lie
 Between the finite and infinity.
 And this no angel in the farthest van
 Of high intelligences ever can.
 Yet man is great while acting through the laws
 Of God, who is Himself the great, first cause.
 To go beyond them, or against them toil,
 Betrays the madman or the imbecile.
 He cannot form with life, on land or sea,
 But palaces and pyramids has he,
 From earth high reared, whilst city, ship and
 tower

The oracle confirm, " Knowledge is power."

"Subdue the earth." Bold, energetic will
 By knowledge guided can alone fulfil
 The destiny implied in this command,
 To rule the elements by sea and land,
 To hold them each subservient to his sway,
 One force against another force to array,
 And make them all triumphantly obey.
 He has not yet achieved a full control,
 And ere 'tis done some ages yet may roll;
 But when he can't oppose he'll learn to guide,
 And where he cannot stop them he can ride.
 Thus some bold courser, dashing o'er the plain,
 Carries his rider, spite of bit and rein.
 With all his power he may not stop the horse,
 Yet right or left he guides his headlong course,
 And rides him till he spends his furious force.
 Of mingled mind and matter man is made,
 And each united does the other aid.
 Mind acts on matter, moving first the brain,
 And matter then reacts on mind again.
 Mysterious union! what connecting links
 Unite the two—matter to that which thinks?
 The secret still is dark, deep, unrevealed,
 It seems to lie in Deity concealed.

Tho' all do know and feel that they exist,
 The how, almost the why, is shrouded still in mist.
 When all these links are broken it may be
 That spirits then can tell what sets them free,
 And what it was that bound the prisoned soul,
 Subtle as that which turns the needle to the pole.
 "Knowledge is power"—knowledge of nature's
 laws,

Even where the chain's unseen that binds effect
 to cause.

The sailor on his guide as safe relies
 As though he knew its hidden mysteries,
 Nor fears the lightning's flash nor ocean's foam
 Will cause the needle's faithful point to roam.
 Without the knowledge of magnetic steel
 Columbus ne'er had pushed his vent'rous keel
 Across the ocean, nor his flag unfurled
 In triumph on a new discovered world !
 "Knowledge is power !" Each offspring of the
 mind

Gives power in turn to propagate its kind,
 And past discoveries to the future lead ;
 Steam vessels to steam factories succeed !

When Franklin brought, unharm'd, Heaven's
lightning down,

Fame thund'ered forth the sage's high renown !
She little thought that soon that flame would be
Her own most wondrous, potent agency
To spread her rumours ; that Professor Morse
Would send her seated on his lightning horse ;
Make her a present of the new-trained steed,
So fleet that thought his rein can scarcely lead !
The swiftest twinkling of the quickest eye
Gives more than time around the world to fly,
Without once bolting from his iron track
He carries fame along, and brings her back.
The famous steeds, once harnessed to the sun,
Are, by the lightning courser, far outdone.
When once the wires are laid, we'll talk with ease
With our good neighbours at the antipodes.
The land of science and the savage horde
Will be united by th' electric cord.
Man's hopes and destinies are brighter far
Since he has chained the lightning to his car.
The writing telegraph and printers' type
Will make the seeds of knowledge sooner ripe.

And science, with religion, shall expel
Dark crimes from earth that long have peopled
hell ;

The god of war shall from his throne be hurled,
And peace triumphant reign throughout the teem
ing world ;

No more the storms of battle darkly lower,
Whilst all confirm the truth. Knowledge is power !

TO MY MOTHER.

Who is she, now so weak and pale,
Whilst all the pow'rs of nature fail,
Fast sinking in the narrow vale?

My Mother !

Who is she, now so rack'd with pain,
Whilst all the cares of love are vain
To ward off Death's approaching reign?

My Mother !

Who is she, now so meek and mild,
As gentle as an infant child,
Before by wickedness defiled?

My Mother !

Who is she? while the hopes of earth
Have vanish'd, feels His matchless worth
Who gave the hope of Heaven birth?

My Mother !

Who is she speaks His wondrous love
 Whose head sustain'd the hov'ring dove,
 With all her thoughts and hopes above?
 My Mother!

Who is she that, with humble voice,
 Confesses Mary's honour'd choice,
 And dares in weakness to rejoice?
 My Mother!

Who is she speaks with contrite soul,
 Her own unworthiness—the whole
 Of care, who does on Jesus roll?
 My Mother!

Who is she lifts her feeble eyes
 To Him who reigns above the skies,
And prays her children may be wise?
 My Mother!

Who is she that we hope to meet,
 Where crowns are cast at Jesus' feet,
 And angels sing in chorus sweet?
 My Mother!

O ! may the Saviour's presence be
In the last mortal agony
To comfort and to bless, with thee,
My Mother !

And may you then in triumph sing,
For me, O Death ! thou hast no sting !
Whilst thou art borne on angel's wing,
My Mother !

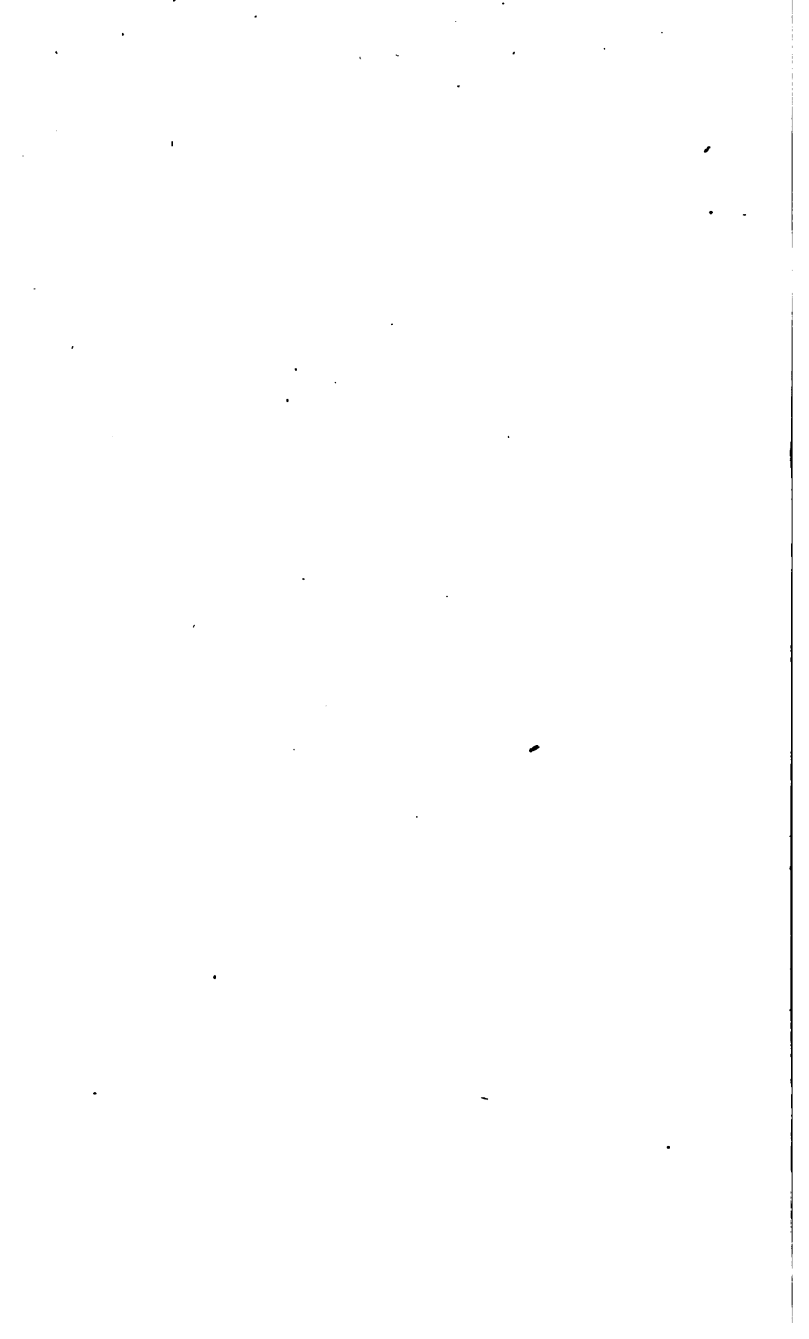
HAMILTON;

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Scene—The Mountain above the Town.

The opening of the Poem—the glory of the landscape—the manner of its creation—the appearance of the plants and animals as they rise into being—the creation of Adam—Paradise lost and regained—an apology for wandering—an address to the muse—Homer—strictures on duelling—Lake Ontario in calm and in storm—The River St. Lawrence—source and course—return again of its waters through the medium of the clouds, by which is illustrated the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.



HAMILTON;

BOOK I.

Glorious light and vision, clear and bright,
They lift the landscape from the depth of night,
The eye is a Daguerreotype, which brings
Within the soul *these fair* created things.
Night has withdrawn her curtain westward far ;
Of all her empire not a single star
Remains behind—Sol bursts upon the sight,
And fills creation with his golden light :
When God commanded—Let dry land appear !
Beauty and Grandeur both presided here ;
They ask'd permission, which th' Eternal gave—
While plains and mountains rose above the wave,
The wide-spread landscape which we now behold
In glorious sublimity to mould.

Methinks I see the wild waves roaring foam,
All rushing down the mountains to their home,

Where soon they settle to a mirror's calm,
While into life the finny myriads swarm.

As yet, the landscape all is bleak and bare—
No! see the flow'rs are springing, fresh and fair,
Throwing their new-born incense on the air;
New objects rise, delighting ev'ry sense—
By magic is it?—No! Omnipotence!
Now rise th' ambitious forests' tow'ring high,
Bearing their leafy honors to the sky;
But on yon mountain's verge, of azure tinge,
Dim distance sinks them to a verdant fringe,
While all around, the humid mould is seen
Changing its surface to a living green—
But all that's made on mountain, vale or grove,
Stand where they rose, and have no pow'r to
move:

Flow'rs, plants and forests stand where first they
stood,

When God created them and call'd them "good."
Altho' the flowrets breathe their odors round,
They have not pow'r to trip along the ground.
But see—what's this? behold a wonder here—
Yon shapeless mass has bounded off—a deer!

And see yon hillock move—behold it pant—
 It rises now a mighty elephant :
 And see yon piece of turf—aloft it springs
 To heav'n exulting on its new-born wings ;
 While all around, upstarting from the earth,
 Myriads of beings rise to sudden birth ;
 While beasts, call'd savage, range thro' hill and
 glen,—

Bears, wolves and tigers all were harmless then,
 God made them good, and tho' *they* never ate
 The Tree of Knowledge, yet it was their fate—
 As man was monarch of each lower thing—
 That they, his subjects, all should suffer with their
 King.

Of all the creatures which around us rise,
 That walk the earth or wing them to the skies—
 Of ev'ry species there exists but one,
 All males as yet—of females there are none :
 And tho' they sport, and sing. or gambol round,
 No two in close companionship are found ;
 But when the sun had left the glowing west,
 Tired of their gamboling they sink to rest,
 Buried at once in their first sleep profound,

Perch'd on the trees, or crouch'd upon the ground,
 They all repose until the morning ray
 Proclaim'd the coming of the new-born day.
 Roused from their slumbers all these sleepers find
 With pleased surprise a comrade of their kind.
 They lay them down all singly in their lairs
 To sleep, alone, but now they rise in pairs :
 Beside the fleecy ram starts up an ewe,
 Beside the antle'd buck a nimble doe ;
 And see, by warm, unerring instinct drawn,
 Upon the lioness the lion fawn.
 The cock's shrill clarion wakes a startled hen
 Before he clapp'd his wings to crow again ;
 From off the perch upon the ground she flew,
 The cock soon follow'd, eager to pursue ;
 She looks behind her, half-inclined to stay,
 But tim'rous still, she flies and runs away ;
 He soon o'ertakes her, and with cackling *flooster*
 Tells her he's nothing but a harmless rooster :
 Tho' shy at first, she's won by his narration,
 And cackles forth her cordial approbation.
 And when he finds that he a mate has won,
 He claps his wings and sounds his clarion,

That all the new-created world may hear
The nuptial trumpet of plumed chanticleer.

Then Time was young—but now six thousand
years

Have roll'd in company with rolling spheres,
Since God's first fiat came—"Let there be light!"
And flashed effulgence on chaotic night,
Then "Let the light be gathered!" It was done.
It flew to one bright point, and form'd a sun,
Who rules, a king sublime—his realm is light,
Girt by a wide circumference of night.
And when the world—a glorious domain—
Was finish'd all, there was no king to reign;
But soon a wondrous being rose to birth,
Part sprung from heav'n, but close allied to earth,
His form material moulded from the clod,
The intellectual part—the breath of God!
Amazing union this of mould and mind—
God's image, form'd of clay, and call'd mankind!
While Adam sleeps, another form is cast—
Hail, beauteous woman, loveliest and last!
Tho' man is monarch, yet he owns her sway,
She best can rule, when willing to obey.

We shall not pause to weep o'er Adam's fall,
 Who sinn'd, and would have fled Jehovah's call.
 Tho' Paradise was lost as soon as stain'd,
 There is a brighter Paradise regained :
 The Second Adam, God, who was the Word,
 Achieved the triumph—David's Son and Lord!
 And they who would His honour'd servants be,
 May have the grace—He gives it without fee.
 But some there are who think e'en Paradise
 Is little worth if purchased without price ;
 Yet for the purchase, yes ! a *price* was paid,
Worth more than worlds, tho' 'gainst it worlds were
 weigh'd !

What was the purchase ? 'twas a Saviour's blood !
 Who was that Saviour ? Christ, the Son of God !
 For man He did what man could ne'er have
 wrought ;
 To man He gave what man could ne'er have
 bought ;
 A glorious gift ! an Eden in the skies !
 That sons of men to sons of God may rise !

As light resum'd her empire in the sky,
 I wander'd here, intending to descry,

And then describe the scenery around,
 The lofty mountain, and the deep profound ;
 The town, the bay, the woods, and table-land,
 With all that's seen, or beautiful or grand,
 But for my subjects I have wandered far,
 Thro' time and space, with chance my guiding
 star ;

My muse capricious, oft on fitful wing,
 Flies where she pleases, or she will not sing ;
 Like that bright bird in miniature whose song
 Lies in its wings, it briskly hums along,
 Collecting sweets, it has no other aim,
 From 'flow'r to flow'r : my muse would do the
 same,
 Oh Muse ! what art thou ? strange, mysterious
 sprite,

Who first invoked thee from the realms of light ?
 What happy bard first waked the living lyre,
 Did he create thee, or didst thou inspire ?
 Wert thou the creature of his fancy, wrought
 " To fullness by the fiat of his thought ;"
 Or did'st thou come to make thy being known,
 While intellectual glory round thee shone,
 The lyre thy sceptre, and the mind thy throne.

Did'st thou illumine, in the olden time,
 The mind of Homer with thy light sublime,
 Who roll'd in majesty the tide of song,
 Bright'ning in glory as it rolls along,
 In heavenly harmony through distant years,
 Bright and immortal as revolving spheres?
 How many names were saved by Homer's lyre,
 From blank oblivion! his poetic fire
 Enshrin'd their mem'ries, and bequeath'd each
 name,

An everlasting legacy to fame,
 Well I remember, 'twas in boyhood's hours,
 I read him first 'mid wild woods and wild flow'rs,
 Tending the oxen in the hours of noon,
 In brightest days of sunny May and June,
 When "Buck and Bright" were from the yoke
 releas'd

To rest, and on the woodland herbage feast.
 There was no pasture fields, then all was new,
 But flow'rs and herbs in wild profusion grew;
 Since then laborious, persevering toil
 Has clear'd the woods, and ploughshares turn'd
 the soil.

Upon a bank, thick strewn with wither'd leaves,
 Where Nature's hand the mossy carpet weaves,
 I oft reclined, with Iliad in hand,
 By forests shaded, and "by soft winds fann'd;"
 The oxen browsing round, whose brazen bell,
 With noisy tongue, their whereabouts would tell.

But heedless oft, I let them wander far,
 While Grecian heroes leap'd the lofty car,
 To thunder on thro' Ilion's glorious war;
 Where hostile arm 'gainst hostile armour rings,
 Led on by Hector and the King of Kings.
 It seems but now, no power can Ilion save,
 Then back to Greece fierce rolls the struggling
 wave.

Thus in alternate vict'ry and defeat,
 The Trojans now, and now the Greeks retreat,
 Till God-like Hector, prop of Ilion's walls,
 Meets fierce Achilles, and great Hector falls.

Mellow'd by lapse of years, and song sublime,
 The mind forgets that carnage is a crime;
 That never yet the car of vict'ry roll'd,
 But blood of heroes stain'd the verdant mould;
 That never yet the blast of war was blown

That was not echoed by the widow's moan ;
 E'er since the reign of violence began,
 " War seems an instinct natural to man ;"
 And not alone in war's embattled strife
 Has been the fearful waste of human life ;
 The dark assassin, and fierce private broils,
 Have glutted carnage with unnumber'd spoils.
 Ev'n *Honour*, with her sanguinary code,
 Besmear'd with blood, has o'er her victims strode.
 If this be Honour, fiend of bastard birth,
 We would that Honour banished were from earth.
 Honour, forsooth ! because an idle thought,
 In anger utter'd, with no meaning fraught,
 To call perhaps a friend to deadly strife,
 To lose your own or take another's life.
 Honour ! to cause a helpless orphan's cries,
 Rather than for that fault apologize.
 Strange *honour* this—to heal it's wounded pride
 By wilful murder—foulest homicide.
 O moon-struck madmen ! desperate and rash,
 To heal a pimple make a hatchet's gash ;
 To wipe a trifling stain from your attire
 You cast it off, and tramp it in the mire.

Your pride is wounded ; O that it were slain,
 And then Religion would not speak in vain.
 " Vengeance is mine," says God, " let man for-
 give

Who needs forgiveness ; let thy fellow live !
 Ten thousand talents long thou owest me,
 Then let the hundred-pence offender free."
 But *Custom* contradicts the God of Heaven !
 " Without his blood he must not be forgiven ;"
 And man obeys her ; duellists will fight
 'Till it is *fashionable to do right* ;*
 Then man may know (perhaps some ages hence
 'Tis no disgrace to pardon an offence ;)
 And that it is a greater crime to kill
 Than to acknowledge he has acted ill ;
 Better be *called a coward* than to be
 A murd'rer foul, dark-stained with infamy ;
 'Till then he'll go to hell, an honour'd brave,
 Rather than meet the scoff of fool or knave ;
 He'd rather brave Jehovah's wrath and ban
 Than bear the sneer and ridicule of man—

* A great and favourable change has taken place in public sentiment since the above was written.

And then, forsooth, these honorable fools
 Are quite exclusive in their tilting rules ;
 A *gentleman* must never kill, O no !
 In single fight aught but an equal foe ;
 The glorious style of chivalry must fall,
 Nobility, gentility and all,
 If to a *plebeian* any *noble* sot
 Should give the privilege of being shot
 By his patrician bullet. How can scorn
 Like this by poor plebeians e'er be borne !

The sunbeams throw upon the waters bright
 A horizontal line of golden light ;
 Ontario stretches to the eastward far,
 A mighty mirror, where each brilliant star
 Beholds its image far beneath the wave,
 Set in the mimic sub-marine concave ;
 But oft the mirror's face is wildly riv'n
 To shatter'd fragments by the winds of heav'n,
 When tempests leagued with thunder wildly roar,
 Resolved the deep's foundations to explore :
 This rough companionship of wind and fire
 Rouses the waters in tumultuous ire,

Which roll to mountains, as they fiercely rise
 In foaming vengeance, to invade the skies ;
 While uproar wild, the attribute of storms,
 All air, and earth, and sea, and sky deforms ;
 But, like contending chiefs of equal might,
 Nor this will yield nor that can gain the fight ;
 Tired of such equal, fierce, laborious strife,
 Yet fearing loss of honor more than life,
 They both agree to leave th' unconquer'd field,
 Both tacitly retreat though neither yield ;
 So do the jarring elements contend,
 Nor this can soar to heav'n, nor that descend
 Down to the deep ; but as the tempest first
 In booming fury on the billows burst,
 It first withdraws from off the angry waves,
 And soon the sea less furiously raves,
 And now, forgetful of its billowy throes,
 It sleeps in calm, magnificent repose.

Far in the boundless west and frozen north,
 The great St. Lawrence springs and rushes forth
 From mighty Lake Superior, fitting source
 Of our great river, whose impetuous course

Sweeps through our northern world, 'till all his
vast

Amount of tribute's in the ocean cast ;
But many a resting-place and transient home
He finds, ere mingling with the ocean's foam ;
In Huron first, and Michigan he pours,
And calmly rests, or boisterously roars
Along their vast uncultivated shores.*

Not long he stays in beautiful St. Clair,
But wanders through it, down to Erie, where
He rests awhile, with added power to roll
His billowy course down to his billowy goal.
But hark ! what means this wild, tremendous
roar ?

Yon rocky battlements he tumbles o'er !
His stream is broken, dislocated, smash'd,
'Gainst rugged rocks, to foaming fragments
dash'd !

As o'er the wonder of our Western world
In wildest fury he's sublimely hurl'd ;

* Some of these shores have been since cleared and cultivated.

Whose mighty, vast, interminable roar
 Ne'er ceased but when creation had no shore,
 When all the world was one unbounded wave,
 To all the world an overwhelming grave,
 When nought above the universal sea
 Was seen, but Noah's lone menagerie;
 Then ceased Niagara o'er the rocks to bound,
 And far beneath the waves his thunders all were
 drown'd.

But ere he ceased he swell'd ten thousand fold,
 Louder ten thousand times his thunders roll'd,
 Before the waters on Niagara back'd
 The world was one wild, roaring cataract,
 When ev'ry stripling streamlet claim'd a right
 To bellow with a giant torrent's might;
 Each claim'd a town or city for its prey—
 Man and his works were wildly swept away!
 But hark! amid its fierce conflicting roar,
 A still small voice—"It shall be so no more!"
 From yonder angel of the rainbow form,
 Who smiles above the cataractine storm.

A low'ring, soaring mount of foam is ever
 Seen here above the dislocated river;

Oh ! what a gorgeous place for Neptune's throne !
 Methinks upon its undulating cone
 I see him now, where air and wave are blending
 While Iris o'er his brow her diadem is bending !

The river rages, roars and rushes on ;
 Now see him bellowing down the whirlpool gone,
 But soon he rises, flows, and spreads upon
 Ontario's bosom, where, in calm repose,
 He seems to rest, but still he onward flows
 In prouder majesty and mightier force,
 Bathing a thousand islands in his course,
 'Till Anticosti's coast his current laves,
 And mightier ocean drinks his mighty waves.

All swallowed by the rolling ocean brine,
 In depths where pearls in lonely glory shine,
 Where coral architects for ages past
 Have built their rocky mountains, huge and vast,
 With their own skeletons, in ocean's womb,
 Their birth-place, dwelling, monument and tomb.
 Forever buried there he seems to lie—
 What pow'r can change our river's destiny ?

Two thousand miles he rolled his rapid wave,
Was it to find an everlasting grave?
It is not so—his buried stream shall rise
On resurrection pinions to the skies,
On wings of light, invisible to soar
Far, far beyond the angry ocean's roar;
His waters, changed to thin expanded steam,
Now rise to heav'n upon the golden beam;
A bright infinity of thirsty rays
Exhale the fluid in a misty haze,
Which floats aloft, at first a fleecy shroud,
But soon increases to a denser cloud,
'Till all the horizon is overcast,
Except when broken by the fitful blast
Which piles the clouds to vap'ry mountains vast.
The river, changed to vapor, now is driven
Along his airy aqueduct thro' heaven,
Bearing the thunder in his cloudy breast,
Like lions sleeping tranquilly at rest;
But if to touch him aught material dare,
The startled monster flashes from his lair,
And hurls destruction in one sudden flash
On tree or steeple, or whate'er so rash

As rouse his anger, while his startling flash
 Wakes all the slumb'ring thunderbolts that soar
 Among the clouds, which start with answ'ring
 roar,

'Till all the vault of heav'n seems downward
 crashing,

While o'er the ruins lightnings wild are flashing :
 From cloud to cloud the bellowing demons rage,
 'Gainst all but chaos war they seem to wage.

See yonder oak, to shattered splinters riven—
 They leaped upon it from the vault of heaven ;
 'Gainst yonder dome with fearful force they
 bound—

But see them flash all harmless to the ground,
 Saved by the pointed steel the massy tower
 Still frowns defiance to the lightning's power.
 Great Franklin's skill defies the flash and roar
 Of what was deem'd omnipotent before,
 And can command the tyrant from the sky,
 And make him in a prison calmly lie.

"Knowledge is pow'r," said England's mighty
 sage,

Knowledge is pow'r, repeats each passing age ;

What science yet may gloriously achieve
 Is hard to know, and harder to believe ;
 If yet within her infancy of light,
 What will she be, when in meridian might
 She flashes o'er the realm of banish'd night ?
 But now, exhausted all the thunders rest,
 While glory beams upon each mountain crest
 That floats along majestically high,
 A vap'ry river flowing thro' the sky,
 All spreading o'er the wooded wide expanse,
 Where sparkling streams in tumbling frolic dance,
 O'er lofty mounts, and streams and valleys wide,
 Who sent their streams to fill his downward tide.
 But silent now is many a babbling brook,
 All shrunk expiring in their marshy nook,
 And many a torrent now has lost its force,
 Creeping along an almost silent course—
 But see, the ocean river brings them aid,
 And all their gifts are bounteously repaid.
 Descending now in gently-falling show'rs,
 To meet him joyful rise the herbs and flow'rs ;
 Now pours in floods from his dissolving cloud—
 Again the tumbling torrent roars aloud,

Again the sparkling streamlet flows along,
Babbling to flow'rs and birds its pebbly song :
Thus, all his tributary streams supplied,
He pours the rest in great Superior's tide,
And having ceased his wanderings thro' heaven,
His stream again is to the ocean given,
While in this mighty interchanging round,
What love, what pow'r, what providence profound
Is here developed ; while thro' cloud and flood
In Nature's works we see the hand of God.

HAMILTON;

BOOK II.

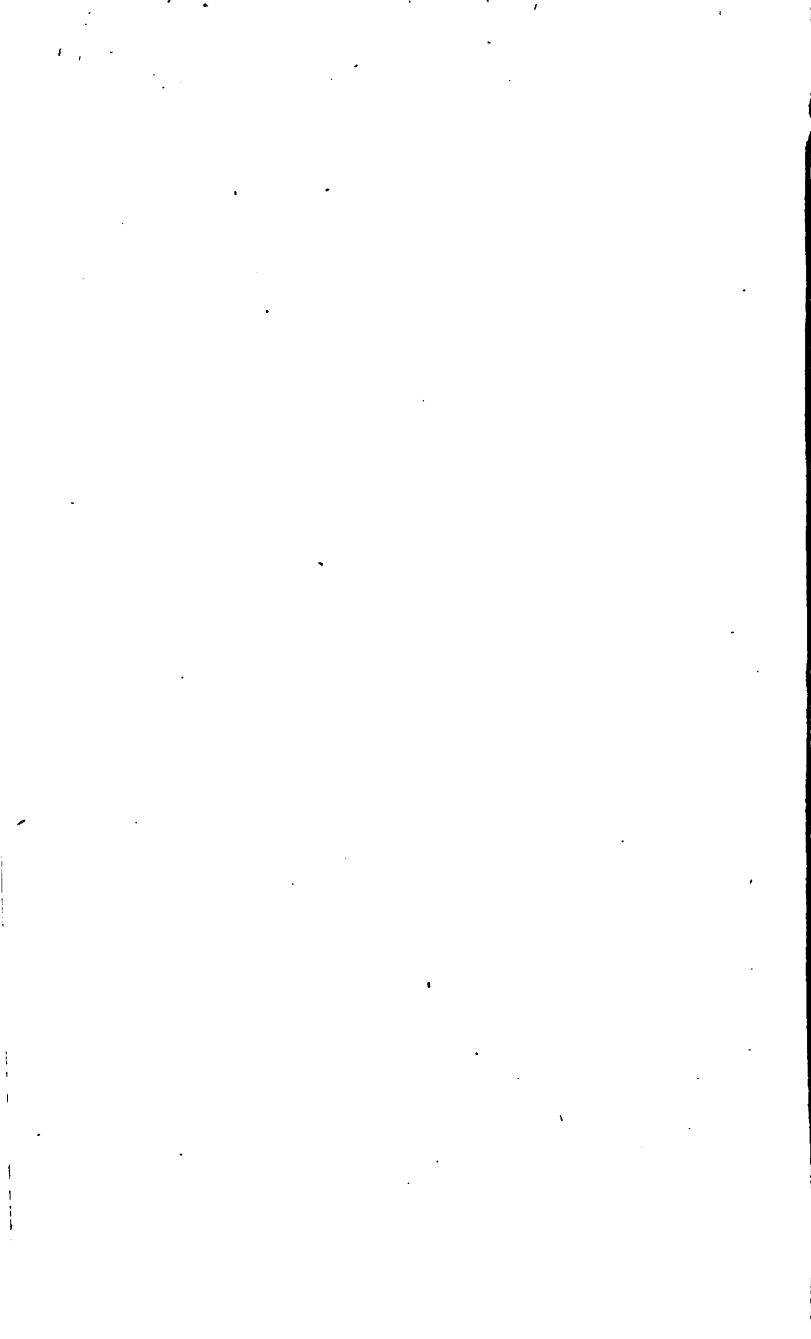
ARGUMENT.

The Deluge.

The warnings of the Patriarch—the scoffs of the profane—the building of the Ark—collecting food, clothing, &c., &c.—collecting the animals—the entrance of Noah and his family into the Ark—carelessness of the human race—beginning of the Deluge and their destruction—the safety of the fish, but their subsequent destruction, when they are left by the flood in vales and caverns—the employment of Noah and his family—a prayer and evening hymn—they desire to leave the Ark—it settles on the summit of Ararat.

The raven is sent—does not return—Noah sends the dove—she can find no resting-place—in seven days he sends her again—she returns with the olive leaf—their joy on the occasion.

God opens the Ark—they bring out the animals—they build an altar and sacrifice—God promises to destroy the world no more, and creates the rainbow.



HAMILTON;

BOOK II

We've traced the river's course through earth and
heav'n,

Rul'd by th'unerring laws that God has given,
Sweeping through Nature's broad and boundless
range,

For ever journeying on in *changeless change*,
And never halting in his course sublime
Since first Duration's womb gave birth to time,
Excepting once, when not a streamlet purl'd,
Or river roll'd throughout old Noah's world,
For every stream was then in ocean drown'd,
And e'en Niagara's thunder gave no sound,
What mind can know, what tongue can fully tell
How look'd the nations when their funeral knell
Was heard aloud, and God commanded all
The floods to come, and they obey'd the call;

The Patriarch often warn'd them o'er and o'er,
And many a scoff the righteous prophet bore
From the fierce offspring of unholy Cain,
Who ridiculed with blasphemy profane,
His exhortations and laborious toil,
His threaten'd deluge, and his sea-bound pile,
Which by Divine command he slowly rears,
Progressing onward through a term of years ;
But all his kindred and his race are blind,
His family alone of all his kind
Believe the warning, and they bear a part
With willing industry and skilful art,
To build the vessel, and with many a blow.
They lay the tow'ring gowpher forest low,
And hew and frame the massy beams, and join
Them well together, and with timber line,
Then over all on either finish'd side
They pour the black and boiling pitchy tide.
The fabric finish'd thus, from field and wood
They gather all varieties of food ;
Large stores of roots, and herbs, and hay and corn,
By Noah and his family were borne
Into the ark, and safely stored away
In many a spacious granary and bay ;

They then took seed of ev'ry fruit and flow'r
 From field and garden, mountain, plain and
 bow'r ;

And ev'ry nice variety of fruit
 That well did for a lengthened voyage suit—
 The rich pomègranate, apple, peach and pear,
 The cocoanut, and grapes both rich and rare,
 With all the best that nature could afford,
 Were in their own apartments safely stored.
 They took no stores of flesh ; it seems that men
 Were not as now, like beasts, carniv'rous then,
 For only fruits and herbs at first were given
 To man by Him who made the earth and heaven.
 'Twas not till after the destroying flood
 God gave them flesh to eat, all but the blood ;
 But cheese and butter made from goat and kine
 They took, and large supplies of gen'rous wine,
 With which they did their leathern bottles fill ;
 To grind their corn they took the useful mill,
 The distaff, earthenware, and weaver's loom,
 Their vessels, clothing, ornaments and broom.
 Their husbands also, with prudential care,
 Secured the harrow, shovel and plough-share ;

The scythe and sickle, mattock, axe and spade
 For future use were in the vessel laid.
 Thus all that skill or foresight could provide
 Were by their hands industriously supplied.

When God informed them, "Ere a week be
 past
 The deluge shall upon the world be cast ;
 Come, gather all the beasts and living things
 That on their bellies go, or feet, or wings :
 Take two and two of those that thou hast seen
 To be or reptile, rav'nous or unclean,
 But those for man's peculiar service given,
 Of beast or bird that's clean, take with thee
 seven."

Once all the birds and beasts to Adam came
 To do him homage and receive a name,
 And now once more the mountain, marsh and fen,
 The forest, eyrie, cavern, vale and den,
 The open field, and jungle drear and dark,
 Pour forth their inmates to the Patriarch,
 The lions, tigers, leopards, wolves and bears,
 Their fierceness muzzled, leave their dens in pairs;

The zebra and imperial giraffe,
 With others—but I need not mention half
 The desert beasts that came—indeed I could
 not,
 And if I could you may be sure I would not.
 But now in pairs come on the monkey gang,
 The ape, baboon, and wild ouran-outang;
 Next anacondas lead the serpent race,
 Which o'er the ground their slimy progress trace—
 If Noah had been of St. Patrick's mind
 He would have left such passengers behind.

In due obedience to the will of heaven,
 They from their flocks and herds selected seven
 Of ev'ry race, which to the ark were given;
 Next come the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 Of clean birds seven, of unclean each a pair;
 The eagle, vulture, cormorant and owl,
 And ev'ry other fierce carniv'rous fowl,
 Come two and two, from heaven tamely stooping,
 Submitting to their unaccustom'd cooping;
 The peacock and the ostrich strut along,
 And all the various birds of plume and song,

The linnet, blackbird, thrush and nightingale,
 And lark that does the early morning hail,
 Hie tow'ds the ark; each wild and tim'rous thing,
 Devoid of fear descends on willing wing,
 While Noah and his sons arrange them all,
 Both bird and beast, in aviary and stall;
 When all the animals were in, whose lives
 Were to be spared, four husbands with their wives
 Next entered in the ark—God closed the door,
 And Noah's many years of toil were o'er.
 The human world, unconscious of their doom,
 Are careless as the flow'rs that round them bloom,
 Thro' future centuries they think of living,
 Some marrying, and some in marriage giving,
 Eating and drinking, building, planting, sowing,
 Nor on the deluge once a thought bestowing;
 While mighty hosts, led by contending kings,
 Tow'ring aloft on "conquest's crimson wings,"
 Lead on their legions proudly to contend
 For universal empire, and to bend
 The world beneath their bold, ambitious reign,
 And then to rear their thrones on mountains of
 the slain.

Their legions meet, by madd'ning fury driven,
 While blazing helms by flashing swords are riven,
 Led on by giant chieftains tow'ring high,
 Encased in well-proved polish'd panoply,
 While carnage strews the ground with dead and
 dying,
 And broken arms on broken limbs are lying.
 But see that flash ! creation seems on fire !
 Transfix'd they stand, struck with the omen dire,
 While all the congregated bolts of heaven
 At one dread peal are through creation driven !
 Compared with that terrific, scathing light,
 The day is darkness and the noon is night !
 All thought is lost of victory or flight,
 All noise is silence to that crashing sound,
 God's voice, in thunder "*Let the world be*
 drown'd !"

Down pours the flood, while earth's wide open-
 ing womb
 Pours forth a foaming deluge to entomb
 Herself and offspring. See yon chieftain's brow,
 How pale and wan ! where is his courage now ?

His voice of vict'ry and his eye of fire ?

Gone, with his army's fierce contending ire.

His foaming charger wildly tries to brave

The roaring flood, then sinks beneath the wave,

While dead and dying, mingling friends and foes,

Are swept away, as down the deluge flows.

Hundreds of brides that day had deck'd their
charms,

To grace their proud, exulting bridegroom's arms,

All stricken now with wild, terrific wonder

At that fierce flash and dooming earthquake thun-
der ;

They sink aghast, all terror-blighted, wan,

Into the arms of nerveless, powerless man.

All struggling now they sink beneath the wave,

In lock'd embrace, their bridal bed and grave ;

While human agony in wildest power

Is heard where hills and forests vainly tow'r :

No lofty hill, or tree, or tow'r, can save,

Above them sweeps the overwhelming wave,

Which drowns their cry, and drowns the bellow-
ing roar

Of flocks and herds, whose feet can find no shore.

The eagle, tow'ring late on boldest wing,
 Is screaming now, a drowning, helpless thing ;
 The mighty lion, monarch of the wood,
 His empire lost, is flound'ring in the flood,
 As helpless now, and feeble in his pow'r,
 As e'er was lambkin frightened by his roar.

True to his nature, see yon tiger grasp
 A struggling infant with his latest gasp,
 Swept with its mother on the raging flood,
 His last fierce act to steep his jaws in blood !

'Gainst all the doom'd inhabitants of earth,
 Of human, quadruped, or reptile birth,
 And all the wing'd explorers of the sky,
 God's fiat has gone forth, *That all must die,*
 Except the inmates of yon gopher pile,
 In all the ocean world the only isle—
 A lonely ship without a sail unfurl'd
 A monument above a buried world ;
 The only ship without helm, sail or oar,
 That e'er was built or since it or before ;
 The only ship that e'er was built inland,
 A thousand miles or more from ocean's strand—

That ocean wave the vessel never sought,
 But to its keel the ocean-wave was brought,
 Met by the deluge from the mountains flowing,
 The works of man and nature overthrowing,
 While not an avalanche remains unhurl'd
 Throughout the water-doom'd deluvian world,
 And not a mountain crest of gleaming snow
 But melts and joins the tumbling torrents' flow,
 And all the icy mounts that guard the pole
 Broken, upon th' invading billows roll,
 From off their deep and dark foundations torn,
 And on the sweeping wave triumphant borne,
 While all the deep abyss tow'rds heaven is gush-
 ing,

Met by the deluge down from heaven rushing.
 A crowd of giants gain'd with efforts vast
 Yon mountain's summit; 'twas their only, last
 Wild hope of succour, from the with'ring blast
 Of God's tremendous anger, and while there
 A troop of lions struggling from their lair,
 Tigers and elephants, by instinct urged
 To reach the ground that last would be sub-
 merged,

In wildest panic dashed among the crowd
 Of congregated giants, while aloud
 Above the storm was heard the shriek and roar
 Of trampled agony, while floods of gore
 From man and monster pour'd upon the ground,
 Whilst terror, slaughter, madness, raged around,
 And as they fought, the angry sky was riven,
 And in full volume from the vault of heaven
 A cat'ract rushes with o'erwhelming wave,
 And man and beast are swept in one promiscuous
 grave.

Thus perish'd all the tribes of earth and air,
 All ended now their struggling and despair.

The natives of the flood, the whale and shark,
 With all that skim the wave, or lie in caverns
 dark,
 Are safe from harm—the waves engulf the
 earth,
 And drown the creatures it had given birth,
 But all the finny tenants of the wave
 Swim safely o'er th' interminable grave,
 And as they swim, luxuriantly feast
 Upon the carcasses of man and beast,

And joyful see the ocean's widening reign
 The lofty summits of the mountains gain,
 And as they range their buried summits o'er,
 They revel in a sea without a shore,
 But when the flood had done its errand dire,
 Then God commanded "Let the floods retire."
 The floods obey, dry land appears again,
 The mountain tops as new-form'd isles, and then
 His vessel, who the second world begat,
 Fast grounded on the shoals of Ararat,
 'Twas then the countless tribes of ocean birth
 In caves and valleys of the rising earth
 Were left behind it by the truant sea
 In struggling, gasping, scorch'd captivity.
 'Twas by the rising of the rolling main
 The countless multitudes of earth were slain,
 Then triumphed all the natives of the surge
 When their thick atmosphere did earth sub-
 merge.—

But now they suffer—in his fatal fangs
 Destruction seizes them, with horrid pangs,
 While whale on whale, late monarchs of the sea,
 Loud lash their flukes in giant agony,

Beating to death at each tremendous blow
 The scaly, splashing myriads below,
 While thousands spout aloft the foaming flood,
 Commingled streams of water, slime and blood.
 The full-gorged sharks, dread tigers of the main,
 Beat the red waves in fierce and furious pain
 While round them float the myriads of the slain.

Now from the window see a bird let go,
 'Tis Noah's dove fast flying to and fro,
 But finds no spot above the billow's crest,
 Except the ark, whereon her foot might rest,
 But soon Jehovah sent the earth relief,
 And then she found the verdant olive leaf,
 This peaceful sign proclaimed the deluge o'er,
 And seas descending to their ancient shore,
 And there enchained by God's eternal fiat,
 Above a buried world no more to riot.
 The rivers wander to their ancient bounds,
 Again the roaring cataract resounds—
 How fearful and how wondrous are the ways
 Of Him who all eternity surveys,
 Who sends alike the storm and peaceful calm,
 And holds the boundless ocean in his palm,

And when his wrath was fearfully unfurl'd,
 He overwhelm'd his own created world,
 That scorn'd his mercy and his wrath defied—
 Oh that the flood that world had purified !
 Man's thoughts are "often only evil" still,
 And deeds of wickedness those thoughts fulfil.

All closely seal'd within their sacred bark,
 The family of the pious patriarch
 Were not allow'd to see the deluge fall,
 When all the world without a funeral
 Was buried in one mighty turfless grave,
 Their churchyard was the all-devouring wave ;
 They in the ark could hear the madd'ning roar
 Of jarring elements, but nothing more ;
 What were their feelings, then, and who can tell
 What grief, what joy did in their bosoms swell,
 When all the world was drown'd and they alone
 Were spared, and o'er the waves in safety borne.
 Their own deliverance bade them all rejoice,
 But for the world they could lift up their voice,
 And weep aloud, tho' both at eve and morn,
 They oft had laugh'd the prophet's words to scorn ;

Yet for their doom the tear of sorrow stole,
 Tho' oft their sins had "vex'd his righteous soul."
 But little time was left in grief to spend,
 They had their wild menagerie to tend,
 The coop, the fold, the aviary and stall
 Began aloud and clamorous to call
 For food and water—these must be supplied
 At morn and evening, and they did divide
 To each its portion—herbage, grain and grass—
 To ev'ry one, just as its nature was;
 Not one was idle; Mother Noah, and
 Her daughters aided, each with willing hand.

To feed their beasts, and keep their dwelling
 clean,
 They were employ'd from morning tide till e'en,
 And when at night, their careful labor done,
 Tho' changing seasons they of course had none,
 No land or country, nation, coast or clime,
 No fruit or flow'rs to tend the march of time,
 Yet they had day and night—the constant sun
 His usual course did thro' the heavens run,
 As true as when his race at first begun.

Within their own apartments they would meet,
 And round the table take their usual seat ;
 When having risen from their evening meal,
 In pious gratitude they all would kneel ;
 Their father, then, of venerable form,
 Would raise his voice to Him who rules the storm ;
 With tone of pathos, simple and sublime,
 He spoke to Him who rules eternity and time.
 " O thou, who fill'st immensity of space,
 Before whose presence angels veil their face,
 The seraphim and cherubim, and all
 The high and bright intelligences fall,
 And worship thee, who art Lord God of all ;
 We, the lone remnants of old Adam's race,
 In humble reverence would seek thy face.
 Lord God of Heaven, who hast now destroyed
 Thy creature, man, and left the earth a void,
 O grant, that when the earth again is brought
 From out the ocean, that the fearful thought
 Of their destruction, and thy saving love
 In saving us, our hearts and souls may move
 To cleave to thee with purpose firm indeed,
 Ourselves, our children, and our children's seed."

So spake our sire, and now to heaven they raise
 Their voices in a grateful song of praise,
 And while their voices thro' the chambers rang,
 Methinks it was like this, the song they sang :

Great is our Lord God, Jehovah,
 Strong to punish and to save,
 He calls the floods—the floods come over—
 All the world is one wide wave.

Loud the deadly deluge rages,
 Floods from heaven's windows fall,
 But we will trust the Rock of Ages,
 For He is the Lord of all.

Now He's in the whirlwind riding
 With His tempests all unfurl'd,
 In anger all His mercy hiding
 From a doom'd and buried world.

But we are safe ; on bounding billows
 Flies our heaven-directed bark,
 While the ocean safely pillows
 In its foam the favor'd ark.

Glory to the God of Heaven,
 And the God of sea and earth,
 Who hath us a refuge given,
 To be creation's second birth.

Thus as they sail'd, without a sail unfurl'd,
 From Ante to the Post-Deluvian world.
 They pass'd their time between their daily care
 And morn and evening worship, praise and pray'r.
 And oft they spoke of former times, and when
 The human race would be supplied again ;
 But of the voyage they began to tire,
 And often asked their venerable sire
 How long 'twould be before the ocean swell
 Would be abated, but he could not tell.

How much they wished to see the world once
 more,
 And leave their vessel for some friendly shore,
 Once more to see the fields of smiling green,
 In springtide beauty or in summer's sheen,
 And oft their tears would naturally flow
 For those who wander'd with them long ago,

Their comrades in their joyous early years,
Who shar'd their joys, their sorrows and their
tears.

But time will drain the greatest sorrows dry,
Unless new griefs create a new supply ;
Soon for themselves more frequently they thought,
And in the future they the past forgot.

All had been calm and still for many days,
Nor wind, nor rain, nor fitful lightning's blaze
Was lately heard or seen—but listen—hark !
The wind has waked, and whistles round the ark ;
It soon increases to a tempest strong,
And they on bounding billows sweep along,
But while the wind above the waves was flying
From off the earth the waters fast were drying ;
At last they felt a sudden shock, and then
The ark stood fast, and did not move again.

Until the world was dry, it firmly sat
Upon the summit of Mount Ararat ;
In month the tenth the mountain tops were seen
By God and angels, but not yet by men,

For they were close confined within the ark,
 And all to them as yet was drear and dark.
 Now Noah sends a raven to behold
 If earth was dry—the raven never told,
 But to and fro she flew 'tween earth and heaven,
 And ne'er again return'd the truant raven,
 Preferring much to see the long-lost sun
 And feast upon the floating carrion.
 And next he sends away the meek-eyed dove,
 But it can find no mountain-top above
 The sea-green wave, and tired she soon returns ;
 He takes her in, and most assuredly learns,
 From moisten'd plume, and soil'd and drooping
 pinion,
 That o'er the earth the sea still holds dominion.

In seven days, again he bids her fly ;
 Away she sweeps again thro' air and sky,
 At eve returns—" Thank heav'n, here comes relief,
 A glorious prize—a verdant olive leaf ;
 O wife, come here ! the world again is drying !
 With this green leaf the joyful dove came flying !
 How fresh it looks ! Where's Japhet, Ham and
 Shem ?
 Away ! away ! go call the rest of them !"

She hastes away—with joyful voice and eyes,
 She tells them of the verdant olive prize,
 They quickly come, assemble round the spray,
 And with thanksgivings close the joyful day.
 Again seven days, and Noah bids her fly;
 She ne'er again return'd—the world was dry.
 Next morn he took the covering away,
 And all the world in vernal glory lay;
 The grass was green, the wild flow'rs grew around,
 But with no woods the mountain tops were
 crown'd,
 Beneath the storm and deluge roaring loud
 The lofty forests of the mountains bow'd,
 Rent and uprooted by the flood and blast,
 And on the wild tumultuous billows cast,
 Now left in drifted heaps on vale and plain,
 Or scatter'd on the wide and boundless main.

They long to tread the new-discovered land,
 But humbly wait for God's directing hand.

He bids them go—unseals the long-closed door
 And all their drear imprisonment was o'er.

Since they had looked upon the world, the sun
 Had thro' the zodiac constellations run.
 They now unbar each kennel, cage and room,
 And forth in pairs the willing pris'ners come ;
 First, all the reptile and carniv'rous brood,
 Who flee in pairs to some lone solitude,
 Creeping and bounding down the mountain side
 Far o'er the plain they soon are scatter'd wide.
 Beasts graminiv'rous next, clean and unclean,
 Forsake the ark and gambol o'er the green,
 Joyful they frolic, free and unconfined,
 They bound, and run, and snort, and snuff the
 wind,

They wanton wild—'tis nature's jubilee,
 And skip, t'assure themselves that they are free ;
 Anon they rest their new-awaken'd pow'rs,
 And, hungry, crop the herbage, grass and flow'rs.
 And now the aviary to heaven springs,
 Exulting as in new-created wings ;
 They dart, and turn, and upward, downward fly,
 And wheel in circles thro' the peopled sky :
 The eagle soars to nearer gaze upon
 The bright effulgence of the new-found sun,

And if their eyes a moment's gaze would risk,
He seem'd a spot upon his golden disc.

But all were not allow'd to wander free :
From out the stall, the fold and aviary,
Freedom to six of all the clean was given,
The seventh remain'd a sacrifice to heaven.
An altar rose by Noah's grateful hand,
And then his children, by their sire's command,
Collected wood upon the altar high,
And brought the doom'd unconscious victims nigh.
Upon the ground they pour'd the reeking blood,
Then piled the carcasses upon the wood :
And now the prophet, patriarch and priest
Kindles the pile, consuming bird and beast,
The grateful incense floats aloft to heaven,
And God replies to them by whom 'twas given.

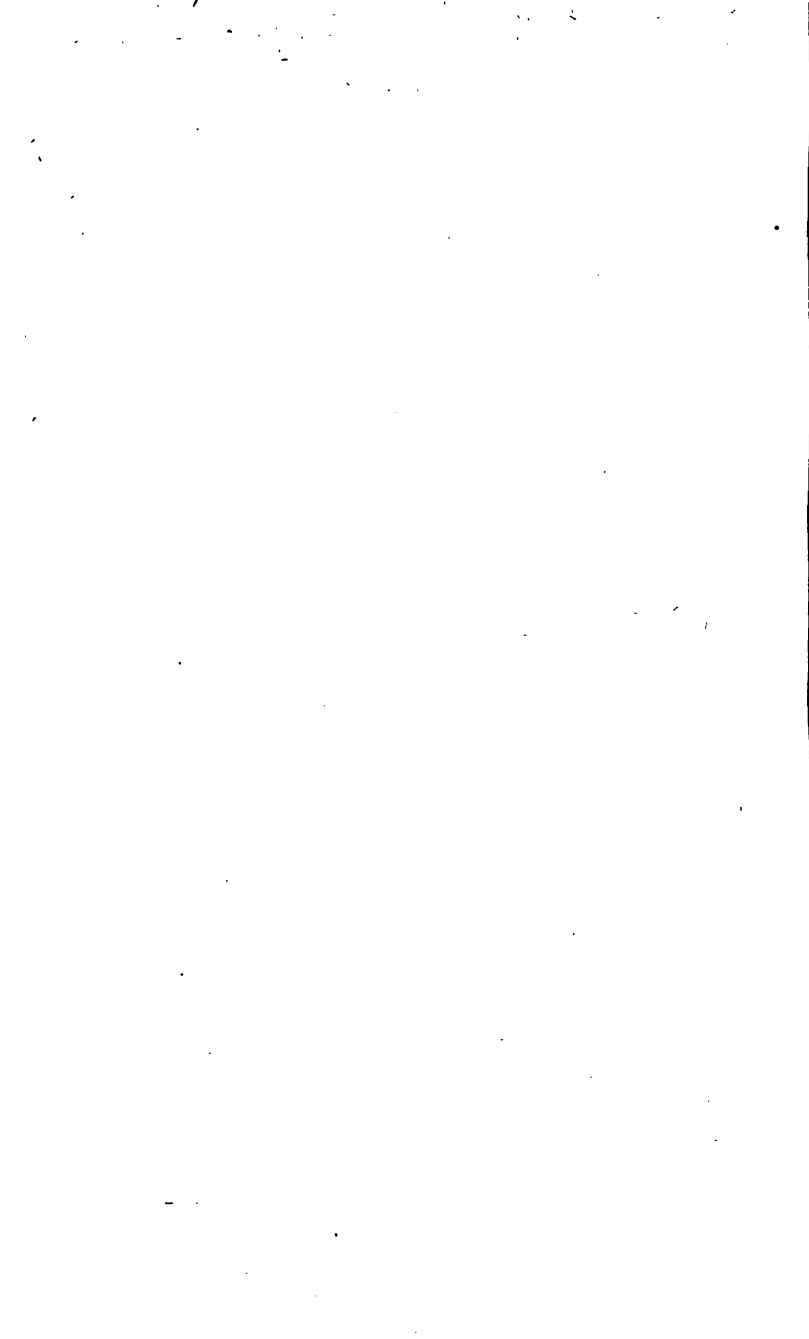
“ I, even I, who brought the deluge o'er
The sin-stain'd earth, and drown'd it, will no
more
Destroy the world by flood. That ye may know
This is my cov'nant, I will place my bow

Within the cloud, to be a sign forever
 To future ages, that the Lord will never
 Destroy the world again ; and this is given
 An everlasting sign to man from heaven."
 So spake the Lord—a sun-shine show'r descend-
 ing,
 Display'd the bow to earth from heav'n bending ;
 'Twas hail'd with rapture by the embryo nation,
 God's brightest, loveliest and last creation !

God bless'd the Patriarch, and bless'd his sons
 Thro' all the ages that old blessing runs.
 " Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth ;
 From you all future nations must have birth ;
 And I will place of you the fear and dread
 On every race that fly, or swim, or tread ;
 Into your hands and pow'r they shall be given,
 As the unalterable will of Heaven.
 E'en as the herb, I give you them for food—
 Fish, flesh and fowl—ye shall not eat the *blood* !
 Blood is the *life* : of this ye shall not eat."
 To Isra'l's race this law God did *repeat*.
 The Holy Spirit gave the *same* decree
 To the disciples, who by Christ were free.

Yet many people, spite the blasting shame,
Who call themselves by that most honor'd name,
Feed on the *blood*—feast on forbidden *life*
Flowing from death-wounds by the butcher's
knife.

They *like* the blood. It gives their food a zest,
And therefore spurn God's *triplicate* behest.
And this is ever so. All sin or ill
Is done to gratify desire or will.
Do what I like, is what all like to do,
To do what God approves is liked by few.



HAMILTON;

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The steamboat as seen from the top of the mountain—the first invention of the steamboat by Fulton—his difficulties—his eventual triumph—the steam ships—returns again to the first boat—she enters the bay—the reasons why nature formed the bays, illustrated by an Indian revel—the boat reaches the wharf—effects of dress—what is a gentleman?—dandies made by tailors—love of dress an instinct natural to man, savage as well as civilized—angels' dress—Tom Intellect—his character, his difficulties, and eventual success—self-educated genius often despised by lettered pedantry, illustrated by the turkey cock and eagle.

The author interrupted in his cogitations upon the mountain—appearance of the town as seen from its summit—fleetness of the mind or eye contrasted with animals—the steam car—Pegasus and Parnassus—why have we no poetical mountain in America?—descended half way down the mountain of Hamilton, and saw the town to more advantage.



HAMILTON;

BOOK III.

See yonder vessel in the distance ride,
Near where the heav'ns dip into the tide,
She, independent of the inconstant gale,
Ne'er woos the wind to fill her flapping sail;
Proudly aloft she bears her floating form,
And sweeps triumphant on through calm and
storm;

She drinks a portion from the rolling wave,
Which, changed to vapour, gives her pow'r to
brave

Or lake or ocean, in its calm or ire,
With fiercely boiling breath and lungs of fire
She smokes along—a gift to every land
From science, sent by Fulton's honour'd hand.
Some thirty years have pass'd since first he gave
The sailless ship to press the yielding wave.

With deep intensity of *hopes and fears*
 He heard the sceptic scoff, the taunts and jeers
 That clog the efforts of the master mind
 Who dares to *dive or soar* beyond his kind.

But now *he triumphs*—see his vessel driven
 By its own power without the winds of heaven,
 While congregated thousands wond'ring throng
 To see the *foaming monster* dash along,
 And as the multitude in wonder gaze,
 Confess that round him all the brightest rays
 Of glory meet in one unclouded blaze.
 Not less triumphant then did Fulton feel,
 Than when Columbus from his vent'rous keel
 Sprang on the shore, and saw his flag unfurl'd
 In waving glory on the new-found world.
 Years pass away, and on that very shore
 Where congregated crowds long years before
 Had seen the “Car of Neptune” lash to foam
 The sparkling waters of her billowy home;
 Far greater multitudes admiring throng
 To see yon stately vessel sweep along,
 Come o'er the ocean from the *father-land*,
 Approaching now the *steamer's native strand*.

Last triumph this of Fulton's mighty art,
 To link two worlds that rolling oceans part.
 The Sirius and Great Western first are seen,
 Next Liverpool, and last the gorgeous British
 Queen,

Her wheels in motion and her flags unfurl'd,
 A floating palace from the olden world ;
 She enters now, with rich unbounded freight,
 The *forest* harbour of the Empire State.
 Long may she safely and triumphant ride
 The ocean's glory and her country's pride ;
 The worthy namesake of our ocean Queen
 Whosways Britannia's realms—may glory's sheen
 Forever circle round thy royal crest,
 To bless thy people ! On thy royal breast
 We would that Britain might behold an heir
 Worthy his mother, sent to Britain's pray'r
 To be the empire's hope in future years,
 When thou art taken, 'midst a *nation's* tears,
 To gain a *brighter crown beyond the spheres !*

But to return, and leave the ocean's surge.
 Yon vessel, lately seen upon the verge

Of distant vision, sweeps along the lake,
And now comes nearer, leaving in her wake
A track of waves upon the trackless deep,
While all around the tumbling billows sleep;
She nears yon sandy rampart, which divides
The lake and bay, two near approaching tides,
Thro' which a steamboat channel has been made,
O'er which a navigation bridge is laid,
With sudden jerk the boat-bell loudly rings,
And round the bridge upon its pivot swings.

She enters now the bay, where in their pride
The floating navies of the world might ride,
And there defy the fiercest winds of heaven
That e'er to rags have flapping canvass riven,
Or on the rocks the shatter'd bark have driven.
A shelt'ring port, which Nature kindly gave
From her own wrath the trembling bark to save,
When wildly mounted on the raging blast,
She rolls the billows into mountains vast,
While death and desolation round are cast.

As savage tribes beneath the wigwam cone,
Lounge round the fire with loosely slacken'd zone,

Resolving on a wild uproarious revel,
 Send round from lip to lip the whiskey devil ;
 But ere they cast their senses to the wind,
 And coolly rush to madness fierce and blind,
 All justly feeling that the demon strife
 Might seize the rifle, tomahawk or knife,
 "With method in their madness," fix on one
 To take the weapons far away, which done,
 The whiskey then goes round in savage glee,
 Till all is one *wild roaring revelry*.
 So Nature, fearing that no ship might ride,
 While storms were booming on the mount'nous
 tide,

She made them harbors far within the shore,
 Begirt with mountains, that their fiercest roar
 Might pass unheeded, shelter'd from the blast,
 When in a freak her wits away were cast,
 Possess'd by madd'ning demons of the storm,
 Who all her features furiously deform.

The boat comes on, and as it nears the goal,
 Away the carriages and waggons roll
 To meet the passengers a mile or more
 From King Street to the intercepting shore.

Upon the wharf obsequious waiters stand
 To take your trav'ling bag, and bowing bland
 To all they see of *fashionable grade*,
 "You go, sir, do you, to the Promenade!"
 And others, while their ready coaches range,
 "You go, sir, to the Hamilton Exchange!"
 While all the homespun peasant lab'ring band
 Are left unnoticed on the thronging strand,
 Except by waggon-teamsters, who come down
 To get a load of luggage for the town.
 The cabin-gentry mount the varnish'd carriage,
 On foot and waggon come the deck and steerage.
 One carriage stops at Promenade Hotel,
 Where viands wait your appetite to quell,
 While semi-Africans with craniums curly
 Obsequious wait on all the guests of Burley.

Upon appearances how much depends,
 Not only among strangers but 'mong friends,
 You'll smiling meet a gentlemanly knave,
 While homely excellence your sneers must brave.

What is a gentleman? From crown to heel
 A gentleman must be—be what?—genteel!

The title, gentleman, in every mind
 In well-made clothes is usually defined,
 But then before the title we can spare them,
 The owner must be also—used to wear them,
 For those who disregard this needful law
 Make people think of “Peacock and Jackdaw.”

But if his clothes get shabby, old and worn,
 Then *gentleman* is from the label torn.

You can't conceive a *gentleman in rags*,
 Tho' Pride for Poverty the title begs,
 Nor those for gentlemen will Fashion own
 Whose dress is from the wardrobe of a clown,
 No more than those for polish'd wits who stam-
 mer

Thro' vulgarisms, blunders and bad grammar,
 Excepting in a jury-box, and then
 The coarsest clad are always *gentlemen*.
 For lawyers, sheriffs, judges, I assure ye,
 Address them always so when on the jury,
 Tho' when they're off from it, perhaps they'd
 never

Receive the title if they'd live for ever.

If this be true, it surely follows, then,
 That 'tis the clothes that make the gentlemen,
 And so it is, tho' when in moral mood,
 You think they should be hon'rabl and good,
 And often are, you not unfrequent find
High moral worth with elegance combined.
 But Fashion's fiat is—*If well attired*,
 There is no gold of character required.

See yonder dandy, exquisite and thin
 A handsome casket, but there's nothing in,
 'Tis God and nature makes the honest man ;
 To make a dandy none but tailors can,
 And yet the fashionable often sneers
 At him who shapes his figure with his shears,
 And scoffs, and spurns, and curses him who *made*
him,
 Tho' for his work perhaps he never *paid him*,
 All wish to be respected and admired,
 'Tis often gain'd by being well attired ;
 Of course the opposite must be confess'd,
 You're treated shabbily when shabby dress'd.

An instinct nat'ral to the human race
 Is love of dress in ev'ry time and place,

E'er since the simple gardener and his wife
 Gave up their title to the Tree of Life,
 By eating of the tree of *evil* knowledge,
 And clothed their naked forms in fig-tree foliage,
 These simple garments they instinctive made,
 And sought to hide them far in Eden's shade.

The savage dandy and barbarian belle
 Are fond of dress and ornaments as well
 As they who glitter at a birth-day ball,
 The Louvre, theatre or festival ;
 The first are pleas'd, in water-mirror viewing
 Their nose-rings, blankets, brooches and tattooing,
 Their bead-work'd moccasins and scarlet zone,
 On which is hung a crooked powder cone,
 His knife, his tomahawk, and leaden hail,
 Kept in his pouch of squirrel-skin and tail ;
 His cheeks and forehead painted, and his hair
 All black, besmear'd with tainted grease of bear ;
 Accounted thus, they feel as proud and fine
 As dandies exquisite or belles divine,
 Who skip in broadcloth or in satins shine,
 Array'd in all that splendor may command,
 Arranged by Fashion's fluctuating hand.

An oracle of song the world has told
 That ornament is dross on Beauty's gold,
 But Beauty thinks she has a right to judge,
 And to the oracle she answers "fudge!"
 Not only earthly beauties—angels, too,
 Have wardrobes fine—at least we know they do
 Dress most sublimely ever since the fall;
 Before, perhaps, they did not dress at all—
 At least we are not told; but 'tis quite right
 That they should come arrayed in garments
 bright,
 For even angels, if they came without
 A splendid dress, would not be cared about;
 So much do our inhabitants of earth
 Prefer appearances to real worth.

Tom Intellect, for instance, who could soar
 On wings of mind magnificently o'er
 Yon glittering, mindless, fashionable train,
 Who dare to treat his presence with disdain,
 Tho' learning, virtue, excellence and worth
 Meet in his mind, he is of *humble birth*;
 He cannot gild the casket, and to them
 All worthless is the peerless, priceless gem.

They cannot think, whene'er they look upon
 His homely dress, that o'er his mind has shone
 The star of genius with the brilliant rays
 Of science in a philosophic blaze.
 Tho' not obtrusive, yet he feels their scorn,
 And feels that he is fitted to adorn
 A higher sphere, though scorn he must endure,
 While guilty of *the crime of being poor*.
 In ev'ry age—the truth must be confess'd—
 “*Slow rises worth, by poverty oppress'd ;*”
 So sang the bard—tho' doubtless known to fame,
 I never knew or I have lost his name.

But if obscurity should pass away,
 And show his genius to the blaze of day,
 His wealth increases, and his *new-found* name
 Is heard aloud and pointed out by Fame ;
 With all his mighty faculties unfurl'd,
 He then commands the homage of the world.
 Tho' letter'd pedantry will oft despise
 Self-educated genius when she tries
 To gain distinction ; spurning at his name
 Who dares approach the pyramid of fame

Without a college scaffolding—as wise
 As tow'ring *turkey-cock*, who boldly flies
 From dunghill to a barn-roof's lowest edge,
 And walks in triumph to its topmost ledge,
 Where swelling out with bloated plumes and pinions
 He struts along the weathercock's dominions,
 (A gallant fellow, who, thro' cold or warm,
 Has never turn'd his tail upon the storm.)
 And now his turkeyship would fain despise
 The unfledged eaglet struggling to rise,
 Tho' in a few short months with ease he'll soar
 The loftiest mountain-tops sublimely o'er
 At one bold flight, when in his feathery robe,
 Ascend the sky, and compass half the globe.

Those people now appear to think it strange
 That I so long should let my vision range
 Around their landscape—chain'd in thought profound,
 With one knee rested on the dewy ground,
 The other raised, on which my paper's spread,
 In hand a pencil charged with useful lead,
 With which to note the images that rise
 Before they fade away from mem'ry's eyes.

I must retire—inquisitive they seem
 To break upon a poet's harmless dream :
 They now advance and call—I must away
 Where, screen'd 'mong woods, I can pursue my
 lay.

Between the mountain's base and distant strand
 Upon a sweeping range of table land,
 The town of Hamilton in beauty lies,
 Beneath the glory of the morning skies,
 A picture drawn by man's industrious pow'rs,
 Within a "mountain frame" that round it tow'rs,
 But by its mountain frame, sublime and vast,
 The town's to insignificancy cast ;
 So far God's works transcend the works of man,
 Far as the breezes from a lady's fan
 Transcended are in majesty and power
 By mightiest hurricanes that ever tore
 The rooted monarchs from the mountain's brow,
 While all around the leafy legions bow.

When from the summit of the mountain's height
 Upon the valley vision bends her flight,

The town seems smaller than it would appear
 If you beheld it from a point more near;
 If to advantage, then, you'd see the town,
 Come half-way up, or else go half-way down.

The mind or eye thro' heav'n or earth can soar,
 In one fleet instant leap the landscape o'er,
 But bodies must be satisfied to go,
 Ev'n those with wings, comparatively slow;
 Much more then, man, who goes upon his feet,
 (And even then than other kinds less fleet)
 Must travel slow unless he goes by steam—
 A wonder! for it seems but yet a dream;
 Who would have thought it was *prophetic truth*,
 That while our century was in its youth,
 Commingled fire and flood would fast propel
 A train of massy cars, and do it well—
 Yes, far transcend the elephant in might,
 And almost pass the eagle in his flight,
 Yet such is now, and greater things may be,
 Which you and I may even live to see.

When other creatures run, they take to *heels*;
 The engine-monster always takes to *wheels*,

Unless you give him leave himself to ride
He will not move along one single stride,
And when he rests no provender he needs,
'Tis only when he travels that he *feeds*,
Then give him drink and fill his mouth with wood,
And while he rests he will not ask for food ;
In one half hour, so rapid is his mode,
He can digest a common carter's load,
And then so wild and fierce his lungs will play,
He blows and fumes his forage all away.

He may be yet employed in war campaigning,
As hostile nations so delight in draining
Each other of their lavish'd blood and treasure.
Spirit of Cæsar ! what heroic pleasure
'Twould give to those, whose element is war,
To mount upon a fiercely-rolling car,
While from it Perkins' bullet hurlers cast
Their show'rs of death sent by the boiling blast,
That from the muzzle of the steam gun dashing
Propels the balls without the powder's flashing,
While the huge car on wheels of blood is flying
O'er lacerated legions, dead and dying.

But as I've neither steam nor buoyant wings,
 I must be satisfied with slower things.—
 As to advantage I would see the town,
 I must essay to clammer half way down.
 I wish I had the winged horse Pegassus,
 Which ev'ry other bird and beast surpasses,
 But then—he only travels round Parnassus,
 'Tis only there that bards may boldly stride him !
 And o'er the mount majestically ride him !
 And why have *we* no bright poetic mountain
 From which distils a sweet inspiring fountain,
 Round which might grow the laurel and the bays
 Entwined with flow'rs of song and gems of
 brightest rays,
 While harp and lyre sent forth immortal song,
 Swept by the muses as they pass'd along,
 Yes, *native* muses, while around them throng
 Bold *native* bards, who catch the heav'nly sound,
 And pluck the bays that brightly bloom around ?
 Perhaps some daring bard of *master mind*
 Such glorious mount may gloriously find,
 And open to Columbia's wond'ring eyes
 Her bright Parnassus as the brilliant prize

Of his exertion, while the hand of Fame
Writes on the mountain's brow his laurel'd name !

But as I've neither wings, nor steam, nor horse,
Upon my feet I must pursue my course
From rock to root—from root to rock descend,
Now rapid bound, then cautiously we wend ;
Now seize this twig, then leap upon yon ledge,
Now cautious slip from off its rugged edge,
Our slow and rapid, quick and cautious pace
Soon brings us midway to the mountain's base,
Where, seated on a rock, around we glance
Upon a narrower, but *still wide* expanse.



HAMILTON;

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Jail—Court-house above it—difficulty of deciding cases—not right that juries should be forced to be *unanimous*, illustrated by a case in point, where an innocent man is condemned and executed—the murderer discovered in the person of a dying madman.

Proposes an alteration in the existing law—an occurrence in Polish history, an illustration—juries should be paid by the country—strictures on the lawyers—an epitaph and an anecdote—a law should be passed to limit legal expenses—but the best remedy is, *to keep out of debt*—the Market-house—the Church—three other churches—Dundurn Castle—and by whom erected—different opinions entertained of his character—another building—effects of banking—other buildings too numerous to mention—his seat after whom “Hamilton” is named—contrast between Hamilton twelve years ago and now—anticipation looks for still greater—is marriage decided by choice,

or destiny—advice to some of the gentle sex, who are not always *gentle*, illustrated by a story.

Returns again to the scenery—Wellington Square—Port Nelson—Bronte—Samson and Nelson—both die at the moment of victory—two townships—conclusion.

HAMILTON;

BOOK IV.

See yonder edifice of square hewn stone—
It is not *lonely*, tho' it stands alone—
Surmounted by a tow'r and tin-capp'd dome;
It is to many an unwilling home.
The felon there awaiting judgment lies,
While o'er his head the dreaded court that tries
Now sits in judgment, justly to decide
Of innocent or guilty—Oh how wide
Apart are these extremes, and yet how near
They sometimes meet—when all the case you hear,
It seems no human mind can safe decree
What a just verdict in the case would be;
If ruled by men of differing mental sight,
Both *guilty* and *not guilty* would be right.

With ev'ry deference to his royal mind,
Who gave the legal blessing to mankind,

And ev'ry deference to each legal sage
 Whose thoughts are graven on the Jurist's page,
 Methinks it wrong that juries should alone,
 On pain of legal penalties, be sworn
 To be *unanimous*, and give decision
 For or against, or else remain in prison.

A shade of perjury must sometimes fall
 Upon the hearts of some of them, when all
 Profess that in the verdict they unite,
 Tho' *all* do not believe the verdict right.

Perchance some hours of noisy argument,
 With all their stores of reasoning, were spent,
 When for the verdict "guilty" nine agree,
 There still remain, who differ from them, three.
 Again they canvass o'er the evidence,
 Both for the accusation and defence,
 All *circumstantial*—none beheld the deed,
 None but the murd'rer saw his victim bleed;
 Murder'd and robb'd he was, and that alone
 Is all that can be positively known;
 And yet against him circumstances meet—
 A track was seen resembling *pris'ner's* feet,

And on the trampled, blood-polluted ground
 A double-bladed pocket knife was found,
 With both the carved initials of his name ;
 To prove the fact, another witness came,
 That twenty sovereigns were lately found
 Near pris'ner's house, secreted in the ground ;
 'Twas also proved the murder'd had in store
 In specie full five hundred pounds or more,
 All which was gone—the sove'reigns alone
 Were all that to the anxious court were shown ;
 'Twas also said, the prisoner was poor,
 Tho' no reproach had e'er been cast before
 Upon his name, but now he stands arraign'd,
 Accused before the world of being stain'd
 With murder foul, of human crime the worst,
 The second crime for which mankind was curst,

In calm tho' deep intensity he stood,
 And heard himself arraign'd for shedding blood—
 “What say you pris'ner guilty or not so?”—
 Not guilty ! in a tone full deep and low—
 He look'd and spoke as tho' to God from man
 He would appeal—the witnesses began,

And to the sworn impanell'd jury told
 Of footsteps, pocket-knife and hidden gold,
 With many other things which seem'd to show
 The prisoner was guilty. Oh what woe
 Is felt within that wildly throbbing frame—
 It is the pris'ner's *wife*—as evidence she came—
 He look'd upon her ! Oh, what dark despair,
 What untold grief, what mighty love was there !
 Their glances meet, and now are raised in pray'r ;
 Tho' dreadful seem'd his fate, he could alone
 Have borne it all uncrushe'd without a groan—
 But her's unmann'd him ! Oh, what thoughts are
 now

In burning progress passing o'er his brow ;
 His thoughts revert ; he thinks upon the bow'rs
 Where first they met in joyous wooing hours,

The scene returns, when with a *husband's* pride
 And *lover's* passion, first he clasp'd his bride,
 The world was then in smiles, but now how
 changed,
 Misfortune first, now guilt, has all estranged—
 At least *imputed* guilt, but there is one
 Who says he's innocent—her hands upon

The book of God do tremulously rest,*
While to her quiv'ring lips the book is press'd.

A moment's pause—her heart is rais'd in pray'r,
When, gath'ring strength from what seem'd strong
despair,

To meet the effort every latent pow'r
Is firmly rous'd—she swears—"Through every
hour

Of that dread night when Rossiter was slain,
I lay awake rack'd with the toothache's pain,
And thro' that night my husband from my side
Did never go until the morning wide
Had grown to day. His could not be the blow
That fell'd the victim. *He a murderer? No!*
Great God of Heaven, no! Tho' misery came
Led by misfortune, on my Henry's name
None ever dared to fix the brand of guilt or
shame!"

The effort overcame her—in a swoon
Her woe was buried, to awake too soon.

* A poetical license is taken in bringing the wife as witness
for her husband.

The court was moved—what heart of human
mould

Could such a scene unpitying behold ?
But justice, grave, inflexible and stern,
Will not allow e'en pity's hand to turn
Her sword away : the trial still goes on ;
Opposing lawyers spend their pow'rs upon
The doubtful case—next comes the judge's charge,
Who states again the evidence at large ;
The jury listen, both with mind and ear,
Hoping his charge may make the case more clear.
" The footsteps, pocket knife and hidden gold,"
He thought, " against the pris'ner strongly told ;
Then, there's the evidence of pris'ner's wife,
Which, if you think it true, must save his life ;
But, gentlemen, I fear 'twas *love*, not truth,
That gave the evidence ; therefore her oath
I think you must with scrutiny receive,
'Tis yours to credit it, or disbelieve ;
So, gentlemen, you may retire, and then
Consult with one another—if again
Upon mature reflection, there should still
A reasonable doubt remain, you will

Then give it for the pris'ner's benefit,
Who from the charge of course you must acquit.

As seen above, most anxiously they tried
For many hours, and yet did not decide ;
Nine thought that he was guilty, *three* believed
Him innocent, and all the rest deceived.
But, wearied now of argumental strife,
Tho' wishing much to save the pris'ner's life,
At last they yield, tho' long they did sustain
Their opposition—but they think it vain
To hope that large majority to gain,
And moved by hunger, by confinement, press'd,
And urged vehemently by all the rest,
Against *conviction* they consent at last—
The verdict's given, and the sentence pass'd.

His wife's a maniac ; and 'tween earth and
heav'n
His spirit from his form is rudely riven,
And to the surgery his corpse is given !

A year has pass'd—and on that bed of death
Yon tortur'd wretch is struggling for breath—

Hark! how he raves—hear—hear him wildly tell
 Of deeds of violence—while fiends of hell
 He thinks his audience—see his eye-balls glare
 On some dread object!—while with hideous stare
 They seem as tho' they'd from their sockets leap
 To gaze more near, while all his features weep
 Cold perspiration—terror, madness, guilt
 Proclaim the harden'd murderer who spilt
His blood, for which a *guiltless man* was doomed,
 For which his wife's crush'd spirit was entomb'd
 Within the grave of madness, wild and dread—
 A living body with its spirit dead!

In wild delirium the felon raves—
 He sees his victims starting from their graves!
 “Oh! save me from him—ha! take off his hold!
 I cut his throat!—he's coming for his gold!
 And *Jones* was hang'd—the jury thought 'twas
 Jones
 That kill'd him!—there!—see there his bloody
 bones!—
 He's got the knife I cut his name on, and
 He's putting up a gallows! In his hand

He has the rope ! Keep off ! I will not hang !"
 And from the bed the raving felon sprang—
 But soon he fell, and writhing, foaming lay—
 'Mid groans and curses wild his spirit pass'd
 away.

One of the three who, 'gainst conviction, gave
 The verdict *guilty*, heard the murd'rer rave ;
 He hung his head in deep and dark dismay,
 And from the dying madman turn'd away ;
 The verdict *guilty* on his conscience burns,
 While to his mind the Court House scene returns ;
 He sees again that dark connubial woe ;
 " Not guilty " in a tone full deep and low
 Rings in his ears, and also that wild tone,
 When sorrow to despair had darkly grown,
She heav'n invoked, and said, " Tho' misery came
 Led by misfortune, on my Henry's name
 None ever dared to fix the brand of guilt or
 shame !"

'Tis hard that men should be condemn'd to stay
 From day till night, from night again till day,

Imprison'd in a guarded jury room,
 And forced, tho' 'gainst their consciences, to come
 To one decision: why should it not be
 Decided by a full majority
 'Mong jurors, as 'tis done in Parliament?
 The few might then have priv'lege to dissent,
 As they in councils, congress, senates—then
 Minorities of hungry jurymen
 Would not be forced, *tho' diff'ring, to agree,*
 As was the case with our dissenting three.

'Tis true, 'twould not have saved the pris'ner's
 life,
 Or from insanity preserved his wife,
Bur 'twould have saved the consciences of those
Who sacrificed their conscience to repose!

A nation once (it is not now a nation)
 Sought thus to carry on its legislation,
 By forcing her aristocratic Diet
 To be *unanimous* in every fiat;
 By which wise law one proud, capricious peer
 Could veto any bill, unless withheld by fear.

One time, it chanced, a law which all but one
 Wished much to pass, but it could not be done,
 For one old noble, in despite of all,
 The bill would always veto or blackball ;
 Then no alternative remain'd but one—
 To meet without this stubborn peer— 'twas done,
 They shut the door to keep his lordship out,
 But he, suspecting what they were about,
 Climb'd on the roof, and down the stove-flue
 went,

Into the stove, where he remained close pent,
 And mark'd their progress, close his prison keep-
 ing,

Till, just at passing, they beheld him peeping,
 All black and sooty, while with sneering grin
 He gave his *veto*—he should then have *in*
 His cranium taken, but he look'd about
 In scornful triumph ; and a sword leep'd out
 Like lightning from its sheath—it glanced and
 fell

His head fell with it, as historians tell.
 Thus silenced by this argument, at last
 The bill of course *unanimously* pass'd.

I'd recommend our lawyer legislators,
 Our couns'lors, judges, pleaders and debaters,
 To try and change their jury laws, and then
 A dozen honest, diff'ring jurymen
 Would not be forced, as now, to choose between
 Their conscience and convenience—such has been
 And is the case—then change the legislation,
 Although it may be thought a dang'rous innova-
 tion ;

And add a clause, if such a law is made
 ('Tis just and right) that juries should be paid*
Paid by the country, like my lord the judge—
 Yes—tho' forensic gents may whisper "fudge!"
 We think it hard that all the legal trade,
 From judge to bailiff, should so well be paid,
 And they condemned to spend their means and
 stay

Three weeks, perhaps, at once, and *get no pay*.†

I'd ask another change in legislation,
 That he who in the service of the nation

* The change here recommended, in 1840, was made some years ago

† This was the author's case in 1839.

Is forced to come as witness for the Crown
 And forced unreasonably to come down
 With all expenses, both for day and night,
 Should have to this oppression a respite.
 Why should a man be punish'd in his dimes,
 As tho' he had himself committed crimes ;
 Because he saw some poor or angry sinner
 Once strike a blow or steal a duck for dinner,
 Or other acts by felon or by fellow ;
 When sober or when tipsy, tight or mellow,
 With which dame Justice has so oft to cope,
 And punish with imprisonment or rope.
 The public should protect the public cause,
 The public should enforce the public laws,
 And pay for that protection and enforcement,
 And give this sentiment a law endorsement.
 A private citizen who goes to law
 Thro' pique or for redress, must always draw
 Upon himself and send with the subpoena
 The cash to bring into the court arena
 The witness he requires to prove his case,
 And yet to say ; the public has the face

My witnesses must come without it—that is
 They all must work for my protection gratis,
 Unless they show they've nothing in their coffers,
 And then I'll dole them out an alms, as paupers."
 No doubt the fear of this unwise oppression
 Causes in many cases the suppression
 Of evidence, that else would be submitted,
 To reach the bad, or have the good acquitted.
 The witness can't spare the time and means,
 And thus the guiltless robs, the guilty screens.

A *lawyer* is another name for rogue—
 Has been a saying very much in vogue,
 But this is nothing more than angry spleen,
 For there have sometimes honest lawyers been;
 We recollect an epitaph on one,
 'Twas graven on a Scottish churchyard stone,
 "The Lord works wonders now and then,
 Here lies an honest lawyer mon."

'Tis quite amusing, oft, to here and see
 How well these gentry *quarrelling* agree;
 A shrewd old lawyer 'twas who made reply,
 When by a client asked the reason why

That lawyers seem so angry with each other,
Yet in a moment link like friend or brother ?

“ We lawyers do not always what appears,
Resembling much a common pair of shears,
Which seem to cut each other; but I ween
We only cut whatever comes between.”

How seldom one misfortune comes alone,
When losses to embarrassment have grown,
To help him stagg’ring on his downward journey
Upon him leap a bailiff and attorney ;
His creditors’ own weight he scarce could bear,
And now he’s loaded with another pair,
Who riot in their hard-wrung legal plunder,
Till ’neath their weight he sinks completely under,
How selfish is mankind, how hard to feel
For woe of others, if it brings us weal !
What cares a conqueror for nations’ groans,
If he can mount their abdicated thrones—
A doctor’s sorrow for his friend’s *disease*
Is neutralized by pocketing *his fees*.
A patron’s loss might often cause despair,
If ’twere not that the mourner is *his heir*.

Lawyers and bailiffs for distress would feel,
 If int'rest did not all their bosoms steel;
 Like vultures ravenous, and fungi, they
 Luxuriate and fatten on decay.
 But lawyers *naturally* are no worse
 Than they who 'gainst them often rail and curse,
 And he who suffers might be nothing kinder
 If he, instead of being ground, were grinder.
 But then a law in justice should be pass'd
 To stop expense from running up so fast;
 That ev'ry legal limb should be ungown'd
 Who more for costs than ten on twenty pounds
 Should ever charge—that sheriffs never shall
 Collect for costs but half the principal;
 But now just Noticing for trial oft
 Will sink the *principal below the cost*;^{*}
 But the best remedy discover'd yet,
 For all these evils is, *keep out of debt*.

The jail and court-house you above were shown,
 And from the text a long discourse has grown;

* An improvement has been made of late years, and costs are not now, in many cases, so excessive as they were when this was written.

The market-house may next your eye command,
 And now the church between it and the strand,
 A handsome structure, whose ascending spire
 Seems in the solar radiance all on fire.
 There are three other buildings, whence arise
 Of prayer and praise to heav'n the sacrifice :
 May gospel truth forever brightly beam
 Within their walls—the glorious gospel theme
 Be sounded loud—loud may Hosanas ring
 In heavenly song to heaven's Eternal King !
 Now from these buildings to the left you turn,
 And see the knightly castle of Dundurn,
 Built by a bold aspiring speculator,
 A lawyer, colonel,* yes, and something greater,
 Who, while McKenzie Navy Island sway'd,
 Commanded our irregular brigade,
 Where, bravely brandishing his bloodless rapier,
 The gallant Speaker won the style, Sir Napier ;

* McKenzie copied this about Sir Allan, in his *Gazette*, when in jail at Rochester, N.Y., and stated in connection that the author's father, a worthy Irish magistrate of Esquesing, had many years before made him a present of Duane's Law of Nations, which he had with him in prison, although he had at the outbreak lost thousands of volumes, many very costly.

Like all who mount aloft on Fortune's wheel,
 He has his foes as well as those who feel
 Pleased at his rise ; conflicting praise and blame
 Are blown alike by fluctuating fame,
 For Rumor, like the constellation Crab,
 Goes both ways when she's speaking of M'Nab.
 But this, in justice, must at least be said,
 His speculations gave mechanics bread,
 And sent the town most rapidly ahead.

To foster trade that whilom often sank,
 Some moneyed men have formed a money Bank—
 The stock subscribed, the thing was put in gear
 By President, Directors, and Cashier.

'Tis often said that money money makes,
 'Tis often true by money, money takes
 Wings to itself and flies beyond the grasp
 Of its possessor spite of bolt and hasp,
 'Tis hard to say which of the two is wiser,
 Who wastes or worships, prodigal or miser ;
 Some say that money is the root of evil,
 To say they lie, tho' true, would be uncivil ;
 'Tis *love* of money is the root that brings
 To evil men, large crops of evil things ;

But money in legitimate employment,
 Gives comfort, peace, deliv'rance and enjoyment.
 It, honest people honestly will use,
 Dishonesty, dishonestly abuse,
 He who loves money, making it his god,
 Will find his deity a scorpion rod,
 In mangled agony his blood will drip
 From wounds inflicted by this fearful whip—
 Most toil for money, many toil for fame,
 Those to be wealthy, these to get a name ;
 Let those who've money use it in the way
 To make true friends against a coming day.
 Not till the days of Abram do we read
 Of money, it was given for a deed,
 Of Macpela, to buy a vault or cave
 From Ephron, son of Heth, for Sarah's grave,
 The next thing bought or sold, (it brought its *ban*,
 And blessing to) was nothing less than man.
 The first recorded purchase was a grave,
 The second one recorded was a slave.*

* It is evident that Abraham bought men with his money before this, but no particular instance is given or the price paid.

Bought by some merchants on their journey going
 Down to the land of Egypt, little knowing ;
 By that sad youth, so wickedly enslaved,
 Great Pharaoh and the nations would be saved ;
 That he, for *twenty pieces* bought, should buy
 The land of Egypt ; that to him should cry
 The starving peoples, asking him for bread,
 And from his well-filled granaries be fed ;
 That men should cry before him, bow the knee !
 That he should rule o'er Egypt's chivalry
 As far as Pharaoh's banner was unfurled,
 And be the great corn-factor of the world.
 These twenty pieces, did *they* buy the corn
 When Simeon was left, bound and forlorn,
 Ta'en by the *dreamer* from among the brothers,
 Who sent, with well-filled sacks, away the others.

Now to our Bank again—a paper mine—
 'Tis mighty Mammon's temple, at whose shrine
 The gold and silver offerings are paid,
 And paper pray'rs and promises are made ;
 The heart and reservoir, which fills and drains
 The wide extended arteries and veins

Of wholesome trade and bloated speculation,
 With ebb and flow in constant fluctuation.
 Sometimes she fills their veins to overflowing,
 And speculation seems to grandeur growing,
 To walk in gold and soar on di'mond wings,
 And scatter 'mong her train the lavish'd wealth of
 kings ;
 But oft we see the bloated bubble burst,
 And all the land with *bankruptcy is curst*.

Some other buildings worthy of my song
 There are, but they would make my list too long.

While houses closely ranged, or scatter'd wide
 'Tween town and country, do the scene divide,
 As usual built in ev'ry varying style,
 From flueless cabin to the handsome pile,
 While rolling waggons and loud-lowing kine,
 With bark of dog and squeal of hunted swine
 Caught thieving in some poorly-*closed* enclosure
 That leaves the crop to hazardous exposure,
 Are heard in distant rumbling, squealing chorus,
 Brought by the wind that's gently blowing o'er us.

Upon the mountain's base, beneath our feet,
 Embow'ed in woods you see *his* rural seat
 Whose name is given to the town, along
 Which we have sought to twine the flow'rs of
 song ;

When first I saw it, some ten years ago,
 A scatter'd village then was Hamilton ;
 It shortly after took a sudden *start*,
 And now it stands a brisk commercial mart ;
 Anticipation looks thro' future years—
 The town is gone—a city then appears,
 While all her suburb mountain-heights around
 With castles, villas, and chateaux are crown'd,
 Where urbane grandeur, wooing nature's charms,
 Is clasp'd in rural beauty's flow'ry arms,
 And science plants her Academic bow'rs,
 While from their midst her classic temple tow'rs.
 May bright prosperity forever claim
 Thee—town or city—for her own domain,
 Thy sons forever fraud and vice eschew,
 Thy maidens modest and thy matrons true.

There's nothing in this world so lovely seen
 As lovely woman clad in virtue's sheen,

And if Religion then, with hallow'd light,
 Shines on her soul, she seems an angel quite,
 Bright as a sunbeam in a dungeon's light.
 So look'd fair Eve ere serpent fascination
 Led her to offer up her first oblation
 Unto the Serpent, trusting in his lies
 To make her as a god, profoundly wise.

It is not good for man to be alone—
 Was said by Him who made and fills the throne
 Of universal empire, and He made
 Woman for man, his councillor and aid ;
 And tho' some peevish bachelors may rail
 And crack their jests, as worthless, old and stale
 As they themselves—despite their single life.
 'Tis good for man to have a virtuous wife
 His bliss to heighten and his griefs to share,
 And gild with smiles of joy the brow of care.
 These thoughts are commonplace and plain—not
 new—

We would such *wives were also common too.*

Some say that marriage is a lottery,
 Some say that in our choice we may be free,
 And other some, 'tis done by destiny.

If to the ground a sparrow cannot fall
 Without His knowledge who created all,
 And ev'ry individual rooted hair
 That clusters round the forehead dark or fair
 By Him is number'd—then we may believe
 That he to each does his companion give.
 But think how much on marriage may depend,
 And who can know where these results will end?
 See yonder pair before the altar stand,
 'Tis Love that calls for Hymen's holy band;
 Years pass away, and well the first command—
 "Increase and multiply and fill the land"—
 They have obey'd—a num'rous fam'ly spring,
 And round the fire they form a smiling ring.
 Soon, like their parents, they begin to pair
 With husbands fond and maidens young and
 fair;

"Increase and multiply" is still in force,
 And they obey it like their sires, of course.
 Twelve families are now produced from one,
 And twelve again from these; when that is done:
 Thus will they onward till the end of time,
 Thro' ev'ry kingdom, country, state and clime,

Their fruitful progeny is scattered wide,
 Increasing with a still increasing tide,—
 All have descended from that single pair,
 The bridegroom fond and bride, then young and
 fair ;

If to a marriage such results belong,
 And from one pair such countless numbers throng,
 Then who would say but Providence or Fate,
 Not reckless chance, did those two lovers mate ?
 They who're to leave no offspring in their stead
 Without the pale of destiny may wed
 By *choice or chance*, not they whose love gives
 birth

To future races to replenish earth,
 And, when extinguish'd are both earth and time,
 To people heaven with a race sublime,
 Who shall exist while heav'n itself shall last,
 Nor die but when eternity be past,
 Then sure the cause whence such results proceed
 Must be the work of Providence indeed,
 For more important than *the sparrow's life*,
 Or *numb'ring hairs*, is joining man and wife,
 Tho' chance is busy with her lottery,
 And choice will boldly boast that she is free,

Still something comes with slow or sudden pace
 To stop all marriages that *don't* take place,
 And circumstances rise, oft strange 'tis true,
 To bring about all marriages that *do*.

I do not wish to blame the *gentle sex*,
 I would reform them, tho' I would not vex,
 But some there are who do not gentle seem,
 Their husband's faults become their daily theme—
 To him they're *peevish, sullen, dark and cold*,
 Or never *warm* excepting when they *scold*.

Love hides a multitude of faults—but hate
 Exposes all, and new ones will create—
 I own that husbands oft are in the wrong,
 And well deserve the censure of my song,
 Who seem resolv'd their happiness to mar,
 And throw the gauntlet for domestic war.

When storms of heaven on the earth descend,
 The safest for the willow is—to *bend*,
 And prudent wives, who such disputes would fly,
 Upon the ground will let the gauntlet lie,
 And then the storm, so angry, wild and cruel,
 Will die away itself for want of fuel,

A couple once, who loved enough to wed,
 Soon found that from their dwelling peace had fled ; .
 The matron to a *spae-wife* went and told
 How her mad spouse did furiously scold,
 And then requested some bewitching charm
 His matrimonial turbulence to calm ;
 With this the sybil willingly complied,
 And gave a phial fill'd with crystal tide—
 “ The charm you wish does this bright phial hold,
 And when your spouse begins in rage to scold,
 Take some of this within your mouth—the while
 Altho' he frowns, do you be sure to smile,
 And keep it in your lips till he is done,
 And soon all will be clear as is the noonday sun.”
 She tried it oft—as oft the *charm* work'd well,
 And oft she prais'd the sybil's witching spell,
 Less and less frequent was the angry jar,
 And almost ended all domestic war.

'Twas simply this, if for the charm you seek,
 With this within her lips she could not speak,
 And could not fiery altercation court,
 As was her wont before, by sharp retort.

Pride may reject the moral this would teach,
 Yet we would recommend the sybil's charm to
 each ;

And if you will your husband's temper school,
 Then do it mildly, only when he's cool ;
 But never war against his follies wage,
 When tow'ring in the tempest of his rage,
 For, pride and passion governing alike,
 He will not listen, he perhaps may strike—
 Those who act wisely will not court the stroke
 By scalding words intended to provoke,
 For if the lion of his temper meet
 The lioness of yours, the war's complete ;
 And brutal words and acts, from hand and tongue,
 All happiness unto the dogs have flung.

You see on marriage I have lectured long ;
 Some wives, perhaps, won't thank me for my song,
 And say the subject is beyond my reach—
 " Get married first, yourself, before you preach !"
 Paul was not married, yet he gave advice
 To those who are, that is beyond all price ;
 But many wives there are who proudly say,
 " Who cares for Paul ? My husband I'll obey

When he is right—that's when *I* think him so—
 But when I think him wrong I'll tell him *no* !
 Obey in ev'rything ! No woman's right ?
 Obey in ev'rything ! I'd rather fight !
 Obey in ev'rything ! A husband's slave !
 'Til he or I are inmates of the grave !
 Who cares for Paul, or him who had the keys ?
 He, too, would bring us wives upon our knees !
 But in his face the door I'd quickly slam
 Who'd try to make me say, Lord Abraham !"

From ev'ry place we find a pathway leading,
 With num'rous thoughts on num'rous subjects
 breeding,
 But now once more we'll turn Pegasus rein,
 And come unto our scenery again:
 Now raise your vision, and while glancing o'er
 Near where yon sandy rampart meets the shore,
 Beyond the bay a rising town you view,
 Call'd after him who blazed at Waterloo !
 Who, tow'ring high on "conquest's crimson wings,"
 Met in full shock the emperor of kings !
 Who sought all thrones to darken and eclipse,
 And, like the Angel in the Apocalypse,

As an imperial deity to stand
 With one foot on the sea and one on land,
 And then to mount a universal throne,
 And wield the sceptre of the world alone.
 For years on *land* he seem'd omnipotent,
 And kings and nations at his sceptre bent,
 But when he sought his footsteps to sustain
 With naval bulwarks on th' unconquer'd main,
 Britannia hurl'd her bolts athwart the wave,
 And to the ocean depths his broken bulwarks
 gave;
 And since, on land her thunderbolts of war
 Have hurl'd him from his high imperial car,
 And Britain's lion, standing o'er its tomb,
 Pluck'd from the bird of France his blood-stained
 laurel plume !

Beyond the square, perhaps a mile or more,
 Upon a bleak, uncultivated shore,
Port Nelson stands, a desolate abortion,
 To speculating fools a useful caution ;
 Some dozen shells and skeletons arose,
 There fix'd, the embryo town no further goes ;

Ev'n Nelson's name could not its life ensure,
 Or make it prosper with a site so poor.
 "Great names to little things are oft applied,"
 To puff a bubble on the glittering tide
 Of speculation, while the anxious throng
 In struggling, jostling hurry drive along ;
 His fortune's made who gains the treasure first—
 The first has gained it—'tis a bubble burst !

Beyond Port Nelson, some five miles or more,
 The village Bronté rises on the shore,
 A name by Naples to the hero given,
 When flying France was from the ocean driven ;
 The title Duke of Bronté—Duke of Thunder !
 Was justly giv'n to England's naval wonder.

With his last thunderbolt his spirit pass'd,
 His mightiest, deadliest effort, and his last ;
 Like *him* subdued by base Delila's charms,
 Who lost his glory in her witching arms,
 Like him in death he struck his deadliest blow,
 Their spirits pass'd away 'mid triumphs o'er the
 foe.

One died 'mid crashing columns, gods and bones,
 While pagan scoffs were drown'd in pagan groans,
 The other died 'mid cannons thund'ring, flashing,
 'Mid spirits flying from their wounds all gashing,
 'Mid shouts of vict'ry, groans, and timbers crash-
 ing,

'Mid blazing ships to broken splinters riven,
 Wild ocean *hells* in fragments hurl'd to heaven!
 He, too, had his Dellia, branding shame
 Eternal on his great, undying name.

In mem'ry of the *chief*, and where he *died*,
 Two townships meet on the indented tide,
 Both *Nelson* and *Trafalgar* side by side,
 Two words that war has given to renown,
 To trumpet till a mightier trumpet drown
 Her many voices—when the hero's name
 Shall perish with the god he worshipp'd, Fame.

NOTES TO HAMILTON.

Book I., Line 3.

The eye is a Daguerreotype which brings
Within the soul all bright created things.

The Daguerreotype is an instrument invented by M. Daguerre of France, by which the images of objects beautifully correct in all their delineations of form and coloring are literally painted by a sunbeam dipped in the hues of heaven, not like the fleeting image of a mirror, but durable as the colors of an Angelo or a Titian.

Page 43, Line 9.

Like that bright bird in miniature whose song, &c.

A humming bird actually came to me while engaged in writing upon the mountain, which of course suggested the idea.

Book II., Page 82, Line 8.

God's brightest, loveliest and last creation.

There are some who contend that the laws of light are immutable, and therefore the rainbow must have existed before the deluge; but if this had been the case, what evidence would it have been to the family of Noah that the world would no more be destroyed by a flood? As to the immutability of the laws of light,—He who made those laws has most assuredly the power to alter them, and it doubtless was as easy to make the necessary alteration to produce a *rainbow* as to create a sun or a world, or even to overwhelm that world by a deluge.

Book III., Page 96, 8th line from foot.

Those people now appear to think it strange, &c.

The morning that I commenced the poem, I remained some two or three hours on the top of the mountain, in consequence of which I attracted the attention and curiosity of the inmates of an inn contiguous ; they came towards me, and I retired as described in the poem.

Book IV., Page 127, 8th line from head.

And all the land with bankruptcy is curst.

The observations here contained are not intended to apply so much to the effects of banking here as to the commercial explosions caused by the system in other countries.

Page 136, 6th line from foot.

"Beyond the Square," &c.—*Wellington Square*.

Same page, 4th line from foot..

Port Nelson stands a desolate abortion

This and the accompanying lines are not intended so much as a censure upon the individuals, whoever they may be, who attempted to found the village, but to illustrate the danger attending upon unwise speculations.

Page 137, 3rd line from head.

"Great names to little things are oft applied."

Some twelve years ago there was a meeting at Streetsville for the purpose of cutting a road across the country

from the town of Guelph (which had lately been founded by the Canada Land Company) to the town of York, now the City of Toronto.

The meeting was attended by the agent of the company, the celebrated Mr. Galt. After the business of the meeting was over (the object of which, by the way, was never accomplished) they dined, and after the cloth had been removed, the author's father, among others, took occasion to address the meeting, when he spoke of the advantages which were *then* expected to be derived to the Province by the operation of the Canada Land Company. He also took a complimentary notice of the literary talents and reputation of their distinguished guest, and also of his popularity in this country, which was then unbounded, as an instance of which they had begun to call their villages after his name; and concluded by observing that he had been some time since, jolting by the village of Galt, between Guelph and Dundas Street, in a waggon, accompanied by some friends, when he composed and repeated to them the following lines, in reference to this subject :

Great names to little things are oft applied,
And some may call it vanity or pride;
Ev'n be it so—they ne'er can be in fault
Who to immortalize their village, call it Galt !

And after the applause which this elicited had subsided, Mr. Galt observed "That he was not aware of there having been a poet in company."



Miscellaneous Poems.



ON PERSEVERANCE.

“*Nil desperandum*—ne’er despair,”

The darkest night must end in day,
Let Perseverance always dare
To be successful, and she may.

O’er Scotland long misfortune low’red,
And still the storms did fiercely roll,
When on a couch lay Scotland’s lord,*
Her fate hung heavy on his soul.

He saw a spider try in vain
Eleven times to climb a wall;
Tho’ oft it fell, it tried again
The twelfth, and then it did not fall.

“Then ne’er despair!” the monarch cried;
Eleven times did Scotland turn

* Lord Durham, who was in Owen Sound in 1850, was a descendant of *The Bruce*. The author, who was then Superintendent of Schools, had the honor of presenting him with a copy of these lines.

From England's power—but England's pride
Was humbled low on Bannockburn.

Thus tho' the winds and waves should all
In adverse fury round thee rave,
Still *Persevere*—'tis duty's call,
And trust in Providence to save.

VERSES

Composed upon the Death of the Author's Father, and
sung at his Funeral, on the 10th of February, 1833.

His spirit now has winged its way
To regions of eternal rest,
Where beams of unexpiring day
Illume the mansions of the blest.

He now has join'd yon radiant train
That sing Emanuel's lofty praise,
Who left His bright, eternal reign,
That He might them to glory raise.

O matchless boon, divinely grand,
Beyond the bounds of human thought !
By no created genius plann'd,
By no created genius wrought.

But wrought and plann'd by Him who bade
This world from gloomy chaos rise,
By Him whose high volition made
The lofty fabric of the skies.

By Him who wore the thorny crown,
That we a glorious crown might wear,
Who laid His life an offering down
That we might reign in glory there.

O grant us, tho' on earth we part,
A glorious meeting in the skies,
Where griefs no more distract the heart,
Replete with bright eternal joys.

S T A N Z A S

To the memory of a beloved Sister, who died in the autumn of 1837, at the age of 23, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality beyond death and the grave; and not the least joyous part of her prospect was the hope of meeting her Father, who had gone before.

Her form is now laid in its funeral rest,
 But we may not seek for her spirit there;
 The grave is never the home of the blest,
 It is far beyond the earth and air.

She has gone to mingle with kindred minds,
 Where flow'rs of Eden so brightly bloom,
 To gather the fruit from its clust'ring vines;
 Then why should we mourn for those in the
 tomb?

She was borne by angels on pinions bright,
 Her father has welcomed his child to the sky,
 She has gazed on Jehovah's throne of light,
 And bask'd in the beam of Emanuel's eye.

She has quench'd her thirst at the living tide
That flows from His throne o'er a diamond
strand,
And gather'd the fruit that grows by its side,
From the tree of life in the spirit land.

Her father has asked her what news from earth,
How her mother, her brothers and sisters fare?
She has told him, and oh ! it well were worth
A world but to witness their converse there !

L I N E S

Suggested while listening one evening in Toronto to the
harmony of female voices engaged in sacred song. My
Sister, mentioned above, was one of the tuneful number.
Though her voice is now hushed on earth, it is heard,
no doubt, in higher harmony in heaven !

Oft when the joys of heav'n we sing,
Our fancies take a glorious flight,
Our hearts ascend with equal wing
Beyond the utmost bounds of night.

Up to the throne of God, where all
The radiant hosts of heaven combine
To do Him homage, as they fall
And sing in melody divine

The wonders of redeeming love,
The glories of the heav'nly world,
So far below, so far above
Our thoughts, howe'er so wide unfurl'd.

Hark, how the swelling anthems roll

The vast circumference along,

Kindling in every heart and soul

The glorious ecstasy of song.

And millions more of kindred flame

Shall join that bright celestial choir,

Who celebrate the glorious name

Which all their hearts and songs inspire.

S T A N Z A S.

I saw thee only *once*,
Thou mayst not remember me,
But many a time I've thought,
Yes, a thousand times of thee.

I shall not say I love thee,
That that passion wild and deep,
At thy first touch upon its chords
Did o'er my bosom sweep,

Yet I could wish that if thou art
But what thou seem'st to be,
That Providence—oh yes—would link
My destinies with thee :

That thou shouldst be that bosom friend
So long, so vainly sought,
Whose image Hope and Fancy oft
To loveliness have wrought,

And then that image they enshrined
Within a halo's light,
With future happiness and bliss
All gloriously bright.

But oft the visions of young hearts
No more than visions prove—
Yet where's the heart so dead and cold,
That would not wish to love.

Some years ago the author was at the wedding of a friend in the Township of Toronto, when after having assisted as *best man* at the ceremony, he recited the following lines, which were prepared for the occasion.

If bliss on earth or happiness below
Is ever known 'tis when the genial glow
Of two fond hearts, with virtuous feeling fraught,
In marriage bands unite, when ev'ry thought
And wish on earth is to increase the bliss
Of those they fondly love—when hearts like these
At Hymen's altar blend, when soul with soul
In sweet-toned unison, while at the goal,
Respond the ties of duty and of love,
While her fond lips so tremulously move.

Then all the happiness that *man* may find,
While link'd in closest harmony of mind.
Is surely theirs, and they will pass thro' life,
'Mid peaceful pleasures, happy man and wife.

TO THE HAMILTON "GARLAND."

The following was published some years ago in the periodical for which it was written—but the wish contained in the first verse was as vain as such wishes often are.

Long may the *Garland's* pages shine
 With gems of thought in song divine,
 While virtue brightly reigns ;
 Long may it cause the latent fire
 Of genius to awake the lyre,
 And sing in lofty strains

The charms of virtue and of love,
 Religion's pow'r all else above.

And may they also sing
 Of Canada's wild scenery,
 Yet scarcely known in minstrelsy :
 Their muse on freedom's wing

Should also mount, tho' we require,
 Thank heav'n, no sanguinary lyre,

Or bold Marseillaise hymn,
To rouse our youth to break in twain
The tyrant's heavy galling chain
From off the fetter'd limb,

Yet we should teach our youth to prize
The Constitution—in your eyes

Let her be sacred still ;
Guard *her*, and she will guard *our* rights
'Gainst tyranny, which with'ring blights
All *good* to nurture *ill*.

TWO DESCRIPTIONS OF LOVE.

The author, and we presume the reader, will prefer the latter.

Some Beauties have the pow'r
By one bright triumphant glance,
With mystic spells to bind the soul
In painful, pleasing trance ;

With no twilight in their passion,
Alternate blaze or gloom,
Black despair or ecstasy,
Malaria* or perfume.

But some have not the pow'r
To print the god of love
At one bold stroke upon the heart,
From which he may not move.

* A pestilential vapour.

But like the painter's pencelling,
Theirs is the work of time,
'Tis after various efforts
That the portrait glows sublime.

With many a grace, and tender glance,
And many a nameless charm,
They twine themselves around the heart,
And all our pow'rs disarm.

And love like this is pure
As the bosom it inspires,
Love like this is lasting,
And bright as vestal fires.

It is founded on esteem,
And it brighter beams with years,
And when the hearts it warms are cold,
'Twill glow beyond the spheres.

THE FAIRY AND THE DEW-DROP.

The sunbeams changed to gems of light
A dew-drop on a flow'ret bright,
A Fairy saw the dazzling prize.
Which rivalled elfin beauty's eyes,
He touch'd the gem with magic wand,
Then took the di'mond in his hand,
Which petrified by mystic power,
He bore away to elfin bower,
Where peerless 'mong the sylphs of light
He found his own dear lady sprite,
And gave the gem—then snatch'd a kiss,
Tho' chid by pouting faëry miss.

To —————

Oh who can know, but those who feel
 The bursting sigh—the burning tear—
 The agonizing gloom of soul,
 And prospects drear,

That come like mildew o'er the bloom
 Of early flow'rs, when all their charms
 Are sinking down to Beauty's tomb
 In Spring's young arms.

Oh who can know, but those who feel
 The sorrows of that aching heart,
 Where Love lies buried, ne'er *to live*
Or to depart.

Yet I forgive thee, but at first.
 Altho' the feeling might be new,
 I gave thee all my love with half
My anger too.

You think, perchance, you acted right,
 But 'twas not kind to wound me so,
 'Twas you alone who had the pow'r
 To strike the blow :

And when you saw the wound was given,
 Did you no compunction feel,
 Did no tender sorrow through
 Thy bosom steal,

To think thou canst not feel for others ?
 No, I would not wrong thee so,
 I know thou feelest, and for them
 Thy tears would flow.

And canst thou, then, not feel for him
 Whose heart enshrines the in its core,
 To whom thou must be dear as life
 Till life is o'er.

And when that life is near its close,
 My spirit hastening to be free,
 'Twill linger on the earth awhile
To pray for thee.

And when that grave is cov' red o'er,
If thou perchance shouldst wander near,
You'll think of him who loved thee so,
And shed a tear,

But we shall meet in brighter worlds,
Where griefs nor blighted hopes are known,
We'll meet in glory, and before
Jehovah's throne.

And oft we'll heavenly converse hold
Of earthly thoughts and passions past,
For love like this of mine for thee
In heav'n must last.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

You ask me, lady, to produce
A friendly off'ring from my lyre :
When ladies call, who may refuse ?
'Tis they who sweetest strains inspire.

Oh could I reach Parnassus' height,
Amid my glorious wandering
I'd gather flow'rs of peerless light,
'Mid grandeur and beauty's revelling,

Cull'd by a bold aspiring hand,
Guided by Fancy's moonlight gleamings,
Where sportive sylph and odors bland
Commingle in poetic dreamings ;

Where the bless'd spirit of the lyre
Moves o'er its chords in bright revealings,
Kindling every soul to fire
With passionate ecstatic feelings.

And lady, when the wreath was won,
To thee I'd dedicate the flow'rs,
To blossom in thine album fair,
An offering from the muses' bow'rs.

A MORNING REVERIE.

Now Night has flown on ebony wing,
And ta'en the west in its journeying,
To cover with shroud and canopy
The verdant isles of the southern sea.

Lovelier far than brightest noon
Now morning comes—Apollo's boon ;
Sweet music wakes 'mong the silent trees,
And floats along on the balmy breeze.

While Spring's young offspring sport around,
Waked by the morn from rest profound,
And the heart is fill'd with buoyant glee
At the smile of day's bright infancy.

'Tis like the joy of the mother's breast,
When her infant son awakes from rest,
And sees on his cheek the first bright smile,
In transport kissing him the while.

'Tis the first bright intellectual gleam
Of reason's sun—the morning beam,
Shewing the workings of the soul,
As from his eye o'er his cheek it stole.

While pure tho' evanescent joy
Glow'd in the breast of the infant boy,
Bright as the beam in the tremulous gem
That spangles the slender flow'ret's stem.

The sunbeams kiss'd the budding rose,
And waked it from its sweet repose,
It open'd its leaves on the orb to gaze,
And receiv'd those tints which its form displays.

Now on it sits the Fairy Queen,
Who by poet's eyes alone is seen,
A gossamer robe arrays the sprite,
'Tis form'd of the golden beams of light,

By her maidens woven in mystic loom
With meteor-shuttle by light o' the moon ;
Obsequious maids of honor wait
Around their lady potentate,

Or gambolling in sportive glee
 They bound o'er the dew-bespangled lea.
 Some chase the birds thro' the sunny air,
 Some dance on the back of th' tim'rous hare,

And while it starts with panting fright,
 Loud shouts and laughs each merry sprite.
 But the Queen has call'd them from their play,
 And quick as an echo they all obey.

The sun had touch'd the pearly dew,
 And away the liquid amber flew,
 And as it rose on the morning air,
 It bore perfume from from the flow'rets fair.

From Verdant vale and vocal hill,
 Where sunbeams dance on the murmuring rill,
 For the *beam* only made them gems of light
 To take them away on its pinions bright.

But away in pursuit of the fugitive dew
 The fairy has sent her retinue,
 To gather the odor it stole away,
 When touch'd by the golden beams of day.

But along those beams it soars afar,
 Where each brilliant gem becomes a star,
 Unseen they float in the azure high,
 'Till Sol has sunk in the western sky.

When they gild with clear bespangling light
 The sable canopy of night,
 Till darkness flies, when each liquid globe
 Comes down to adorn Aurora's robe

She spreads upon the lap of Spring,
 When Love and Joy are dallying ;
 Thus in succession, morn and even,
 They're dew on earth and stars in heaven.

But quick as thought each fairy sprite
 Has follow'd the dew to its azure height,
 They gather the odor in elfin flask,
 And merrily end their airy task,

Then fly with speed to their shining Queen,
 And dance with glee on the sylvan green,
 Till lo! she raises her royal wand,
 And away they all fly to fairy land.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

I love that sweet engaging smile
That plays around thy cheek,
I love that look so soft and bland
That does of virtue speak ;

And speaks a mind of innocence,
Than di'monds purer far,
Like spirits that might dwell within
Yon lonely evening star.

Thou'rt young, just blossoming amid
Life's sweet romantic hours ;
Hope bends her rainbow in the skies,
And spreads the earth with flow'rs,

That rainbow is but shining mist,
Those flow'rs will fade away,
Yet who would not *admire* their charms,
And *love* them while they stay ?

Sweet girl, I shall not wish thy sky
 For ever bright and fair,
 That wish were vain—for all on earth
 There's mingled joy and care.

But oft from clouds the evening sky
 Its brightest hues does borrow,
 And cups of joy are sweetest oft
 Drain'd from the hand of sorrow.

But may you feel if clouds should rise
 In darkness o'er thy mind,
 That *next to happiness* is this—
In grief to be resigned.

May He, whose smile is light and life,
 That smile bestow on thee,
 Then thou art gloriously safe,
 And bright thy destiny.

AN EPIGRAM.

That "all is but vanity under the sun,"

Is a maxim as true as 'tis old ;

And long as our orb thro' the heav'ns shall run,

So long shall the truth of it hold ;

But the proverb's true meaning is misunderstood,

You suppose it condemns worldly pleasure,

With all that the worldling may value as good,

Fame, loveliness, glory and treasure.

But the revellers wait till the sun has gone down,

'Ere they journey to revel or ball ;

So 'tis *under the stars* that their pleasure is found,

Surely this you don't *vanity* call.

● TO FANNY.

I love the bright and soft blue eye
That doth to words of love reply,
I love the lily and the rose
That on a maiden's cheek repose ;
But more, far more, I love to find
The fairer lily of the mind.
Sweet girl, combined in thee I trace,
The loveliness of mind and face.
Thy innocence and virtue pure,
Which will, when beauty fades, endure,
A mystic chain around me cast,
And bound my destinies so fast,
Unto thy pow'r I must resign
Till, Fanny, you submit to mine.

THE SEASONS. ●

TO A LADY FRIEND.

Joyful and sweet are the hours of spring,
 And sweet is the songster's warbling,
 Nature is then as bright as her flow'rs,
 Empearl'd with dew in the morning hours.

So also bright is the summer's bloom,
 In glory she waves her leafy plume.
 Loved and welcome is autumn time,
 Valued for fruits in plenty and prime.
 Enshrined in frosts is winter wild,
 Raging, he's nature's stormy child,
 Tho' he hears no sonster warbleing,
 He has pleasure as well as flow'ry spring,
 On thee may their choicest blessing flow,
 Round as the seasons joyous go,
 Never to bring thee *care or woe*,

THE TIDE OF LOVE.

The following poem is dedicated to those who have felt
the *delicious agony and rapturous wretchedness of Love.*

Floating down the *tide of Love*,
Steering just as passion pleases,
We sail thro' many a flowery grove,
Fann'd by Hope's bewitching breezes.

Sometimes in a magic lake,
Careless if becalm'd or sailing,
Hope her strains of joy will wake,
Spite of Disappointment's wailing.

Hush ! she sings the charms of love,
And spreads her fascinations o'er us,
While Beauty's form is seen above,
Joining in the thrilling chorus.

Now we'll clasp her glowing charms
—No ! she's vanish'd like a vision,
Vacancy is in our arms,
Despair in darkling gloom has risen,

Clouding all her brilliant sky,
 Gardens bright to deserts changing—
 Where Hope's bright palaces rose high,
 Gloomy craggy mountains ranging.

Fiercely now its currents pour—
 Now to ice our blood congealing—
 Dark the mis'ry of that hour,
 Deep the agony of feeling :

Anger, Disappointment, Pride,
 With Love a fearful war are waging,
 Who the trembling bark may guide
 While such combatants are raging ;

Shall we unto Prudence flee ?
Has Prudence aught to do with Passion ?
 As well the world might hope to see
Propriety controlling Fashion !

Oh where is hope ?—I see her light
 Thro' yon rocky opening gleaming—
 Avaunt, Despair !—from Beauty bright
 The light of Hope again is beaming.

—Forward like the arrow's flight
 Down the headlong torrent dashing,
 'Mong rocks just seen by fitful light
 From electric meteors flashing !

Again Hope's music's in the air,
 And the horizon is bright'ning—
 "Faint heart ne'er won lady fair !"
 Vanish'd is the storm and lightning.

Follow, then—Hope leads the way,
 Beauty will not fly for ever ;
 Love will bid her feet to stay,
 Love and Hope, O who would sever ?

Love, led by the hand of Hope,
 Makes our earth a blooming heaven,
 But when led by dark Despair,
 Happiness from hearts is riven.

—But what means that double tide?
 'Tis the stream of love dividing ;
 One is rapid, rough and wide,
 One o'er pearls in chrystal gliding ;

Bearing many a shallop light,
 Each with a lady and her lover ;
 Honey-moon is shining bright,
 Disappointment's reign is over.

—But look down the other stream,
 Many a shallop there is scatter'd.
 Lured too far by love's bright dream,
 Till on sunken breakers shatter'd.

Some essay to struggle back,
 Fearfully with love contending,
 Ev'ry nerve is on the rack,
 Agony each fibre bending.

Others from their woes to flee
 Down the headlong torrent rushing,
 Split on the rock *felo-de-se*—
 See, oh see their life-blood gushing :

Hope promised fair she'd safely lead
 Them all to Hymen's bright dominion,
 But left them in despair to bleed,
 And fled on evanescent pinion.

Thus when we launch on Love's bright tide,
Our breasts with hope and ardor glowing,
'Mong bow'rs of bliss we lightly glide,
On sorrow not a thought bestowing :

Hope's promises we fain believe,
Because they are so fairly spoken,
She does not willingly deceive—
'Tis want of *pow'r* her word has broken ;
And when on earth her word is given,
'Tis often folly to believe her,
'Tis only when she *speaks from heaven*
That truth and pow'r will never leave her.

A ROUNDELAY.

A votary of love's and thine
Attempts a roundelay
In praise of her whose graces shine
That will not feel decay.

I love to gaze on *nature's* charms,
When Spring 'mid smiles and tears
Gives up to Summer's sunny arms
The young and smiling years.

But tho' she is both bright and fair,
She knows not we admire,
There is no sympathy of soul,
No interchanging fire.

Not so whene'er I gaze on thee,
And meet that glance of light
From eyes of sparkling brilliancy,
That mock the gems of night.

And 'tis not charms of form alone,
But brighter charms of mind,
Give thee those nameless witcheries
That round the feelings wind.

For tho' I'm in Love's prison bound,
I value more the chain
Than all the wealth by av'rice found
In India's richest vein.

Oh wert thou mine—if gracious Heaven
Would grant the precious boon,
The brightest planet in the skies
Would be our Honeymoon.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG AND LOVELY
CHILD.

Vain is a mother's tender care,
Vain a mother's warmest prayer,
Vain the physician's healing pow'r
To save thee, lovely little flow'r !
Vain is its beauty, vain its bloom,
It only blossoms for the tomb,
She came to twine around the heart,
And then, like morning gems, depart,
Sweet pleasure, like a happy sprite,
Play'd around her features bright ;
A transcript of its mother's charms,
'Twas infancy in *Beauty's arms*.
But now how changed—that sunken cheek
Tells the tale we need not speak,
While ev'ry throb with kneener smart
Is mirror'd in the mother's heart,
Till snatch'd from earthly pains and love,
It soars to bloom in bow'rs above.

TO DONA JULIA.

A contributor to the *Hamilton Casket* and *Garland*—
The Author's customary signature was "Newburn."

Who is this sweet poetic "Dame"
Seeking through the muse, for fame?
To be a foreign *Spanish* belle,
She sings in *English* passing well.
I like her prose—Love and Romance
Along in solemn sadness dance
—Perhaps you think that *dance* and *woe*
Each other's company forego?
So let it be—you may this time
Condemn the sense, but spare the rhyme.
But to return, I like your style,
Your pieces should be put on fyle—
If they're a transcript of the mind,
I rank thee high 'mong womankind!
—Belle! did I call thee?—thou mayst be
A wife—but what is that to me?

And yet, in truth, I wish I knew,
 Not that I'd send a *billet-doux*,
 But all who're climbing manhood's noon
 On *Cupid's* side of *Honeymoon*—
 Are pleased to meet with ladies fair,
 Who, uncontroll'd, no fetters wear,
 Hoping some lovely maid to find
 With sweet, congenial heart and mind—
 Form'd by the destinies above
 To be his constant *lady love*.

But hold ! these lines perchance may rouse
 To jealousy some happy spouse—
 Far be it from me that I should raise
 An angry matrimonial blaze.

Adieu ! still seek the Muses' power,
 To wile a leisure, lonely hour :
 But worship not the idol Fame—
 What can she give thee but a name ?
 But let thy hopes aspire to Heaven,
 From whence immortal life is given !
 To all who seek the glorious prize,
 Lo ! Mercy bending from the skies,

Offers a far more glorious crown
Than by an Alexander worn—
More glorious than the wreath of bays
The loftiest Poet e'er displays.

Adieu ! tho' we may never meet
To have a friendly *tete-a-tete*,
Yet if you kindly condescend
Tho' unknown, to write your unknown friend,
'Twill be a favor which, in turn,
May be acknowledgd by "Newburn."

MY BIRTH PLACE.

The land of my birth and the land of my sires
Is Erin, whose name my fond fancy inspires ;
Thro' my heart it does thrill, the sweet sound of
her praise

Comes soft o'er my soul, in her own native lays,
Tho' far from my country, in Canada's wilds ;
Since childhood I've dwelt, yet her own native
child

I feel that I am ; and in glory arise,
When aided by fancy, her sun-gilded skies
In loveliest-grandeur her landscapes appear,
Mangerton and Mourn in sublimity rear
Their high-tow'ring summits—the Shannon and
Boyne ;

The vales which they flow through, to enter the
brine ;

All rise on my vision, tho' memory's dawn
Had not shone on my soul, 'ere away I was borne

O'er the broad waves of ocean, to America's
shore,

But Hope whispers oft—"Thou shalt see her
once more."

Yes, see Hospitality's own native isle,
Where Friendship and Love on the wanderer
smile,

To her children the loveliest land in the world;
And her sons never hope, when their sails are
unfurl'd,

And leaving "the gem of the ocean" behind,
Another so lovely and friendly to find.

OUR PROGENITORS.

A Lecture delivered in 1856 before the Mechanics' Institute, Owen Sound.

I shall commence my lecture, by stating the fact, that every individual in this audience, has, or had, a father and mother, and as God made of one blood all nations of men, every individual, of all nations, in all ages, must have had two parents. This is true, even of the first man Adam. God was his father, as Luke winds up and ends the Genealogy of Christ, by saying of Adam, who was the son of God. Thus the Genealogy of Christ begins and ends in God.

I have, when passing through the woods, sometimes seen a branch that had started from the trunk of a tree, and after growing up some distance, the top by some means became connected with the parent stem, and grew into it, so that it began and ended in the original trunk.

Although by searching, we cannot find out God, yet this figure may, in a slight degree, illustrate the nature of the Genealogy of Jesus. But to return to Adam, God was his father, and it may be said that the earth was his mother, in accordance with the common expression our mother earth. As to Eve, who is the mother of all living, the only one who could approximate towards the relation of mother to her, was Adam himself, so that in this respect he was parent as well as husband.

This idea is not more incongruous than the well known Grecian fable, that Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter. It is said that Vulcan, the blacksmith god, struck the head of the god of thunder, and of course made a hole in his skull, Minerva leaped out, and she is, therefore, called the daughter of Jupiter. Such a tremendous thump, must have astonished the immortal noddle, and how the hole was healed, the poets have not informed us, or how it was, that Minerva was ready-made for the occasion.

As I said at starting, everyone had a father and

mother, and it is just as true, that each of those parents had a father and mother, so that each individual had in the second generation four ancestors, each of those had also a father and mother, which increases his ancestors to eight, and as he had two grandfathers and two grandmothers, and the parents of those parents being his great grand parents, it follows, of course, that each individual had four great grandfathers and four great grandmothers. These had also a father and mother, making for each individual here present, sixteen ancestors in the fourth generation.

So that you have now, two parents, four grand parents, eight great grand parents, and sixteen great great grand ones, and as each of these had a father and mother, your ancestors are increased in the fifth generation to thirty-two.

And the same rule or law which may be called backward geometrical progression, doubling your progenitors as each receding generation continues. You are at the sixth remove descended from sixty-four individuals: and as we may, with propriety, calculate that there are at the rate of three

generations to a century. I have traced your genealogy back in these six generations about 200 years, or to the third year of the protectorate of Cromwell. You having at that time thirty-two four times great grandfathers and as many of the same style of great grandmothers. And adding all of the six generations together, it gives the sum of one hundred and twenty-six persons, from whom you are descended since the time of the Protector, and it is not improbable, that some of these ancestors may have played an important part in that revolutionary struggle, which gave a scaffold to the perfidious Charles, and more than a throne to the mighty and magnanimous Cromwell. But we have only yet arrived at the vestibule of our subject.

We shall now take another start backward towards the generations of old, and as the same law of increase still continues, we shall see at what genealogical results we are to arrive at in two hundred years more.

We have seen that in the sixth generation the number was sixty-four, and this, for the seventh

requires 128, for the eighth 256, for the ninth 512, for the tenth 1,024, for the eleventh 2,048, and for the twelfth 4,096. I have now got back among your progenitors 400 years, a little past the middle of the fifteenth century, when Columbus was just entering his teens; and to the reign of the Sixth Henry of England; and when the father of Luther was in his apprenticeship. When the Montezumas reigned unmolested in the halls of Mexico, and science and the Bible had not broken in upon the semi-barbarism of Europe.

We are now prepared to start on our third stage, or another two hundred years. The last you will bear in mind ended with the twelfth generation, which I have shown to have consisted of 4,096 persons. The thirteenth, of course, would be double that, or 8,172; the fourteenth, 16,384; the fifteenth, 32,768; the sixteenth, 65,536; the seventeenth, 131,072; the eighteenth, 262,144; and gentle hearer what dost thou think of thy progenitors now. And yet you have only got back in the world's history six hundred years. To the time of Henry the third, of England, and the

inauguration of that wonderful political institution, the English House of Commons.

The most august, powerful and influential legislative body that has ever existed, and which, except the press, has done more than any other human institution to define and defend the principles of civil liberty and to curb the incroachments of royal prerogative and baronial oppression. And it was about this time, the middle of the thirteenth century, that chivalry, what James, in his history, calls the master spirit of Europe, had reached its culminating point, and was "toppling upon the pinnacle of its greatness." A wonderful combination of gallantry, benevolence and superstition.

The time of the crusades was then approaching, that terrible religious and military convulsion, which precipitated the mailed legions of Europe upon the plains of Palestine, to wrest the old Jerusalem, with the Holy Sepulchre, from the power of the saracen invader, and to extinguish the crescent in the blood of its followers, and as I have already shown, you had each of you then

more than a quarter of a million of ancestors. No doubt many of them acted distinguished parts in that memorable struggle, which inaugurated by Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban, continued for more than 150 years and caused the destruction of untold millions.

You will remember that in my preceding calculation the number of your forefathers and mothers was shown to be 262,144.

I shall now wade up the stream of time and explore your genealogy 200 years, or six generations more, and as the same fact still exists, before so often referred to, that each of the above individuals must have had a father and mother, the nineteenth generation must, of course, have been double the number of the eighteenth, or 524,288; the twentieth, 1,048,576; the twenty-first, 2,097,152; the twenty-second, 4,194,304; the twenty-third, 8,388,608; the twenty-fourth, just double that, or 16,777,216. We are now back to the year 1056, to the midnight of the "dark ages."

The most illustrious of the Danish line of English kings, Canute the Great, had died just

twenty years before, and the Saxon line represented by Edward the Confessor, had been restored. Canute was the first English king who wore a tripple crown. Reigning over Norway, Denmark and England. Ten years after the time to which our genealogy has reached, in 1066, Harold, the brave but unfortunate son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, mounted the English throne, and in the same year William the Conqueror, having slain Harold at the battle of Hastings, established the Norman dynasty. At this time the lower classes throughout Europe were slaves, while the privileged few were what their position, education and human nature made them, intolerable tyrants.

Then an acre of land in England was worth one shilling, an ox was valued at six shillings, and a man at three pounds. And at this price your ancestors were bought and sold, and glorious Anglo-Saxons. Many who were free themselves sold their own children into foreign slavery, and even sold themselves to some powerful Baron who could give them food, clothing and protection. And now having looked about

us a short time, from this antient stand point, we shall proceed again with our genealogical calculations five generations more.

We are now you, will recollect, at the twenty-fourth generation, which numbered 16,777,216 souls and bodies, whose parents were just wice as many, for each of them had two, making 33,554,432, their parents were 67,108,864, and the next or twenty-seventh generation was 134,217,728; the twenty-eighth was 268,435,456, the twenty-ninth 536,870,912.

We have now got back not quite one thousand years, or towards the close of the reign of Englands greatest king, the immortal Alfred, and the only English monarch, excepting Canute, who is known in history by the surname of the Great. It seems (says James in his history of chivalry, already quoted) as if the most remote corners of the earth, had made an effort at the same moment to produce from the bosom of barbarism and confusion, a great and intelligent monarch, an Alfred, a Haroun Alrasched, and a Charlemagne. One in Asia, one on the continent of Europe, and one in the isles of the sea.

But leaving this subject we wish to draw attention to the fact that we have arrived at by our geometrical calculation. That less than one thousand years ago the atoms containing the germ of your being were contained in the persons of over five hundred millions. This is quite a legitimate expansion of the idea contained in the saying of St. Paul, Heb. vii., 10 : That Levi was yet in the loins of Abraham when Melchisedec met him and received tithes. And now the adding of all the generations of your ancestors together will show that [you are, (that is each of you) descended from the astounding number of one thousand millions! Startling as is the above calculation, the only causes that could at all have reduced the number were that some of your ancestors married relations, and that during the progress of ages and revolutions the ramifications of the various lines crossed each other and intermingled. But making allowance for all this, unless you are descended from a particular tribe (which you are not) that has been kept a distinct race for the last ten centuries, the number of

your ancestors must have been, one thousand years ago, immense indeed, and they have been of all names, sizes and complexions, and characters. And of all ranks, trades and professions, scholars and ignoramuses, philosophers and fools, beggars and lords, princes and peasants, soldiers and sailors, saints and sinners, martyrs and murderers, legitimate and illegitimate, cooks, coopers, councillors, cavaliers and carpenters, butchers, blacksmiths, bullys, and builders, saddlers, scavengers, shoeblacks, sewing girls, singers, servants, surveyors, tanners, tinkers, tailors, teamsters, trumpeters and teachers, &c., &c., embracing the best and the worst, the highest and the lowest of our race. And what is true in reference to the number and character of your ancestors, is also true of mine, and in a lesser or greater degree of every one in this company, this community, this country, this continent and this planet.

We are generally in the habit of thinking in some kind of a vague, dreamy way, that our own individual progenitors were composed of but a few individuals in any one generation, running up

some how or other through past ages to one of the sons of Noah, and mostly it may be, of a few family names, never thinking of the great and endless number of family names, of individuals, that each of us has absorbed, as will be seen by a slight attention to what is constantly occurring.

For the sake of illustration I may instance myself, my mother's name was Newburn, so I am the offspring of a Newburn and Stephens. My father's mother was a Corrie, my mother's was a Christian. So that in two generations, I have absorbed the names of Newburn, Christian and Courie in the name Stephens. And each of my grand parents were the offspring of scions of two different families; then again each of these of two more. Thus you find that unless when they married individuals of the same names as themselves, as is sometimes the case, the names of the families from whom we are descended will increase in the same geometrical ratio as we have shown that individuals do, in our preceding calculation. One would think that it would be so, if we did

not know that it is not so, that the names and something of the history of our ancestors would have been handed down for a good many generations; at least, what was the occupation, the character, the size and circumstances of each. But how few there are comparatively, except some of the more prominent families, that have any accurate knowledge of these things any further back than perhaps their great grandfather, and many not even that. And some there are like little Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin, who don't know if they had ever a father and mother or not, and who do not know if they were born, but "suppose they grow'd."

It might surprise or startle some were I to say that I can trace my ancestors through the period of two thousand years, and yet it is the case. I can go back to my great grandfather, and then, skipping over a long hiatus, I begin again at Noah and then I go in a straight line right up to Adam and Eve. I do not feel much disposed, however, to boast of my ancient and illustrious lineage as every one else can go back to Adam as well as I.

I shall notice here, what is rather singular, that the names of only four of the Antediluvian ladies have been handed down, and they are all very pretty names, Eve, Adah Zilla and Namah. The two last were the wives of Lamech, not our ancestor Lamech, who was the father of Noah, but one of the descendants of the first born and the first fugitive and vagabond, and the first murderer of our race. Having commenced my calculation with individuals of the present generation and carried it back to near the days of Alfred, I shall now begin again with an individual living in the time of Alfred and follow a geometrical expansion of his posterity to the present time, or through thirty-one generations.

Suppose then, we select an individual whom we shall call Elfred, married in the middle of the eighth century, and he has two children, let these two marry in turn, and each have two children, their posterity, will of course, amount to four, these again marry, and in due time, each pair have two children, and by this natural process the descendants of the first pair are doubled in

each generation, and let the same process continue till the present time, always supposing that none of them marry relations or any of the descendants of their common parent Elfred, the number of his posterity would amount to one thousand millions, equal to the present inhabitants of all the earth, and this result is reached by attending to the single restriction of Elfred's descendants not marrying any of his descendants. For had they married amongst themselves alone, and each pair had only two of a posterity, they never could have increased at all, for if two, only produce two, the product of one single generation can never be more numerous than the original stock.

For example, if Adam and Eve had had but two children, a son and a daughter, who married each other, as the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve were of course obliged to do, (as there was no other choice), and these two had also two, and they married again and had just other two, and if this course continued for ten or ten thousand generations, there never could be more than

two individuals of the same generation born, or living. So that if no woman had ever been the mother of more than two children the human race could never have increased.

But in the case of Elfred by marrying those who were not of his own posterity, we find that in one thousand years they are numerous enough to people the world. And what would be true of the posterity of Elfred and his wife, would also be true of the posterity of any other pair similarly progressing in their posterity throughout these generations. And supposing that the posterity of each parent, who lived in the days of Alfred, had doubled in each generation, and they had never married any of his own descendants, that is supposing that this could have been done, to the present time, so that the descendants of each parent had always intermarried with those that are not such descendants. It would have come to this, that each individual now living could claim as his ancestors each individual who lived in the days of Alfred, and each individual then living could have claimed each individual now living, as one of his posterity.

No doubt but the posterity of most individuals of that age have often crossed each other and matrimonially intermingled, which has had the effect of materially diminishing the number of his descendants, and this in proportion to the number or frequency of such reunions. But notwithstanding all this, the descendants of each parent of that age, (excepting those whose lines have become extinct), must be exceedingly numerous, and these are also the descendants of most all of each parents cotemporaries. So that our ancestral lines and ramifications present a "mighty maze," but not without a plan. And if, as some suppose, chance be the great match-maker of the world, children then, of course, are the offspring of marriages of chance. And if this be the case, how many chances to one there were against either you or I, or any one else, now living, ever coming into existence at all. For if chance had made a *mischance* in the marrying of any of our ancestors, in any of the thousand various lines, the connection between us and Adam, must have been broken, and we could not have been produced at

all. Some of you may perhaps not clearly comprehend, and refuse to admit the correctness of this, and think the mere stating does not establish it, I shall, therefore, try to illustrate, and it is often the case that illustration is demonstration.

Each individual here is, I presume the offspring of wedded parents; the legal offspring of a legal union. Well, then if your father and mother had never been married to each other you never would have come into existence, no matter who else they had married among the many millions of their own or any other country, although they might have had many children, you could not have been one of them. For among all the fathers and mothers in the world none could be your father and mother, but those who are so. If either your father or mother had died without being parents you could have had no existence; and it is just as true that if they had never been wedded to each other you would have had no being, and much as you may think of yourself, the world would have had to do without you. This being established, it follows, of course, that if either of your grandfathers had married any one else than the one he did, the result would have been the same, one of your grand parents would have been wanting, and in consequence the line

would have been broken, and it could not have reached to you. These grand parents had also parents themselves, so you find that in the fourth generation back your existence was depending upon the successful issue of eight distinct courtships. For if either of these great grand ladies had given either of these great grand men the *mitten*, as it is called, you could not have been here to have listened to this very interesting lecture.

In the fifth generation there were sixteen ladies that were required to be led to the altar by sixteen bridegrooms, and each one by that individual one to whom she was united, for if only one had been wanting, one of the lines would have been broken and the offspring of that one could have no being, and, of course, none of her or his descendants; and some of these besides were born and brought up ten thousand miles from the birth place of their husbands, and what a great variety of circumstances and occurrences, and combinations were required to result in these sixteen unions, and in the sixth generation there were no less than thirty-two matches that had to be made, on every one of which your existence was depending; thirty-two papas had to be asked for their daughters, by thirty-two anxious lovers. What flirtations, and

palpitations and anxieties; what doubts and fears, and billing and cooing, and perplexities troubled and pleased these sixty-four anxious hearts, and what plotting and planning, and scheming and scandalizing were put in requisition by match-making mammas to bring about or prevent these thirty-two marriages? Some of them, of course, were good and some were bad; some of them probably runaway matches, and others stay at home matches. Some were perhaps made in England, some in Ireland or Scotland, some in France, some perhaps in Germany. Most, perhaps, consummated at the homes of the brides, but some at Gretna Green. Little thought any of these peremptory papas, who forced their daughters to run away, some two hundred years ago, that by trying to prevent these marriages they were trying to prevent the existence of yourself or your humble servant, and yet that would have been the result had they succeeded. The proposition I am now establishing, you will remember is this, that if chance be, as some suppose, the great and universal matchmaker of the world, there were a thousand chances to one against you or I or any one else, now living, ever having been born.

I have now given you two, and four, and eight,

and sixteen, and thirty-two, and sixty-four illustrations of the truth of this. And I might go on and on almost to infinity, if it were necessary, to widen the circumference of my demonstration.

I once heard a man say that it made no difference who a man married, his children would be all the same, that is, he would have just the same children that he has, no matter who had been their mother. That is, although he had married Mol or Pol, or Biddy or Bell, his own little Billy and Pat and Nell would have been all the same. If this be the case, why is it that distinguished men have distinguished mothers. And does this person suppose that his blue eyed Pat and rosy cheeked Nell would have been the same, only of a different wool and colour, had their mother been a negress or a squaw.

According to this theory, Queen Victoria has nothing to do with the indentity of the Princess Royal, or the Prince of Wales, or any other of her progeny, for the children of Prince Albert would have been the same as they are, that is, in individual indentity, although he had married the daughter of the king of the Cannibal Islands, instead of the eldest daughter of the royal line of England, and the descendants of a hundred Euro-

pean kings. To state this hypothesis is to strangle it, by the *reductio ad absurdum*.

As I have introduced the most popular lady now living, as an illustration, it may not be irrelevant to my subject, to consider some of the many thousand contingences and circumstances, that occurred, without which she could have had no being. Most of you have heard or read, that George the Fourth, the eldest son of his father, had, while Prince of Wales, a daughter, the Princess Charlotte, married to Leopold, then a German Prince, but now King of Belgium, and who it was expected would have occupied the same position in England, Consort to the Queen, that is now held by his nephew, Prince Albert. In 1817 the Princess Charlotte died, after having given birth to a son, who also died at the same time, with his mother. This event, so sudden and overwhelming, filled the empire with mourning. Two generations of the royal line, the only grandchild, and only great grandchild of the poor old king cut off at once. In consequence of this national calamity, the only legitimate grandchild of King George the Third had perished, as among his seven sons, the youngest of whom was forty-four, only two were married. If I remember right, neither of them had now a legitimate child. And

old Queen Charlotte, the mother, fearing with some reason, that her line might become extinct, pressed upon some of the royal bachelors to marry. The king not being *compos mentis*, knew nothing, of course, of the shock his dynasty had sustained. In consequence of the representation of his mother, and feeling its national importance, Edward, Duke of Kent, and fourth son of the king, aged fifty-two, espoused a German Princess, who became, in due course, the mother of Victoria, our illustrious Queen, whose character as a sovereign and a woman, leaves no cause to regret the death of the Princess Charlotte, which, it would seem, was providentially required, in order that another princess, then unborn, might take her place upon the ancestral throne. And who will say that *chance was the match-maker here*?

A singular incident happening in a remote age is recorded of the House of Guelph, the family name of the paternal ancestors of the Queen. It seems that at the time alluded to, there were some ten brothers, who were all anxious to preserve and increase the dignity of their house, and as the law of primogeniture did not then obtain in that part of Germany, they entered into a mutual compact by which they agreed that only one of them should marry, so that the whole possession of the

family might go unbroken to his descendants. They cast lots to decide whose should be the privilege to marry and perpetuate the line. The rest of the brothers religiously kept their engagement, and none of them ever married. I shall not now pause to make any reflections upon the pride and self-sacrifice that induced them to form, and enabled them to keep so singular a resolution ; but I would ask if the lot to marry had fallen to any other of the ten brothers than the one it did what a difference it would have made among the royal and princely families of Europe ; as none of the sons of Guelph, constituting the present line, could have ever lived, so that the existence of England's line of Hanovarian kings and the Queen Victoria, was trembling in the chance combinations of the lottery.

I shall now refer to an ancestress of Victoria, one of the most celebrated, beautiful, interesting and unfortunate ladies of history, I mean Mary Queen of Scots.

Henry the Eighth of England, the husband of six wives, and the murderer of three, used all his influence to induce the Government of Scotland to affiance the infant queen to his baby prince, who was afterwards Edward the Sixth. But Henry was circumvented in this by the King of France,

who obtained her hand for his own little boy, the Dauphin. Mary was taken to France to be educated, and in her sixteenth year was married to the prince, who, a short time after, became king, by the death of his father, who was killed in consequence of a foolish freak at a tournament given in honor of the marriage of one of his other children.

Mary was now Queen of France as well as Queen of Scots ; her husband was a sickly youth (as was also Edward, the other infant candidate for her hand), in a few months the most beautiful woman in Europe was a widow of eighteen. Having no longer a right to the throne of France she left for Scotland, where she married her relative, Lord Darnley, an ignorant, proud, jealous and imperious youth, by whom she had a son, the founder of the British dynasty of Stewart, and who first united the Scottish and English crowns. A short time after, his father, Lord Darnley, was blown up with gunpowder, by Lord Bothwell, who then carried the Queen away by force or by *farce*, to one of his own castles and afterward married her. So that she had three husbands. The first an imbecile, the second a fool, and the third a murderer and a daring and abandoned ruffian. But this is a little side talk, now the point we are considering.

If Mary had not lost her French husband she could not have married a Scotch Lord, and James the First of England could not, of course, have been born, and none of her numerous descendants could ever have existed, among whom are many of the most noted personages, living or dead, of modern history. Of whom a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* enumerates the following:

Frederick the Great of Prussia, one of his ancestors married a daughter of James the First, Mary Stewart's son, Charles James Fox,

“The mighty rival of the wondrous three,
Whose words were sparks of immortality,”

is said by this writer to have been a descendant of an illegitimate son of Charles the Second, who was the great grandson of Mary, and who was the father of a good many of his subjects, as was wittily said, by the witty and equally licentious Duke of Buckingham. The present Emperor of Russia, whose mother is a daughter of the royal line of Prussia, is also a descendant of Mary. Francis the First of Austria, had the blood of Mary in his veins, through his mother. His daughter was Mary Antionette, who was also Queen of France, like her renowned ancestor, and like her, lost her head upon the

scaffold. The granddaughter of this same Francis, was the second wife of Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, and mother of the baby King of Rome. So as this writer observes he united in his veins the blood of the Stewarts, the Hapsburgs, and the Bourbons, three of the oldest dynasties of Europe, and he adds, that besides these well-known individuals, a large number of the present sovereigns of Europe are descended from Mary, and among them Queen Victoria, who is therefore remotely related to her great antagonist, the Emperor of Russia.

So, Mr. President, you see that Constantine and Victoria are cousins, some ten times separated, and also, that this historical array of noted, princely, royal and imperial personages, and potentates were depending for their very existence upon the matrimonial whim of this royal young widow, in selecting young Darnley, from among so many suiters, who were aspiring to the honor of her hand, several of whom occupied or were heirs, to continental thrones.

Mary mortally offended her first mother-in-law, by saying, in a girlish boast, that she was the daughter of a hundred kings. The old queen was of a family not used to wearing crowns, and she thought that Mary intended the boast as a re-

proach to her. But whether or not she was the daughter of a hundred kings, she was destined at least to be the mother of a hundred.

I proposed in illustration of my subject to consider some of the very many circumstances and contingencies that occurred, without which our illustrious monarch could have had no existence, and I have done so in referring to three memorable instances occurring in three distant ages. The death of the Princess Charlotte, the compact and casting of lots of the Guelph brothers, and the widowhood of Mary, and have shown that a different turn to either of those events, would have broken one of the mysterious threads in the woof of life, on which the existence or coming into being of Victoria was depending. And no doubt, if the history of the ancestral conjunctions, of each individual here, were as well known, they would furnish instances illustrating and establishing the fact, that if chance be the universal match-maker of the world, there were a thousand chances to one, against the chance of any of us coming into existence at all.

You have seen from the foregoing, some of the important results that followed the widowhood of Mary Queen of Scots, and the widowerhood of Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte, of

England, and I would now draw your attention to another young widow who though not herself of a royal line, became the mother of many kings some two thousand years before history had named even the founders of any of the present royal families of Europe, and she stands preeminent among the Gentile women mentioned in the first volume of the Bible, she said to her mother-in-law, "entreat me not to leave thee, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," and the two poor and lonely widows left the land of Moab and came to Bethlehem, little dreaming how the destinies of the world were to be influenced by that journey, and little did Chilion think that by his death his widow was to become so famous in Israel by becoming the wife of his kinsman, Boaz, through whom she was to be the mother of David, the shepherd and poet king, and through him the mother of the only king that could never have a successor, because he is to sit upon the throne of his father David forever.

If Ruth's first husband had not died she could not have married Boaz nor have given birth to Obed, and if Obed had not been born where would those have been who were afterwards born, his sons? among whom were so many of the royal line of Israel and Judah. And it may be here observed

that as Ruth was descended from Moab, the son of Lot, the nephew of Abraham, it follows that all the descendants of Ruth were as truly descended from Lot as from Abraham, and it is not improbable that mostly all the nations of the earth have the blood of Abraham in their veins. To say nothing of his seven sons by Ketura, whose descendants have in all probability been very numerous, as no doubt it was through them, in part at least, the promise was fulfilled, that Abraham should be the father of many nations; we have the wild man of the desert, the son of Hagar, whose posterity has been exceedingly numerous; and then there was that profane person who for a morsel of meat sold his birthright, and although Edom has long ago ceased to exist as a distinct nation, it is very probable that part of the nation, at least coalesced with other tribes. And then there were the Ten Tribes of Israel carried away by Shalmanezzer, King of Assyria, into Halor and Habor and the cities of the East. And there are the Jews, who have been scattered among all nations, less or more, ever since the Babylonish captivity, about the year before Christ 588. And although the Jews have been marvelously preserved a distinct race, living among, but not mixing with the nations, yet all who embraced

christianity, of whom there were great multitudes in the days of the apostles, coalesced necessarily with the Gentile christians, and, of course, lost their Jewish nationality, having become, with the believing Gentiles, the sons of faithful Abraham in a higher sense than they had been before.

So that whenever any individual of all these natural descendants of Abraham, became united to persons of any other race, their descendants were all the descendants of Abraham, as truly as all the descendants of Ruth were through her the descendants of her progenitor Lot. And if it were possible for each individual now living to trace his descent through the wide spread ramifications of his ancestral lines, he would very probably meet with, in generations near or remote, one or more of the progeny of Abraham. And if there was only one among the many millions from whom each individual is descended, that one would make him a descendant of that greatest of the Patriarchs. In connection with this, I would also refer to an ancestress of Boaz, one of the *matrarchs* (if I may be allowed to coin a word), and the first widow of history, I mean Tamar, had she not been twice a widow where would have been Pharez and Zarah, from whom descended the principle part of the tribe of Judah, and from

the first of whom came Mary the mother of the promised Shiloh, the Saviour of the world.

I shall now refer shortly to a people who have for many years been the objects both of sympathy and severity, especially to the Anglo-Saxons ; I mean the negroes, or *people of color*, as they prefer being called. The slave trade was a great crime against humanity, and immense indeed has been the amount of sin and suffering that it has occasioned, and yet if it had not been for the slave trade scarcely any of the present colored people in America would have any existence at all. The Africans would not have come to America unless their emigration had been forced by the slave trade. And if they had not left Africa they could not have cohabited, as they have done, with their white masters, and, therefore, none of the present mulattoes or mixed races could have been born. And then, among the pure blacks, if none of these had come from Africa perhaps not one in ten thousand of the parents of those now living in America would or could have formed the same matrimonial connections that they did, and therefore their present posterity could never have, existed and if they consider existence a blessing, they owe that blessing to the slave trade. But this does not exonerate the men-stealers from

their crime, nor free them from its punishment. The four millions of colored people in America are greatly superior to any four millions that can be found in any district in the land of their ancestors. They have now, instead of the barbarous jargons of the native tribes, the only language which, Thackery says, freedom dares to speak. They are acquainted with many of the arts and enjoy many of the comforts of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and instead of being idolators of the most degraded caste they have the knowledge in a lesser or greater degree, of the true God and Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

The difference between the *now* two different races is strikingly shown in the coloured colony of Liberia, where the American freedmen evince their great superiority, mentally, morally and physically, over their untravelled cousins, and they are no more backward in making the Africans feel that superiority than were their own masters in former times, in asserting their superiority over themselves. It may be, that he who sees all things from the beginning, in permitting African slavery to exist, intended in his wisdom, that American freedmen should yet be largely instrumental in civilizing and evangelizing the land of their progenitors.

The result of emigration, either forced or voluntary, always is the production of individuals or races that could not otherwise have been born. To illustrate this, I knew a man who came to Canada from Ireland over fifty years ago, most of his children were born in, and all grew up in Canada. Ten were married and there has been in consequence a very large increase in the third generation. When the individual alluded to, left home, the parents of those who were to be the future wives and husbands of his children, were in five different countries, who in the course of years, from various causes came to Canada. Had it not been for emigration, would or could any of these marriages have taken place, and if not, although they would have taken other mates, and the third generation might have been as numerous as now, they could not have been the same. And what is true of these, is also true of the offspring of the millions of emigrants from the old country to the new, or any other country. And none but He who "appoints the bounds of our habitations" can tell the genealogical results, that have followed and will follow these constant changes. It is not only emigration to foreign countries that has this effect: every upheaving of society, political or religious, by bringing people

together who would not otherwise have met, has a similar result, and they often have not only a positive but also a negative effect. What a change there would have been in the personal identity of millions in christendom had not the bachelor clergy and the spinster nuns of the Church of Rome been forbidden to marry.

In referring to the fact stated in the beginning of this lecture, that each of you had in the fifth generation sixteen great great grand parents, I would observe, that although each of these had the same genealogical relation to yourself, yet it does not follow that they were all cotemporaries, or, that all lived at the same time, for some children have a father who is older than one of their grandfathers. For instance, if a man of fifty marries a wife of sixteen, whose father is forty, their children would be in the position mentioned, and if these discrepancies in age were to continue, it would in a few generations, make a great difference in the periods at which the same ancestors, relatively, were living, for instance I knew a child, one of whose great grand fathers, died about the time that another of his great grand fathers was born.

Hitherto in this lecture, we have been looking back, now let us look for a moment to the future

and in the light of my former elucidation, let us reflect, that if the world should last for another thousand years, of what a vast number of human beings, each parent now living might be the progenitor.

People often talk carelessly of the end of the world without considering one feature at least of the vast interests involved. Every thirty years that the end is delayed, adds one thousand millions to the vast aggregate of Adam's race, and the world must continue till all, the germ of whose existence were created in Adam, have been born, and *then will the end come.*

In conclusion I would observe, if Adam had been created fifty years later than he was, the present generation and the world would have been now exactly what they were fifty years ago, and if he had been created fifty years earlier than he was, the world would now be exactly what it will be fifty years hence, and the present generation would have been in the dust, with all their progenitors. And it is because the Lord God in his wisdom selected the exact point that He did, in the present cycle of duration, that we now live, move and have our being in the present state, in which each individual is forming a character, the effects of which will be seen and felt forever.

FUTURO MADE THE CONFIDANT OF FATE.

A man reputed wise, Futuro named,
Throughout his wealthy corporation famed
For gen'ral virtues, kind he was to all,
And also happy till he chanced to fall
Into a trance, then came a strange revealing,
Within his heart and inner spirit stealing,
All dim at first, but soon it clearly came
Into his vision. Every living name,
In alphabetic order, in the town,
On parchment sheets was plainly written down,
In crimson letters, and the awful date
Of their decease fixed by the hand of *Fate*,
The very hour, the day, the month, the year,
When death will come and life will disappear ;
With eager, anxious, earnest, fearful gaze,
While all his soul was filled with sad amaze,
He looked to see, if his own name were there.
'Twas not—he freer breathed, but with what care,
He sought the name of relative and friend,
To mark the date when each loved life would end.

He was a widower, his children dead,
For them, of course, he felt no anxious dread.

Upon his memory each name and date
 On which the wheted scythe and hour-glass wait,
 Was photographed. It was a fearful gift
 The veil of dark futurity to lift.

He dare not tell the secret things he knew,
 He dare not tell, nor give the faintest clew,
 For if he did, he felt he should be feared,
 And dreaded as magician wild and weird.

Erst he was mostly of a cheerful mood,
 "Could crack his jokes, and oft his jokes were
 good,"

But wit or humour does not cintilate;
 Since he was made the confidant of Fate.

He walks abroad and meets the reigning belle,
 Radiant in charms, that bind in beauties spell,
 And knows next day will hear her funeral knell.

He sees yon mother, full of hope and joy,
 Gazing with rapture on her only boy,
 And knows a few short hours that fly so fleet,
 Will shrowd her idol in his winding sheet.

He meets a wedded pair, bright shines the sun,
 They hope a long and joyous course to run,
 He knows the marriage moon will see them parted,
 One dead, and one alive, but broken-hearted.

His friend, James Rich, is wealthy and well-bred,

A lordly mansion echoes to his tread :
 And proud he is to have his palace praised,
 As proud as he, who Babylon had raised.
 He meets Futuro, and with greeting warm ;
 Accosts and takes him friendly by the arm.
 " Finished and furnished is my new abode,
 I want to show it you." Away they strode,
 Futuro rather dragging, on they wended,
 And reached the house, and saw together blended,
 Art, beauty, grandeur, luxury and taste,
 The combination each apartment graced.

No grandeur can be long enjoyed alone,
 Hence, other eyes, Rich wished to look upon
 And to admire. It did his pride arouse,
 He built, hence he was greater than the house.
 " This place is universally admired,
 Here I intend to live ; I have retired.
 I've made enough to keep me many years,
 And i'll enjoy myself." Futuro hears
 And knows his feet have touched the fatal goal,
 That death that night required the worldlings
 soul ;
 He bade adieu and turned with sickening sorrow
 From him, who was to have no wak'ning morrow.

Rich noted, as farewell Futuro bade ;
 That face and voice, betrayed that he was sad,
 And wondered ! Is it possible thought he—
 Futuro envious of my destiny,

Goodhue was blamed, accused, arrested and
 Fast bound in chains for having done and plan'd
 'Twas said, a murder foul, with forethought hate,
 All thought the evidence would seal his fate.
 The man was honored and beloved by all,
 But guilt had o'er him spread her funeral pall ;
 His friends all fear'd the scaffold was his doom,
 And every heart was sick with sad'ning gloom,
 Except Futuro, though a bosom friend,
 He show'd no grief, he knew 'twas not the end,
 No verdict, " Guilty," would salute his ears,
 For Goodhue's death was distant many years.

Another friend was sick, his gasping breath
 Made all believe him at the gates of death,
 Except Futuro, who well knew his race
 Would run through half a century of space.
 These things were noted, when all else were sad,
 Surprised, they saw Futuro calmly glad ;
 And when *they* saw no cause for fear or sorrow,
 Futuro's face, a solemn gloom would borrow,

A steamboat owner meets him on the quay,
 "Good day, Futuro, you I'm glad to see;
 I've gained the darling object of my wish;
 I own and sail the steamer Flying Fish;
 Come see, you'll say she is a splendid boat;
 None better of her class is found afloat.
 Congratulations he, of course, expected,
 Surprised, he sees Futuro look dejected,
 Who dare not tell his friend the cause of grief,
 From which there was no possible relief.
 He could not say; I know your on the brink
 Of that abyss from which all mortals shrink.
 "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescribed their present state."
 Futuro felt it was not bliss to be
 Excepted from this general decree,

It was surmised, then stated, then believed,
 Futuro had some occult power received,
 By which to know, when med'cine will not cure,
 And when to know returning health is sure;
 This entertained, they felt mysterious dread,
 When he appeared or when they heard his tread,
 Cautious at first, these thoughts and fears were
 spoken,
 But soon all laws of secrecy were broken—
 The popular belief was, he did sell
 His soul to gain the knowledge to fortel,

And then with many, strong the feeling grew,
 Futuro caused the deaths that he foreknew;
 For man is often prone to feel or feign
 That who foreknows must also fore-ordain;
 But to ordain don't spring from to foreknow,
 Foreknowledge though, from fore-ordain will grow.
 This, but to state, its truth will plainly show
 Who fore-ordains must know his own decree,
 Which he fulfills, and this is destiny.
 But to foreknow, what he does not control,
 Leaves free to act, the body, mind and soul

Futuro felt his presence caused distress,
 And troubled those whom he would gladly bless.
 Shunned by his kind, he felt unhappy, though
 He felt its facination—to foreknow,
 Raised high his prestage—gave reputed power.
 The heavens are grandest when the tempests
 low'r !

Conflicting feelings shake his troubled brain,
 Shakes and then shatters, and he falls insane !
 But through his madness comes a sudden gleam,
 He wakes from slumber—It was all a *Dream* !

THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the firebell rings,
And from his bed each fireman springs,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! it louder peels,
And for his clothes the fireman feels,
 And does his firecap don.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a sound is higher
Heard than this—'tis, Fire ! Fire !
 A crowd is rushing on.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the lurid light
Far flashes thro' the dark midnight.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the engines drive,
And all with straining sinews strive
 To urge the wheels along.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! What sight is gladder ?
Dashing on, the hook and ladder,
 Join the rushing throng.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! point up the hose ;
Full fiercely now the torrent flows.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the firemen dash
Among the flames, down with a crash

They pull the burning wall.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the carmen dashing,
 With their water puncheons splashing,
 Clear the road ! do bawl.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! each muscle strain ;
 Upon the sinking fire we gain.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! pour in the tide
 Upon the blackened ruins *wide*—
 The danger now is past.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! the fireman never
 Shrinks from duty ; true for ever
 He is to the last.

HOW PETER USED THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.

MATTHEW xvi, 19.

The keys of my kingdom I give unto thee,
 What you bind upon earth, so in Heav'n shall be :
 What you loose upon earth, shall in Heav'n be
 free.

These wonderful words, unto Peter, He spoke,
 Who holds all the universe under His yoke.

For Peter was first to confess, what all now,
 As the chief corner stone of salvation avow,
 That Jesus is Christ and the son of that God,
 Whose feet on the bounds of the boundless have
 trod ;

Whose life is eternity, and at a glance,
 Takes in all eternity and all expanse.

"I will give thee the keys ;" and when were they
 given ?

And when did they open the Kingdom of Heaven ?
 Peter first used the keys on the great Pentecost,†
 When he opened the door, to the first redeemed
 host ;

And he left the door open, that Jews of all times,
 Who believe in the Lord and repent of their
 crimes ;

And in Christ are baptised for remission of sin,
 The Kingdom of Heav'n may all enter in.
 But the Gentiles as yet, have no part in the grace,
 It is yet only open'd to Israel's race ;
 But a light to the Gentiles, Christ must be as well
 As the glory and Saviour of old Israel.
 So Peter, while fasting, fell into a trance,*
 And sees altogether at one loathsome glance,

† Acts ii.

* Acts x.

All reptiles and beasts, and all foul creeping things,

And birds with carnivorous talons and wings.

"Peter, slay them and eat, and thine hunger allay,"

"Not so, for in this I'd the law disobey ;

For all I see there, Moses says are unclean,

And such in my mouth, Lord, there never has been ;"

What God has made clean, do not thou common call,

And straight back to Heaven the Lord took them all.

Cornelius has pray'd, and his alms have been given,

An angel has come with a message from Heaven ;

"Thy prayers and thine alms are recorded for thee,

Now send men to Joppa, and there by the sea."

You'll find Simon Peter, he'll come unto you,

And then he will tell what thou ought'st to do,"—

Simon Peter has come, and perceives with surprise,

That men of all nations to life may arise.

Who fear the true God and righteousness do,

And he speaks now to Gentiles, as first to the Jew,

He tells them of Christ and remission of sins
 As he preaches, the Gentiles' salvation begins.
 The spirit comes down, as they hear of Christ's
 blood,
 And they speak with new tongues, and magnify
 God ;
 And Peter then saw, he must open the door
 To those, as he did to the Jews once before.
 He again used the keys and the gate open flew,
 It is ever since open to Gentile and Jew ;
 And at once in accordance with Christ's sacred
 word,

He said : be baptised in the name of the Lord.
 Thus Peter alone had the right to each race,
 To open the door of the Kingdom of Grace ;
 When this had been done, the apostles were all
 On a level and equal from Peter to Paul.
 "Christ is your master, and all ye are brothers,†
 Let none of you then lord it over the others ;"
 They sit on twelve thrones, no preeminence given,
 To one more than any, they'r equal in heaven.

The Pope says that Peter was prince over all,
 And he, the successor of Peter, men call,
 The Vicar of Christ and the Head of the Church,
 He wields both the spiritual sceptre and birch ;

†Matthew xxiii, 8.

And he tells us that he is infallibly strong,
To fix for all nations the right and the wrong.

I'll mention some reasons why this cannot be,
And ask him some questions, if not thought too
free ;

And if with these reasons he fairly can cope,
I'll admit him to be a most clever old Pope.
Hist'ry tells us that Peter was slain—crucified,
Of the *twelve* that he was not the last one who
died.

And all will admit, that at least there was one
Who long survived Peter, the loved, loving John ;
If the Pontiff's pretensions don't fade in the light,
He was prince over John; and ruled him of right !
And was it not strange that the Lord should
ignore.

The Pope, now his Vicar, who must have felt sore
To be so much slighted, for Christ came alone,
To see and commune with his old belov'd John.
If Peter were Prince, and the Pope his successor,
The Pope must be greater and John must be lesser.
Then why should John only receive revelations,
That look through all time and the future of
nations,

And Christ's mighty Vicar, then reigning at
Rome,

Never noticed at all, *unless as to come ! !*

And again I would ask: if St. Peter were prince,

A question to make the Pope's votaries wince,
When the twelve had a strife, who should greatest
be made ;*

And this on the night when their Lord was
betray'd.

Why did not Christ tell them to quiet the strife,
I've made Peter Prince, I have crown'd him for
life,

And when I depart he my vicar shall be,
And all must submit unto him as to me.

And at the great council, the first and the
last†

Ever held till the age of apostles was pass'd,
Why did not St. Peter, instead of St. James,
Deliver the sentence, deciding the claims
Of those who insisted "They must be enslaved
To the law, or the Gentiles can never be saved."
The council accepted the sentence so fair,
From *James*, who presided, tho' *Peter* was there—
And if Peter were chief, what assumption in Paul
To censure Christ's vicar in presence of all ;
And not only so, but besides to record
His censure and zeal in the work of the Lord,

* Luke xxii. 24.

Acts xv.

And pronounce, without favor, his stern condemnation

Of unstable Peter's weak dissimulation.

If Peter's the Rock, as per Rome's explanation,
Sure Paul did not build upon such a foundation.

*What if some Cardinal now should but dare
To censure his master with such a bold air.
Assumption like this would at once be put down,
And the rebel would meet the whole Catholic frown,

As condensed in the look of surprise and disdain,
From him who now o'er the great city doth reign.
Not so with good Peter, how meekly he took
The stern, but much needed and faithful rebuke ;
And years after this, in his letter to all
The brethren, he speaks of " beloved brother Paul."

'Tis clear 'twas not known by Peter or people
That he had been made both foundation and steeple ;

For had he but known his position and power
He soon would have made the bold Tarsian cow'r,
For all who have pow'r always know and assert it,
This truth is so plain that you can't controvert it ;

* Just after I had written this I observed an account of the Pope summoning a Cardinal to his presence for daring to dispute the dogma of Infallibility, and treating him as I here state he would do.

It has ever been so, in the Church and the State,
 And Army and Navy since earliest date ;
 King, Captain and Priest, Premier, Bishop and
 Czar,
 If you question their rank they are ready for war,
 And at once you will notice their countenance
 lower
 If you dare to resist their legitimate power.
 And so it is plain neither Peter nor Paul
 Ever knew that the Lord had set one over all.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

EXTRACT FROM MY NOTES OF TRAVEL, 1840.

JULY 2nd.—Left Kingston at 2 P.M., had the pleasure of sailing, for the first time, among the Thousand Islands. They present a most startling and picturesque appearance, varying from the size of a hay-stack to perhaps one hundred acres. Most of them are covered with timber of a stunted growth. The thinness of the soil does not afford nourishment for a lofty forest. The islands are all rock, or else they would not be able to withstand the force of the current, and many of them

would long since have been swept away, if they had been made of softer materials. There is something spirit stirring in the scene, while the noble Steamer,

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TO MY LITTLE MARY ELLEN.

Let the muses come with song,
Let them tripping come along,

For Peter was first to confess, what all now,
 As the chief corner stone of salvation avow,
 That Jesus is Christ and the son of that God,
 Whose feet on the bounds of the boundless have
 trod ;

Whose life is eternity, and at a glance,
 Takes in all eternity and all expanse.

“I will give thee the keys ;” and when were they
 given ?

And when did they open the Kingdom of Heaven ?
 Peter first used the keys on the great Pentecost,†
 When he opened the door, to the first redeemed
 host ;

And he left the door open, that Jews of all times,
 Who believe in the Lord and repent of their
 crimes ;

And in Christ are baptised for remission of sin,
 The Kingdom of Heav’n may all enter in.

But the Gentiles as yet, have no part in the grace,
 It is yet only open’d to Israel’s race ;

But a light to the Gentiles, Christ must be as well
 As the glory and Saviour of old Israel.

So Peter, while fasting, fell into a trance,*

And sees altogether at one loathsome glance,

† Acts ii.

* Acts x.

All reptiles and beasts, and all foul creeping things,

And birds with carnivorous talons and wings.

"Peter, slay them and eat, and thine hunger allay,"

"Not so, for in this I'd the law disobey ;

For all I see there, Moses says are unclean,

And such in my mouth, Lord, there never has been ;"

What God has made clean, do not thou common call,

And straight back to Heaven the Lord took them all.

Cornelius has pray'd, and his alms have been given,

An angel has come with a message from Heaven ;

"Thy prayers and thine alms are recorded for thee,

Now send men to Joppa, and there by the sea."

You'll find Simon Peter, he'll come unto you,

And then he will tell what thou ought'st to do,"—

Simon Peter has come, and perceives with surprise,

That men of all nations to life may arise.

Who fear the true God and righteousness do,

And he speaks now to Gentiles, as first to the Jew,

He tells them of Christ and remission of sins.
 As he preaches, the Gentiles' salvation begins.
 The spirit comes down, as they hear of Christ's
 blood,

And they speak with new tongues, and magnify
 God ;

And Peter then saw, he must open the door
 To those, as he did to the Jews once before.
 He again used the keys and the gate open flew,
 It is ever since open to Gentile and Jew ;
 And at once in accordance with Christ's sacred
 word,

He said : be baptised in the name of the Lord.
 Thus Peter alone had the right to each race,
 To open the door of the Kingdom of Grace ;
 When this had been done, the apostles were all
 On a level and equal from Peter to Paul.
 " Christ is your master, and all ye are brothers, †
 Let none of you then lord it over the others ;"
 They sit on twelve thrones, no preeminence given,
 To one more than any, they'r equal in heaven.

The Pope says that Peter was prince over all,
 And he, the successor of Peter, men call,
 The Vicar of Christ and the Head of the Church,
 He wields both the spiritual sceptre and birch ;

†Matthew xxiii, 8.

And he tells us that he is infallibly strong,
To fix for all nations the right and the wrong.

I'll mention some reasons why this cannot be,
And ask him some questions, if not thought too
free ;

And if with these reasons he fairly can cope,
I'll admit him to be a most clever old Pope.
Hist'ry tells us that Peter was slain—crucified,
Of the *twelve* that he was not the last one who
died.

And all will admit, that at least there was one
Who long survived Peter, the loved, loving John ;
If the Pontiff's pretensions don't fade in the light,
He was prince over John; and ruled him of right !
And was it not strange that the Lord should
ignore.

The Pope, now his Vicar, who must have felt sore
To be so much slighted, for Christ came alone,
To see and commune with his old belov'd John.
If Peter were Prince, and the Pope his successor,
The Pope must be greater and John must be lesser.
Then why should John only receive revelations,
That look through all time and the future of
nations,

And Christ's mighty Vicar, then reigning at
Rome,

Never noticed at all, *unless as to come ! !*

And again I would ask: if St. Peter were prince,

A question to make the Pope's votaries wince,
When the twelve had a strife, who should greatest
be made ;*

And this on the night when their Lord was
betray'd.

Why did not Christ tell them to quiet the strife,
I've made Peter Prince, I have crown'd him for
life,

And when I depart he my vicar shall be,
And all must submit unto him as to me.

And at the great council, the first and the
last†

Ever held till the age of apostles was pass'd,
Why did not St. Peter, instead of St. James,
Deliver the sentence, deciding the claims
Of those who insisted "They must be enslaved
To the law, or the Gentiles can never be saved."
The council accepted the sentence so fair,
From *James*, who presided, tho' *Peter* was there—
And if Peter were chief, what assumption in Paul
To censure Christ's vicar in presence of all ;
And not only so, but besides to record
His censure and zeal in the work of the Lord,

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Sure Paul did not build upon such a foundation.

*What if some Cardinal now should but dare

To censure his master with such a bold air.

Assumption like this would at once be put down,
And the rebel would meet the whole Catholic
frown,

As condensed in the look of surprise and disdain,
From him who now o'er the great city doth reign.

Not so with good Peter, how meekly he took

The stern, but much needed and faithful rebuke ;

And years after this, in his letter to all

The brethren, he speaks of " beloved brother
Paul."

'Tis clear 'twas not known by Peter or people

That he had been made both foundation and
steeple;

For had he but known his position and power

He soon would have made the bold Tarsian cow'r,

For all who have pow'r always know and assert it,

This truth is so plain that you can't controvert it ;

* Just after I had written this I observed an account of the Pope summoning a Cardinal to his presence for daring to dispute the dogma of Infallibility, and treating him as I here state he would do.

It has ever been so, in the Church and the State,
 And Army and Navy since earliest date ;
 King, Captain and Priest, Premier, Bishop and
 Czar,
 If you question their rank they are ready for war,
 And at once you will notice their countenance
 lower
 If you dare to resist their legitimate power.
 And so it is plain neither Peter nor Paul
 Ever knew that the Lord had set one over all.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

EXTRACT FROM MY NOTES OF TRAVEL, 1840.

JULY 2nd.—Left Kingston at 2 P.M., had the pleasure of sailing, for the first time, among the Thousand Islands. They present a most startling and picturesque appearance, varying from the size of a hay-stack to perhaps one hundred acres. Most of them are covered with timber of a stunted growth. The thinness of the soil does not afford nourishment for a lofty forest. The islands are all rock, or else they would not be able to withstand the force of the current, and many of them

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With fiercely boiling breath and lungs of fire,
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TO MY LITTLE MARY ELLEN.

Let the muses come with song,
Let them tripping come along,

Let them sing with warb'ling wild,
To our little infant child.
To our little baby Moll,
Mary Ellen we do call ;
All the others have their song,
And she'd think it were a wrong,
If she had no little rhyme,
Of her own, for future time ;
Some memento from the lyre,
Of her loved and loving sire,
Who, when time with her was young,
Oft her lullaby had sung.
She has now in embryo,
Which in future times will grow ;
All the organs, great and small,
Which to woman's lot may fall.
She has got a brain for thought,
All so wonderfully wrought
By the Master hand, that found
Adam's brain in Eden's ground.
She has got a heart to feel,
Joy or grief, in woe or weal ;
Formed by Him, who Eden's pride,
Found in Adam's opened side.
She has eyes to drink the light,
Revelling in visions bright ;

She has got a tongue to tell,
 Thoughts that in her bosom swell.
 She has little hands and feet,
 From the Maker's hand complete ;
 Every organ, every limb,
 May she use them all for Him.

MY LITTLE EARNEST.

Baby Earnest, little fellow,
 Youngest of our house thou art,
 Thou hast all of life before thee,
 In it thou must play thy part.

How wilt thou do it ? None can tell us ;
 We may never live to know,
 But we will watch till death shall knell us
 All thy progress here below.

The wond'rous change is now commencing ;
 Babe to boy, and boy to man,
 Wilt thou in life's journey linger,
 In the rear, or lead the van ?

Wilt thou be of temper kindly,
 Loving all, and winning love ;
 Or wilt thou follow passion blindly,
 More of bird of prey than dove.

We'll hope the best, and try to cherish,
 All that virtue can bestow,
 To make the thorns and darnel perish,
 And the wheat to harvest grow ;

So that when the reapers bending
 Gather sheaves for harvest home,
 With them thou may'st go ascending
 Where the ransom'd nations come.

TO MY LITTLE EDWARD.

Yet a little son and brother,
 Has been added to our home,
 And for him I'll write another
 Simple little rhyming poem,

All with love and kindness greet him,
 Each suggesting some nice name,
 Which they recommend, to treat him,
 No two, offering the same.

Many think names should be given,
 That in families have run ;
 Such as marvelled when of Heaven,
 It was writ, his name is John.

When all brothers call for brothers,
 All their boys just as they spring,
 Who can tell Tom's Dick from tothers ?
 And it does confusion bring.

Edward Marshall, we shall call him,
 By this name he will be known,
 Through each change that may befall him,
 When in childhood, or full grown.

Names from this world reach another,
 Lazarus is Laz'rus still,
 Abraham had 'tis clear no other,
 To the suff'ring infidel.

Jesus took the name to heaven,
 Which the angel gave on earth,
 To that name no change was given,
 By the resurrection birth.

Baby, may that name be cherished,
 In thy youth and riper age,
 So that when this world has perished,
 Thine may live on heaven's page.

He tells them of Christ and remission of sins.
 As he preaches, the Gentiles' salvation begins.
 The spirit comes down, as they hear of Christ's
 blood,

And they speak with new tongues, and magnify
 God ;

And Peter then saw, he must open the door
 To those, as he did to the Jews once before.
 He again used the keys and the gate open flew,
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Assumption like this would at once be put down,
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Not so with good Peter, how meekly he took
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'Tis clear 'twas not known by Peter or people
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THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the firebell rings,
And from his bed each fireman springs.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! it louder peels,
And for his clothes the fireman feels,
And does his firecap don.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a sound is higher
Heard than this—'tis, Fire ! Fire !
A crowd is rushing on.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the lurid light
Far flashes thro' the dark midnight.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the engines drive,
And all with straining sinews strive
To urge the wheels along.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! What sight is gladder ?
Dashing on, the hook and ladder,
Join the rushing throng.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! point up the hose ;
Full fiercely now the torrent flows.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the firemen dash
Among the flames, down with a crash

They pull the burning wall.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the carmen dashing,
With their water puncheons splashing,
Clear the road ! do bawl.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! each muscle strain ;
Upon the sinking fire we gain.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! pour in the tide
Upon the blackened ruins *wide*—
The danger now is past.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the fireman never
Shrinks from duty ; true for ever
He is to the last.

HOW PETER USED THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.

MATTHEW xvi, 19.

The keys of my kingdom I give unto thee,
What you bind upon earth, so in Heav'n shall be :
What you loose upon earth, shall in Heav'n be
free.

These wonderful words, unto Peter, He spoke,
Who holds all the universe under His yoke.

and the Baptist religion, &c. But in the connection in which it stands to the subject before us, and its harmony with science, we are to understand by the term religion, that grand system contained in that volume purporting to come from the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, and which has been confirmed by miracle and by the fulfillment of prophecy, and acknowledged by all Christians, to bear upon it the broad, the deep and the eternal impress of inspiration.

Religion may and does exist without science, and science without religion. The first teachers of Christianity were not men of science, as it is popularly understood, for science implies learning, and the Apostles were "unlearned and ignorant men." And there have been, and are men of science, who deny the truth of revelation and religion, and profess to bring the proof to establish that denial from the revelations of science itself. And what it is expected, I should endeavour to show at the present time is, the harmony of the two revelations, science and religion, and to enquire if there be any established truths in natural science or in the natural laws, that are in opposition to any facts that are recorded by the writers of the Old and New Testaments.

As to the seven sciences enumerated, Grammar,

All reptiles and beasts, and all foul creeping things,

And birds with carnivorous talons and wings.

"Peter, slay them and eat, and thine hunger allay,"

"Not so, for in this I'd the law disobey ;

For all I see there, Moses says are unclean,

And such in my mouth, Lord, there never has been ;"

What God has made clean, do not thou common call,

And straight back to Heaven the Lord took them all.

Cornelius has pray'd, and his alms have been given,

An angel has come with a message from Heaven ;

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lation. And as to music, or the science of harmonical sounds, there is music in the heaven of the Bible as well as on earth, but none in hell, and, of course, there is nothing in it that is supposed to interfere with the truths of Revelation. But not so in the opinion of many in the science of astronomy. This word comes from two Greek words, *astron*, a star, and *nomis*, a rule, and literally signifies the rule or law of the stars or heavenly bodies, and describes their size and form, and states the principles and laws that regulate the motions of the planetary universe, and is the most sublime of all the sciences. And if the creator of the universe be also the author of Revelation, the laws of the one cannot contradict the truths of the other ; and it must be then, that while the heavens declare the glory of God, that also the testimonies of the Lord are sure, making wise the simple.

It was thought by many that astronomy did contradict the scriptures, and therefore its principles could not be true, so far, especially, as related to the motion of the earth round the sun, and its diurnal or daily motion on its own axis, causing day and night, and the various seasons of the year ; but it has been proved to the satisfaction of all who examine the proof, that the above

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 Takes in all eternity and all expanse.

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 They sit on twelve thrones, no preeminence given,
 To one more than any, they'r equal in heaven.

The Pope says that Peter was prince over all,
 And he, the successor of Peter, men call,
 The Vicar of Christ and the Head of the Church,
 He wields both the spiritual sceptre and birch ;

†Matthew xxiii, 8.

And he tells us that he is infallibly strong,
To fix for all nations the right and the wrong.

I'll mention some reasons why this cannot be,
And ask him some questions, if not thought too
free ;

And if with these reasons he fairly can cope,
I'll admit him to be a most clever old Pope.
Hist'ry tells us that Peter was slain—crucified,
Of the *twelve* that he was not the last one who
died.

And all will admit, that at least there was one
Who long survived Peter, the loved, loving John ;
If the Pontiff's pretensions don't fade in the light,
He was prince over John; and ruled him of right !
And was it not strange that the Lord should
ignore.

The Pope, now his Vicar, who must have felt sore
To be so much slighted, for Christ came alone,
To see and commune with his old belov'd John.
If Peter were Prince, and the Pope his successor,
The Pope must be greater and John must be lesser.
Then why should John only receive revelations,
That look through all time and the future of
nations,

And Christ's mighty Vicar, then reigning at
Rome,

Never noticed at all, *unless as to come ! !*

And again I would ask: if St. Peter were prince,

A question to make the Pope's votaries wince,
When the twelve had a strife, who should greatest
be made ;*

And this on the night when their Lord was
betray'd.

Why did not Christ tell them to quiet the strife,
I've made Peter Prince, I have crown'd him for
life,

And when I depart he my vicar shall be,
And all must submit unto him as to me.

And at the great council, the first and the
last†

Ever held till the age of apostles was pass'd,
Why did not St. Peter, instead of St. James,
Deliver the sentence, deciding the claims
Of those who insisted "They must be enslaved
To the law, or the Gentiles can never be saved."
The council accepted the sentence so fair,
From *James*, who presided, tho' *Peter* was there—
And if Peter were chief, what assumption in Paul
To censure Christ's vicar in presence of all ;
And not only so, but besides to record
His censure and zeal in the work of the Lord,

* Luke xxii. 24.

Acts xv.

And pronounce, without favor, his stern condemnation

Of unstable Peter's weak dissimulation.

If Peter's the Rock, as per Rome's explanation,
Sure Paul did not build upon such a foundation.

*What if some Cardinal now should but dare
To censure his master with such a bold air.
Assumption like this would at once be put down,
And the rebel would meet the whole Catholic frown,

As condensed in the look of surprise and disdain,
From him who now o'er the great city doth reign.
Not so with good Peter, how meekly he took
The stern, but much needed and faithful rebuke ;
And years after this, in his letter to all
The brethren, he speaks of "beloved brother Paul."

'Tis clear 'twas not known by Peter or people
That he had been made both foundation and steeple ;

For had he but known his position and power
He soon would have made the bold Tarsian cow'r,
For all who have pow'r always know and assert it,
This truth is so plain that you can't controvert it ;

* Just after I had written this I observed an account of the Pope summoning a Cardinal to his presence for daring to dispute the dogma of Infallibility, and treating him as I here state he would do.

It has ever been so, in the Church and the State,
 And Army and Navy since earliest date ;
 King, Captain and Priest, Premier, Bishop and
 Czar,
 If you question their rank they are ready for war,
 And at once you will notice their countenance
 lower
 If you dare to resist their legitimate power.
 And so it is plain neither Peter nor Paul
 Ever knew that the Lord had set one over all.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

EXTRACT FROM MY NOTES OF TRAVEL, 1840.

JULY 2nd.—Left Kingston at 2 P.M., had the pleasure of sailing, for the first time, among the Thousand Islands. They present a most startling and picturesque appearance, varying from the size of a hay-stack to perhaps one hundred acres. Most of them are covered with timber of a stunted growth. The thinness of the soil does not afford nourishment for a lofty forest. The islands are all rock, or else they would not be able to withstand the force of the current, and many of them

would long since have been swept away, if they had been made of softer materials. There is something spirit stirring in the scene, while the noble Steamer,

With fiercely boiling breath and lungs of fire,
is accompanying the waters of the majestic St. Lawrence in his zig-zag progress towards his ocean home.

The same water that now mirrors the islands as it passes along, had reflected the forests and hills on the shores of Superior, swept along the shores of Huron, glassed the heavens in St. Clair, rested in calm and raged in storm in Lake Erie, rose in foam from the bottom of Niagara's seemingly bottomless abyss, explored the deep caverns of its last great lake, and has now entered and is rapidly descending on its grand highway to the dark green sea.

It would be a curious and interesting calculation that would determine the time that the water requires to pass to the gulf from Lake Superior.

TO MY LITTLE MARY ELLEN.

Let the muses come with song,
Let them tripping come along,

the Christian scriptures, and it is a matter of fact that those individuals who have made themselves most illustrious by their discoveries in natural science, have expressed themselves satisfied that no law of nature or fact in science contradicts the Revelation of the Christian's God. As an instance of this we may refer to Mr. George Comb, the celebrated author of the constitution of man, who, after a profound and laborious investigation and exposition of the natural laws in connection with the theory of mind as based upon and illustrated by phrenology, maintains that they are all in harmony with the *developments of Revelation*.

But as to those who advocate the doctrine of materialism, supposing that the doctrine should be true, as they themselves will, upon their own showing, have no existence in a future state, they cannot after death taunt us with the fallacy of our faith or the baseless foundation of our principles. And as the only time when such proof as they require can be given is after death, there will be no one, according to their hypothesis, to hear the proof or admit the demonstration, for thought will be extinct. And while I am on this subject I may observe, that while the advocates of materialism go to this extreme, there is another school, founded by Dr. Berkley, the celebrated Bishop of

Cloyn, in Ireland, who taught that there is no material existence at all, and that nothing that we see or feel has any real or substantial existence, but merely seems to have, like the phantoms of a dream or a delirium, and that we are constituted so that we believe in real existence because only impressions are made or ideas are produced upon our minds which seem real material objects to us.

So that a man who takes up an axe, which is only an *idea*, and knocks out the *idea* brains of a fellow *idea*, has an *idea* rope put round his *idea* neck, and this *idea* murderer is in *idea* hanged!

And so a man working in a "forest" supposes that he is engaged in chopping and logging and burning real and substantial timber, instead of which he is only engaged in chopping and logging and burning off impressions.

There is a seminary in the State of New York, and at one time there were among the students a number of Berkleyites at dinner, when one of them was choked by a piece of hot potato sticking in his throat; all at the table, excepting one student, were in a sad state of excitement and consternation, and he was asked why he took it so coolly; "O!" said he, "There is nothing in his throat but a *hot idea*." So according to this doctrine, as individuals are nothing but ideas, the poet was

literally correct when he said the schoolmaster trained the young *idea*; each scholar being only an idea.

And if the combined evidence of ocular, manual, auditory and olfactory demonstrations is not sufficient to convince these philosophers of material existence, it is not a matter of very great wonder that some will refuse to believe in the less tangible evidence of a *spiritual* existence.

The next and last subject of which I am now to speak is Geology, which comes from two Greek words, *ge* the earth, and *logos* a discourse; and means literally a discourse about the earth, and is the doctrine or science of the structure of the earth, and of the substance of which it is composed, and the relation which they severally bear to each other; their formation, structure, and position; and also investigates the successive changes that have taken place in the various organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature. Its conclusions are formed upon the closest investigation and careful induction, and prove the world to have existed through untold cycles of duration, where, in the rocks that form the various strata of our earth, these records though not engraved with an iron pen, are written with the finger of God and laid in these rocks forever.

It has been thought by some that these records contradicted the record of Revelation in the first verse of the first chapter of its first book ; " In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and it has been supposed by those above alluded to, that this period of beginning was just five of our days before that God breathed into the nostrils of Adam when he became a living soul.

But this beginning is not confined by the language above written to any particular date, but simply expresses a truth, that it was in the beginning God created them, and that the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. How long it remained in darkness and chaos before the spirit of God moved upon, or brooded over the face of the waters, we cannot know, but geology shows that it was during an immense indefinite duration.

I am not a geologist, but I have read of the discoveries of geologists, and have myself seen some of the organic remains of which they write, and from what I have read I am satisfied that nothing that God has written in the rocks contradicts anything that has been written on parchment by the Prophets and Apostles of Israel ; and the very fact that there is not anything in the Bible that is contradicted by any scientific truth, is one of the

strongest evidences of its inspiration. Not so in any of the sacred books of other religious systems, claiming to be revelations from heaven. This is brought out with great clearness and effect in the last work of the lamented Hugh Miller, who says on the 320th page of the *Testimony of the Rocks*, "By making their false science part of their false religion, they created what was afterwards to prove its weakest and most vulnerable part." "We absolutely know that the course at present pursued by enlightened christian missionaries in India, is to bring scientific truth into direct antagonism with the monstrously false science of the pretended revelations of Parseeism Braminism and Buddhism, and that by this means the general falsity of the systems has been so plainly shown, that it has become a matter of doubt whether a single educated native of any considerable ability really believes in them. They seem to have lost their hold on all the minds capable of appreciating the weight and force of scientific evidence," and beginning at page 364 of the same book, he gives specimens of their theological science, drawn from their sacred books, showing how enormous is the amount of the nonsense and absurdity they contain.

A YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

The following lines, first published in the *Owen Sound Times*, found their way across the sea and came back in an English paper, and were also copied, I was told, in some American journals.

A year ago it is to-day
 Since little Ernest died ;
 Between the living and the dead
 There is a gulf so wide.

Short was his life, a week of years
 Was all that he had seen—
 The winters with their robe of white,
 The summers with their green.

He never heard the wintry storm,
 The summer's rustling leaf,
 Nor music of the singing birds—
 Our little boy was deaf.

'Twas so, our Ernest never knew
 A word of human speech—
 The name of any thing on earth
 His mind could never reach.

Sight, taste, and smell and touch were all
 The avenues of thought,
 By which the things of heaven and earth
 Within his mind were brought.

And these were all acute, there was
 No deafness in his eyes—
 How joyous often was their glance
 Of pleasure or surprise !

Tho' none by *name*, yet all by sight,
 Each one he knew full well,
 And keenly felt each kindly act,
 And other acts as well.

And most were kind ; a sympathy
 Was felt by one and all,
 Our smiling little dummy boy
 A favorite was with all.

Poor little dear ! no *idle word*,
 Against him shall arise,
 When he with all that lived shall meet
 The judgment of the skies !

Then some may have the bitter wish,
 When that dread time has come,

Who used their speech in sin and pride,
That they too had been dumb.

He's no more deaf than all the dead,
Since he has passed the bourne,
And from that land of peace and rest,
We would not say return.

He now may know what *deafness means*,
And what 'tis to be mute ;
How thoughts are clothed in breathing words,
That each the other suit.

And he may tell in spirit's speech,
To kindred spirits, who
May listen when he says, " On earth
No word I ever knew,"

I did not know my parents' name,
My country, age or race ;
I did not know the God who made,
And saves us by his grace.

I did not know that I should die,
That I was made of dust ;
Nor of a life beyond the sky,
Nor of the Christian's trust.

But now I know my parents dear,
 My brothers, sisters too,
 Shall leave the world where now they live,
 And be like me and you.

Nov. 30th, 1869.

THAT LOVING COUPLE.

That loving couple are engaged,
 Their promise means a marriage,
 They often meet in loving mood,
 Each has a pleasant carriage.

She's pretty and accomplished ; he
 Appreciates her charms,
 And longs in wedding drapery,
 To take her to his arms.

Of her, some pleasant things are said,
 And often things unkindly ;
 Some say he's doing well, and some,
 To grief he's going blindly.

His girl is brilliant at a ball,
 And charming at a party,

And when she sings and strikes the keys,
 Applause is warm and hearty.

In these she shines, but something more
 Is needed in a wife,
 To make a helpmeet good and true,
 To warm and shine through life,

First, fear of God, on high
 Her trusting soul to lift,
 Then self denial, true and firm,
 And earnest, gen'rous thrift.

These make the mother, wife and friend,
 A link 'tween earth and heaven ;
 Then happy who deserves such wife,
 And more, if such be given,

THE OFFERING OF ISAAC,

Once near a mountain's brow,
 From dwellings far remote,
 When Time was younger far than now—
 Before the Prophet's wrote—
 A voice was heard in accents low,
 'Twas answer'd in a voice of woe,

"My father!" "Here am I,
 My son what would'st thou say?"
 "My father, here's the wood and fire,
 But where's the lamb to slay?"
 "My son, the Lord himself will bring
 A lamb for a burnt offering."

Thus to his only son,
 The sire of nations spoke;
 To Isaac the beloved one—
 Nor soon the silence broke.
 For God commanded him to bring
 His son for a burnt offering.

He builds an altar there,
 The wood is on it piled;
 Isaac is bound, his breast is bare!
 Above his only child,
 The father rears his deadly blade;
 But ere it sinks, his arm is stayed!

For "Abram, Abram," loud,
 A voice from Heaven calls,
 From out the bright angelic crowd—
 Unstained the weapon falls,—
 "Lay not upon the lad thy hand!"
 Oh! there was joy in that command.

Because thou hast obey'd,
 And not withheld thy son,
 But him a ready offering made,
 I by myself have sworn :
 In blessing thou shalt blessed be,
 And all the world be blessed in thee.

When years had glided by,
 Another Isaac came,
 Upon that very mount to die—
 And he indeed was slain !
 No voice from heaven stayed the dart
 That pierced Messiah's bleeding heart !

THE CONVERSION OF SAUL.

Saul, the furious chief who led
 The persecuting bands,
 Against the hated Nazarenes,
 At home and foreign lands.

Had helped to strike with mad'ning zeal,
 The holy Stephen down ;
 The first of all Messiah's flock,
 To gain the martyr's crown.

'Twas Abel led the ancient line
 Of martyrs for their God ;
 The son of Barachias last,
 That honor'd way had trod.

Until the voice of him who cried :
 " The reign of Heav'n is near,"
 Was silenced by the headsman's axe ;
 In Herod's dungeon drear.

And next, his Royal Master falls ;
 They kill the Prince of Life ;
 But 'gainst the pow'r of death and hell,
 He's victor in the strife.

He leaves the grave, He leaves the earth,
 Ascends His Father's throne !
 'Twas He who in His mighty pow'r,
 The winepress trod alone !

He gave commission to the twelve ;
 The twelve obey their Lord ;
 And first to Israel's favor'd race,
 They preach the sacred word.

The hate that took the Saviour's life,
 Now on his people fall ;—
 Resolved to extirpate the sect,
 Led by the madden'd Saul.

The human tigers tasted blood !
 And nought but blood could sate
 The terrible intensity,
 Of that fierce burning hate !

Saul sack'd the dwellings of the saints,
 Imprison'd, beat and slew ;
 And then to other cities went,
 His victims to pursue.

With High Priest's mandate in his hand,
 He nears Damascus town,
 But Jesus met him ; at the sight,
 Behold him stricken down !

Christ spoke in Hebrew ; twice he called
 His vanquished foe by name ;
 That voice and visage did the work ;
 The tiger's heart grew tame,

"Who art thou, Lord ?" "I Jesus am,
 Whom thou dost persecute."
 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?"
 He said, and then was mute.

Go to the city, and when there,
 My will you'll understand ;
 He went, all blind and powerless,
 Led trembling by the hand.

O, who can tell the wond'rous thoughts,
 That through his bosom pass'd
 In those three days of anxious pray'r,
 That solemn, sacred fast !

But now good Ananias comes,
 Light both to eye and mind,
 By touch and voice were given him,
 For both of these were blind.

"Thou art a chosen vessel now,
 The saviour bids me say ;
 To bear his name to many lands,
 And now why dost thou stay ?

Arise and be baptised, and wash
 Away thy many sins.
 Born of the spirit and the wave,
 Thy life in Christ begins."

Thus Ananias speaks to Saul ;
 Behold him meekly bow ;
 Love and the spirit fill his soul,
 And mould his being now.

And 'tis his being's end and aim,
 His soul's supreme desire ;
 His great and all absorbing work,
 Of which he cannot tire ;

To tell the world that Christ had died,
 And all his pow'rs employ'd,
 To build up that one glorious faith
 That once he had destroyed.

NIAGARA FALLS.

My first visit to this greatest wonder of the Western World was in 1837, when I wrote the following in the album kept at the saloon above the spiral staircase :

THE ORIGIN OF THE FALLS.

Once upon a time, the date of which is not recorded, the three rival deities, Jupiter, Pluto and Neptune, striving to excel each other in the work of creation; Jupiter built Olympus to frighten the world with his thunder; Pluto built and set fire to Mount Ætna, and Neptune, with a dash of his trident, made the cataract of Niagara.

At a subsequent visit I wrote :

If lovers' *leaps* were now the fashion,
 As they were in days of yore,
 O what a place to drown the passion
 In Niagara's foaming roar.

Both of the above, I was informed, were copied in a book of extracts, compiled and published as taken from the Niagara Falls Album.

TO MY WIFE.

Full twenty summers, twenty winters too,
Have come and stay'd, and gone away since you
And I together stood, with hand in hand,
While round us was entwined the marriage band,
Since then we've lived together, and the troth
That day we plighted has been kept by both.
I think that we might claim the marriage laurel,
In twenty years we've had no scold or quarrel.
Before our marriage I had read a letter
To one just joined to other half, the better,
'Twas from an ancient friend, both old and wise,
Who gave this sage and excellent advice,
He said : " Beware of quarrel number *one*,
For quarrel *two* can't come if this be done."
And I resolved that no beginning strife
Should ever rise between us, my- dear wife.
I from this resolution did not vary,
And I was helped to keep it by *you*, Mary ;
And my sure trust is, till our glass is run,
We'll never have the quarrel number one.

THE WEATHER.

The weather is cold,
The weather is warm,
The weather is calm,
The weather's in storm.

The weather is rough,
The weather is mild,
The weather is pleasant,
The weather is wild.

The weather is coarse,
The weather is fine,
The weather is harsh,
The weather's benign.

The weather is rainy,
The weather is snowy,
The weather is still,
The weather is blowy.

The weather is fearful,
The weather's delightful,

The weather is pleasant,
The weather is frightful.

The weather is gloomy,
The weather is splendid,
The weather is bad,
The weather is mended.

The weather is foul,
The weather is clear,
The weather is balmy,
The weather's severe.

The weather is grand,
The weather is mean,
The weather is fitful,
The weather's serene.

The weather is steady,
The weather is boist'rous,
The weather is peaceful,
The weather is roist'rous.

It takes all these adjectives,
All put together,
To tell what the people
All think of the weather.

MR. TIPPLE-NONE.

Mr. Tipple-a-little, Tipple-more,
 And Mr. Tipple-none
 Began to talk together once,
 Thus did their language run :

Said Tipple-a-little to Tipple-none,
 " My dearest sir, I think
 'Tis wrong to banish from the land
 All but teetotal drink.

" Because a little spirit's good
 When'er the flesh is weak,
 But then, to drink too much is wrong,
 'Tis not for that I speak.

" But when one's *wet*, or when one's *dry*,
 Or when one's *cold*, or when
 One's not exactly one of these,
 I like a little then."

" That's just the thing," quoth Tipple-much,
 Rising from where he sat,
 And trying to balance as he walked,
 " That's right, I'll stick to that !

" But then, to drink *too much*, why that,
 Why that I would despise."
 " That's right, that's right ;" quoth Tipple-more,
 Who look'd more drunk than wise.

" That's just the talk I like," quoth he,
 " Come, brother, join our band,
 We'll take another glass on that,"
 And seized him by the hand.

With blood-shot eyes and ragged clothes,
 Came then poor Tipple-all.
 To join his brothers at the bar,
 And for the liquor call.

" Is Tipple-a-little then your friend ?"
 Good Tipple-none replied ;
 " You see how all these Tipples range
 Themselves upon your side."

'Tis right they should, for one by one,
 From grade to grade you fall,
 Thus Tipple-a-little, comes at last,
 To be poor *Tipple-all*.

Yet each approves your arguments ;
 All say, " Don't drink too much ;"
 And every lane in Drunkendom
 Is crowded full of such.

So let me caution all of you,
 And counsel every one,
 To take the only way that's safe,
 And that is Tipple-none.

THE DEATH OF AARON.

The death of Aaron, on Mount Hor, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of Numbers, has never been excelled in mournful sublimity, excepting by the death of him who was made a High Priest after the order of Melchisedek. The author had intended to turn the description of the death of Aaron into rhyme, and in the Fall of 1848 having, when some twelve miles from home, lost his way at night, in the woods of the Township of Caledon with the prospect of not getting home till morning, to occupy his mind he commenced the following verses, which were prevented from being finished at the time by his getting out of the woods through the assistance of some late travellers, who were passing near on horseback.

Who are those venerable men,
 With solemn steps and slow,
 Advancing t'ward yon mountain top,
 With visages of woe.

The one is Israel's prophet—one
 Is God's anointed priest,
 Condemned to lose his robes and die—
 His ministry has ceased.

'Tis God who pass'd the sentence, and
 His garments one by one,
 Are taken by his brother's hand,
 And placed upon his son.

The mitre and the girdle too,
 All curious to behold,
 The ephod and the breastplate, all
 So rich with gems and gold.

He is disrobed of all, and then
 In sight of Israel's host,
 Their first high priest sinks prostrate down
 And yields th' unwilling ghost,

In all the strength of intellect,
 In venerable prime!
 Because he disobeyed—no less
 Could expiate his crime.

DEATH OF MOSES.

Who is that venerable man
In years and wisdom grown,
Advancing up yon mountain top,
All singly and alone.

With eye undimmed he looks around
On yonder goodly land,
Whilst at the mountain's base is seen
The Jordan's winding strand.

'Twas he, some forty years ago,
With Aaron's living rod,
Had hurl'd on Egypt's haughty land
The vengeance of his God.

'Twas he who stay'd on Sinia's top
With Israel's God alone;
Who gave to him the holy law,
His finger graved on stone.

'Twas he who late on Hor's dread mount
Had seen his brother die
And now he stands on Nebo's top,
But has no brother nigh.

For he, at thirsty Miraba,
 With Aaron, disobey'd,
 And now must die, tho' for reprieve
 All earnestly he pray'd.

Once when a babe, a princess saved
 Him from the drowning wave ;
 Now God's own hand has given him
 An unknown, lonely grave.

No man knew where, but Satan knew,
 And seized him in that hour,
 "The Lord rebuke thee," Michael said,
 And broke his hellish pow'r.

The Lord rebuked him, and no more
 To Moses' grave he came ;
 The haughty fiend abash'd drew back
 At that Eternal name.

AN EPIGRAM.

They quarrel'd loud and long,
 And the quarrel is not done,
 All but themselves admit
 It was foolishly begun.

They call'd each other names,
Which their parents never gave,
They bandied such as these :
Liar, scoundral, cheat and knave.

Each said his case was *just*,
In this they'r wrong and quite,
Each said the other *lied*,
And in this they *both* were right.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER.

The author of this immortal doggerel, I presume, has long been unknown, although everybody has it by heart, and everybody uses it every now and then, because it is something that the world cannot do without, but I cannot see why the calender should have been so arranged as to require it.

Why not have given 31 days each to the first five months, January, February, March, April and May, which would make 155 days, and 30 each to the other seven, which would make up the 365, and then for leap year give June, the sixth month, 31, which would make 366. This would have simpli-

fied the matter so as to require scarcely any effort of memory to retain the number of days for each month.

The rhyme then might be reduced to a single couplet :

Last seven have thirty, first five, thirty-one,
But in leap-year bright June has another day's run.

NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Having observed that many have difficulty in finding passages referred to in the books of the Old Testament, from not knowing the order in which the books occur, I have, to assist such, put the list in rhyme, which, if committed to memory, will obviate the difficulty.

Genesis and Exodus, Leviticus in truth,
Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth,
Then First and Second Samuel, and First and
Second Kings,
And First and Second Chronicles, in order Ezra
brings ;

Then Nehemiah, Esther, Job, brings the Psalms
 along,
 Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Solomon's sweet song,
 Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations follow then,
 Ezekiel and Daniel and Hosea, holy men;
 Next Joel then, and Amos, and the prophet
 Obadiah,
 Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah,
 Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi, the last,
 And no more the spirit speaks till the Jewish age
 is past.

THE CREATION.

The following was written by request, for Sunday School
 Scholars to commit to memory.

In the beginning God created all
 The heavens and the earth—the murky pall
 Of darkness covers them—"Let there be light,"
 At once it flashed through dark primeval night.

And let there be a firmament, to keep
 Waters from waters, vapour from the deep—
 A firmament there was, God called it Heaven;
 This closed the day, 'twas *second* of the seven.

Let seas be gathered ; let the land appear ;
 Let herbage clothe the land ; the forests rear
 Their leafy summits : At Jehovah's word
 'Twas so—'twas done ; this ended day the *third*.

Let there be lights in the expanse of heaven—
 At once two lights unto the earth were given ;
 The night and day all brightly ruling o'er,
 And then closed in the evening number *four*.

Let waters bring forth swarms of living things ;
 Let birds fly through the air on-buoyant wings :
 With these the air and seas are now alive—
 This ends the day that then was numbered *five*.

Let earth bring forth the living beasts, and all
 Of every kind, that run, or creep, or crawl—
 The earth obeyed. To finish then, his plan,
 In his own image, God created man.

To rule the earth, the beasts, the fish, the birds.
 "Rule and subdue, and multiply"—these words
 By God were said, man's destiny to fix—
 God's work is done—the day was numbered *six*.

God rested then upon his throne in Heaven ;
 He blessed the day, and it was numbered *seven* ;
 The Sabbath thus was made, and made for man—
 Prepared for him, before his toil began.

THE LOVE OF ALCESTUS.

Admetus, king of Cicily, was told
 That when his name was with the dead enroll'd;
 The Fates would let him live, if he could find
 Some one to take his place and die resigned.

The fated time arrived, Admetus sought
 To find a substitute, none could be bought;
 All fond of life, and all afraid of death,
 To save his king, no friend would yield his
 breath—

Perhaps a parent, both mere old and frail,
 To save a son will enter death's dark vale—
 They cling to life as miser does to gold,
 Not less because theirs is a feeble hold,
 With sad dismay did doom'd Admetus wait
 The fixed and fearful moment of his fate.
 But see Alcestus, his beloved Queen,
 (Love conquers all) with calm and royal mien,
 To save her lord, gives up her own young life,
 All honor to the name of this true wife.
 Fav'ring fortune, at this time did bring
 Hercules to see his friend, the king;

The champion saw the sorrow of the state,
 That sadly mourned the queen's untimely fate.
 He learned the cause and vowed "I back will bring
 This martyr to her people and her king;"
 He went unto her tomb, and met with death,
 He seized and forced him to give back her breath.
 Brought her in triumph to her royal home,
 The wond'ring people greet them as they come,
 Now past and gone is all despair and sadness,
 Replaced by hope, by gratitude and gladness.
 And who can hear without a deep emotion,
 The story of this wife's intense devotion,
 "Who leaves a name to come to future times,
 Linked with one glorious virtue," and no crimes.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. McKEEVER

AN EMINENT PREACHER OF PLEASANT HILL, PENN.

Thou art gone from this world to the world of the
 dead,
 To the bosom of Abram the angels have led
 Thy spirit, all ripe for the glorious rest
 Prepared by the Lord as a home for the blest.
 Abel, the right'ous, was first to essay,
 By the guidance of angels, the wonderful way

That so oft has been trodden by saints of the Lord,
Who died in the faith of His glorious word.

We mourn thy departure, so sudden, so soon,
Before thy bright day had scarce risen to noon ;
We must bow to His will, who in manhood's young
prime,

Has summoned our brother to heaven's blest
clime.

We can scarce realize it, that hushed is that voice.

That bade sinners tremble and christians rejoice,

That the face so familiar, the teacher so loved,

Has been from his people for ever removed—

That the mind so replete with the choicest of lore,

Will pour out its streams of refreshing no more,

That the heart so benignant, so faithful, so kind,

In the grave, in the darkness of death is confined,

We mourn, but our sorrow is gilded by hope,

We're not left like the heathen, in darkness to grope.

We know they who slumber in Jesus he'll bring,

All crowned and enthroned with their glorious King.

Let us follow their way, as the holy word saith,

Who inherit the promise through patience and
faith,

That minist'ring spirits may lend us their hand

To lead from the grave to the heavenly land,

QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY EXCURSION.

As I have my pen and paper, I will make a little
song,

To tell about this pleasure trip, just as we go
along ;

It is a pleasant day, as many there have been,
And 'tis the nation's holiday, the birth-day of the
Queen.

The people old and older, the young and younger
too,

Came crowding down along the wharf, and many
"a how d'ye do "

'Tween friends and neighbours were exchanged ;
from youths and maidens fair,

All seeking health and happiness out in the breezy
air,

The time was 2 P.M., the people had their food,
To fast upon a pleasure trip most people think
not good,

We sailed along the river, the river joins the bay,
And pleasant is the scenery on such a pleasant
day.

The belles and beaux are always here on such a
time as this,

Who hope their single blessedness to change for
double bliss ;

Now on the east is *poor* Cape *Rich*, on west Cape
Commodore,

Twelve miles apart if measured by a line from
shore to shore ;

These form the *lips* of our good bay, its *mouth* lies
in between,

And on each side the forest towers in early vernal
green.

See now, we round Cape Commodore, while all
upon the right

Are Griffith's, Bay, and White Cloud Isles, and all
at once in sight ;

We're now in Colpoy's lovely Bay, a charming
sheet of water ;

We came pursuing pleasure here, and all no doubt
have caught her ;

Some keep her in their heart and eyes, some put
her in their slippers,

As to the fiddle's lively tunes they nimbly lift their
skippers.

fied the matter so as to require scarcely any effort of memory to retain the number of days for each month.

The rhyme then might be reduced to a single couplet :

Last seven have thirty, first five, thirty-one,
But in leap-year bright June has another day's run.

NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Having observed that many have difficulty in finding passages referred to in the books of the Old Testament, from not knowing the order in which the books occur, I have, to assist such, put the list in rhyme, which, if committed to memory, will obviate the difficulty.

Genesis and Exodus, Leviticus in truth,
Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth,
Then First and Second Samuel, and First and
Second Kings,
And First and Second Chronicles, in order Ezra
brings ;

Then Nehemiah, Esther, Job, brings the Psalms
 along,
 Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Solomon's sweet song,
 Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations follow then,
 Ezekiel and Daniel and Hosea, holy men ;
 Next Joel then, and Amos, and the prophet
 Obadiah,
 Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah,
 Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi, the last,
 And no more the spirit speaks till the Jewish age
 is past.

THE CREATION.

The following was written by request, for Sunday School
 Scholars to commit to memory.

In the beginning God created all
 The heavens and the earth—the murky pall
 Of darkness covers them—"Let there be light,"
 At once it flashed through dark primeval night.

And let there be a firmament, to keep
 Waters from waters, vapour from the deep—
 A firmament there was, God called it Heaven ;
 This closed the day, 'twas *second* of the seven.

Let seas be gathered ; let the land appear ;
 Let herbage clothe the land ; the forests rear
 Their leafy summits : At Jehovah's word
 'Twas so—'twas done ; this ended day the *third*.

Let there be lights in the expanse of heaven—
 At once two lights unto the earth were given ;
 The night and day all brightly ruling o'er,
 And then closed in the evening number *four*.

Let waters bring forth swarms of living things ;
 Let birds fly through the air on buoyant wings :
 With these the air and seas are now alive—
 This ends the day that then was numbered *five*.

Let earth bring forth the living beasts, and all
 Of every kind, that run, or creep, or crawl—
 The earth obeyed. To finish then, his plan,
 In his own image, God created man.

To rule the earth, the beasts, the fish, the birds.
 "Rule and subdue, and multiply"—these words
 By God were said, man's destiny to fix—
 God's work is done—the day was numbered *six*.

God rested then upon his throne in Heaven ;
 He blessed the day, and it was numbered *seven* ;
 The Sabbath thus was made, and made for man—
 Prepared for him, before his toil began.

THE LOVE OF ALCESTUS.

Admetus, king of Cicily, was told
 That when his name was with the dead enroll'd,
 The Fates would let him live, if he could find
 Some one to take his place and die resigned.

The fated time arrived, Admetus sought
 To find a substitute, none could be bought;
 All fond of life, and all afraid of death,
 To save his king, no friend would yield his
 breath—

Perhaps a parent, both mere old and frail,
 To save a son will enter death's dark vale—
 They cling to life as miser does to gold,
 Not less because theirs is a feeble hold,
 With sad dismay did doom'd Admetus wait
 The fixed and fearful moment of his fate.
 But see Alceustus, his beloved Queen,
 (Love conquers all) with calm and royal mien,
 To save her lord, gives up her own young life,
 All honor to the name of this true wife.
 Fav'ring fortune, at this time did bring
 Hercules to see his friend, the king;

Be ready, then, be ready,
 Is the kind and solemn call;
 Be ready, O be ready,
 The Saviour says to all.

G O D .

That God is omnipresent who could know
 Excepting God? And He has said 'tis so.
 That God's omnipotent no mind could reach
 Excepting God's, and therefore could not teach.
 That God's all knowing who could know but He?
 Who else proclaim his own eternity?
 And who could say but He who soars above
 All in the universe, that God is love?
 Then no mere man could ever reach the thought,
 The grandest e'er from earth to heaven brought,
 That God exists. Jehovah! the I AM!
 The Father! Holy Spirit! and The Lamb!
 Who reigns upon a universal throne.
 This is the Christian's God, by God made known,
 Who fills all space with His unseen immensity,
 But reigns in Heaven with visible intensity.
 How true we walk by faith, and not by sight,
 Until we see as seen in Heaven's light;

Until we know, as we are also known,
 And see the Saviour on His Father's throne!
 A hope like this the love of sin must cure,
 And purify as He Himself is pure.

A HYMN.

And did the Lord of heaven and earth
 His throne of glory leave—
 Become a man by mortal birth,
 To die that we might live?

O yes! the Lord of Heaven came down,
 Appear'd on earth to save;
 And bore His Heavenly Father's frown,
 That sunk Him to the grave!

The hour and power of darkness then
 Came with terrific gloom.
 Thy noblest victim now, O Death,
 Lies low within the tomb!

The meaning of those mystic words
 Th' event does now reveal—
 Spoken in early dawn of time—
 "And thou shalt bruise his heel."

But in that early dawn of time
 The Lord God also said—
 “The woman’s coming seed shall bruise
 The subtle serpent’s head.”

The mighty Nazarite of old
 His heathen foes o’erthrew !
 But in the hour of victory
 The Conq’rer perished too !

And thus, when Satan and the grave
 Their mighty force employ’d
 To kill the hated Prince of Life,
 They were themselves destroy’d.

But soon He casts their fetters off,
 And spurns their dark controul,
 And sees in sinners justified
 The travail of His soul.

He now has risen, angels say—
 Nor trust we them alone :
 His own belov’d disciples saw
 Him mount to Heaven’s throne !

Ye everlasting doors give way—
 Your portals open wide ;
 The King of Glory now ascends
 To seek His Father’s side.

In Him the Godhead's fullness shines ;
 All power in earth and Heaven
 To our Emanuel—God with us—
 Is by the Father given.

And see ! upon His diadem,
 Engraved in living lines,
 "The Lamb of God who once was slain!"
 In gem-like glory shines.

He ever lives to intercede—
 He ever lives to save !
 With Him there is no sting in Death—
 No triumph in the grave !

In no *created* arm we trust,
 No *creature sacrifice* !
 The world's redemption ne'er was bought
 At such a worthless price !

The holiest creature can at most
 But claim his own reward.
 Who then could save a fallen race
 But our Almighty Lord ?

LORD OF LIFE.

Lord of Life, supreme, eternal,
Bless'd Immanuel—God with us!
Who in spite of foes infernal,
Man and fiend unanimous,
Did achieve the great salvation,
Which His holy saints proclaim,
Publishing to every nation
Peace and pardon through His name.

He who gives us life undying,
Far as east is from the west—
Sins that were for vengeance crying
Takes away, and man is blest.

O what honour, thanks and blessings
Shall we give to such a friend,
Who, all wealth and power possessing,
Loves His people to the end.

Love from God His saints inherit,
Grace from Christ, who died and rose,
Fellowship, the Holy Spirit,
With His loving law bestows.

Grieve not, then, that Holy Spirit,
 Love the Father and the Son ;
 Then in heaven we'll inherit
 Mansions which the Saviour won.

ENVY NOT—A MORAL.

"Who can stand before Envy?"—*Solomon.*

"Envy pines at good possessed."—*Cowper.*

I envy Stanley Stone his wife—
 A lovely woman she ;
 O! if I had her, I would have
 A living luxury.

I envy Grey his handsome house,
 Complete from sill to tile ;
 O! if I had it I would live
 In such a handsome style.

I envy Blue his two-in-hand ;
 What horses! what a rig!
 If they were only mine I'd feel
 So gentlemanly big.

I envy Brown those costly clothes,
 His brilliant ring as well ;
 What right has he to dress so fine ?
 The proud, conceited swell !

I envy Black his eloquence.
 How he can plead a cause !
 If I had such a tongue as his
 I'd live upon applause !

I envy Green that wondrous voice.
 Zounds ! how the fellow sings !
 If I had such a voice as his
 I'd prouder be than kings.

I envy White his fine estate.
 What timber and what grounds !
 If I had it I would not sell
 For fifty thousand pounds.

But most I envy Smith, who late
 Was out at knee and heel ;
 But now he's climb'd to Fortune's height
 On Fortune's partial wheel.

Thus did unto his envious heart
 The fool soliloquize ;
 Wish'd what he hadn't—what he had
 He never learn'd to prize.

No one should envy any one
 Till this condition's had—
 Consent to change in ev'rything—
 To take the good and bad.

Where is the man with whom you'd change—
 Give self for other self?
 You do not envy White his gout—
 You only wish his pelf.

You envy Black his well-earn'd fame,
 But then you would recoil
 From gaining it as he has done,
 By wearing, wasting toil.

Then cease to envy; but if still
 You are on envy bent,
 Go envy him who always is
 In ev'ry state *content*.

And soon you'll cease to envy him,
 And learn to emulate;
 For envy leads, if cherished, soon
 To misery and hate.

THE SYMBOLICAL HEAD.

In 1846 the author addressed the following letter to Mr. L. M. Fowler, of New York, and received a reply from his partner, Mr. Wells, saying that Mr. Fowler was much pleased with the verses, which he would make use of the first opportunity, and send the author some copies of the book containing them :

SIR,—Some months ago I saw for the first time your Synopsis of Phrenology and Physiology, and I was particularly pleased with the arrangement and illustration of the faculties in the Symbolical Head; and wishing to make myself familiarly acquainted with the location of the various organs, I thought my memory would be assisted by a poetical description, and I wrote the following. I showed it to some friends, who said that it might be useful also to others, and might be printed with advantage in connection with the Synopsis, in another edition. If you, Sir, should be of the same opinion, the verses are at your service, and I shall feel obliged by your sending me a few copies.

Low in the occiput is fond amativeness,
 With nursing, pairing, fighting, and vitativeness;
 O'er these is friendship, near the love of home;
 That's near where thoughts are not allowed to roam.

Next love of praise and lordly self-esteem ;
 That's near where justice holds the equal beam.
 O'er this is firmness, with determined will—
 Sublimity below does all the organ fill ;
 By caution backward flank'd, and at its base
 Your secrets find secure a resting-place.
 Below sublimity is love of gold,
 Based by good eating and wolf in the fold ;
 The last is fitting emblem of destructiveness.
 Pass love of gold and then you meet construc-
 tiveness.

Below is tune ; above, in robes of light,
 Is love of all that's beautiful and bright ;
 And o'er the last blest hope all joyous seems,
 Near faith in fictions, wonders, ghosts and dreams.
 O'er these is veneration, placed on high,
 And see, the good Samaritan is nigh ;
 He there benevolence personifies,
 Above the youth that imitation tries ;
 And these upon agreeableness lean,
 That points to mirthfulness, of laughing mien.
 Then time, the guide of tune, is under fun.
 In front of time is organ thirty-one,
 Locality 'tis called ; below is size,
 And weight, that does with nice discernment poise ;
 Then colour, with each various hue and shade ;
 Next order, has each nice arrangement made ;

And this quite seemly in a near relation
Is joining close on kindred calculation.

The base of weight and size, within the eye,
Is language, and distinctly form is nigh ;
Ind'viduality above the nose,
To single out each diff'ring object chose.
O'er this is memory, with facts well stored,
Increasing always her promiscuous hoard.
Above, profound causality is seen,
And last is shrewd comparison between.
These two, when large, assert a wide domain,
And jointly over all the organs reign.
Thus by these various faculties you see
That God's the Author of Phrenology.

MY SHANTY.

In 1848 the author had a Government contract for opening a road through the Melancthon Swamp, in which he made nearly five miles of corduroy, requiring some 30,000 logs, giving a waggon in passing over it, counting both front and hind wheels, some 60,000 jolts. In writing to his wife at the time he sent the following description of his first shanty :

It is kitchen, and cook-house, and carpenter-shop,
 So we've plenty of shavings and plenty of slop ;
 It's a store-room, and dressing-room, eating-room
 then,

It's a sleeping-room, too, for two dozen of men.
 There's a hole in the roof, and below it we keep,
 For cooking and warming, a blazing log heap.
 Our window's a skylight—but then there's no glass,
 Because it's through it that the smoke has to pass.
 Not a wife, or a mother, a sister, or auntie,
 Has ever been yet within miles of our shanty ;
 And as there's no women amongst us at all
 I'm inclined to believe this is Bachelor's Hall.
 We have clapboards for roof and the ground for a
 floor,

And the house is eighteen by just twenty and four.
 No wife there's to please, nor a baby to hush,
 And I sleep in the corner on dry hemlock brush.

Some two hours before day, when the watch points
 to four,

Ev'ry one in the shanty must finish his snore.
 The firemen and teamsters, the choppers and cook,
 Midst stretching and yawning, turn out like a
 book.

The fire is renewed, for it never goes out ;
 Our kettle's a pot, without cover or spout.

Beef, potatoes and bannocks are placed on the table;

Each appetite holds out as long as it's able.

And just as we see without candle or lamp,

The hands are all ready to enter the swamp,

Where oxen and horses, men, bosses and boys,

Are tugging away at our log corduroys.

TO CATCH A THIEF.

AN OLD STORY TOLD NOW IN RHYME.

Some travellers and loafers met together

Within a bar-room, in some kind of weather:

They talk and sing, the jest all gaily passes,

Help'd on by sundry rounds of emptied glasses;

When one cried out—dismay was in his look—

“Some one of you has filch'd my pocket book!”

All seem'd astonished, and *each* one denied;

“Some one has got it,” the poor man replied.

Another man came in; to him in brief

They told the thing; said he, “I'll find the thief!

Just bring a rooster and an old brass kettle.”

He put the rooster in below the metal:

“Put out the lights. Now, each of you must go

And touch the kettle: if the rooster crow

When any touch it, he's the very stealer ;
 Come, at it now—each man put out his feeler !"
 All *said* they touched it—yet the cock was mute.
 " Bring lights and show your hands !" All show'd
 the soot

Upon their fingers. One tho' show'd them not.
 He was the thief, and feared to *touch* the pot.
 Those clean from theft had dirty fingers left,
 His, clean from soot, were dirtied by the theft ;
 His pockets searched, the pocket book was found,
 And then by constable was sent to pound.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

Thoughts that fall like summer rain,
 Rising into flowers again,
 Soft as gentle maiden sighs,
 Bright as stars in midnight skies,
 Or the spangles on the snow,
 In the frosty morning's glow :
 All such thoughts as these, and others,
 Gather'd are by rhyming brothers ;
 Cull'd with nice poetic care,
 As an off'ring to the fair,
 By friendship, flattery, or love.
 Angel, houri, peri, dove—

All such pretty appellations,
 Given all to lady nations,
 Which they pleasantly receive,
 All quite willing to believe.
 Within their handsome album's pages
 Garner'd these, as such the rage is,
 As mementos of the past,
 When years of youth behind are cast.
 Good wishes I would simply give;
 Peaceful to die—to happy live.
 No doubt you wish to be a bride—
 I wish your wish—that side by side
 With one that's husband, lover, friend,
 Your life may pass until the end.
 Such blessings may kind heaven send!

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM IN
 TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1840.

BY REQUEST.

I fain would twine a wreath of flowers,
 Bedeck'd with gems of thought,
 Bright as the dew in morning hours
 By golden sunbeams sought.

Throughout the wide expanse of mind
 My wish would wander o'er,
 To cull a wreath by fancy twined
 That ne'er was twined before.

But wishes are no flow'ry wreath—
 They give no golden wing
 To leave the dull cold earth beneath
 And soar where seraphs sing—

Where flow'rs of bright perennial hues
 In bow'rs of Eden bloom—
 Where the vibrations of the muse
 Shake out a rich perfume.

And as, fair friend, I cannot twine
 The wreath desired by thee,
 Upon thine album's page to bloom,
 Be this my apology.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Lie in bed in the morn, tho' the weather is fine,
 Until half after eight, or, if drowsy, till nine ;
 Then dress in a hurry, as time flies apace,
 Don't trouble yourselves to wash fingers or face ;

Leave your beds all unmade until bedtime at night,

But keep your doors shut, though, to keep them from sight;

When you've washed last night's dishes, for breakfast you can

Just use them, and then put them all in a pan,

And let them remain with a great many more—

Dirty dishes and pots on the table and floor—

Till you're wanting to use them, then all in a hurry

Make dishes and disheleth fly round in a flurry.

After breakfast go milk, but first wash the pail,

For the froth of last milking has got rather stale;

And then, as of time you would fain be a gainer,

When you've milk'd, put on water to wash out the strainer.

As they're scattered and foul, (if you have it on hand)

Put on enough water to wash out the pans;

But if not convenient don't be over nice,

Because the last washing may do for them twice;

And then, by-and-by, as it comes to its turn,

When you just want to use it, go wash out the churn;

While the cream is dash'd up on the lid, as it
 lingers,
 Let the young ones around lick it off from their
 fingers ;
 But while they do this, though, good nature sup-
 poses
 You'll pay some attention, at least, to their noses !
 When darkness has closed all the house in its
 folds
 Go search for the tallow, the wick, and the
 moulds,
 To make the night's candles ; your husband, poor
 fool !
 May stay in the dark till the candles are cool.
 And till they are cold, as you can't use your
 peepers,
 Just think on these few hasty hints to house-
 keepers.

RURAL MUSIC.

Cackle, cackle, cackle, bow, wow, wow,
 Squeak, squeak, squeak, mew, mew, mew,
 Bleat, bleat, bleat, and roar, roar, roar,
 Such the rural music round the farmer's cottage
 door.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, peep, peep, peep,
Crow, crow, crow, to wake us up from sleep ;
Whir, whir, whir, upon the threshing floor,
Such the rural music round the barn and stable
door.

Quack. quack, quack, neigh, neigh, neigh,
Gobble, gobble, gobble, bray, bray, bray,
Grunt, grunt, grunt, as it was of yore,
Such the rural music round the farmer's cottage
door.

Laugh, laugh, laugh, prattle, prattle, prattle,
Jump, jump, jump, rattle, rattle, rattle,
Boys and girls a-romping round the kitchen floor,
Health there is, and plenty, round the farmer's
cottage door.

Plough, plough, plough, sow, sow, sow,
Reap, reap, reap, mow, mow, mow,
Work, work, work—his fathers did before—
There's labour but there's pleasure all within his
cottage door.

MR. JOHN CAREY.

In the winter of 1840, which I spent mostly in Toronto, I often met with the well-known Mr. John Carey. Excepting the government *Gazette*, he published the first newspaper in Toronto, or Little York. It was called the *Observer*, started in 1819, and it was the first paper I ever read. He was a man of considerable ability, large in stature, blunt in speech, and the fearless defender of what he looked upon as the right side in politics, and also of the injured or oppressed. He was Irish, and had Irish wit. He was one of the first who reported the speeches of the House. He was met one morning by a member, who said—"Mr. Carey, why did you publish that speech in your paper, saying that I had made it, when you know I did not deliver a word of it?" "Yes," replied Carey, "I know that, but you *ought* to have done it."

The observations of the *Observer* soon came to a close, as they did not please "the powers that be," and the pay from popular support was then rather poor. In 1840 he again seated himself in the

editorial chair, when he established the *Globe*—not the *Globe* of the present era. Before he commenced it he proposed that I should join him in its publication. This being declined, he commenced it alone, but for want of that which is said “to answer all things,” the *Globe*, like the *Observer*, soon left its orbit.

Mr. Carey came to my hotel one evening in 1840, and said—“I am lame in my shoulder from a fall. I wish you would come to my lodgings and assist me to write out the Parliamentary reports from my notes.” I said “I will go;” and he observed, “I will introduce you to a young lady, one of the best singers in Canada.” I would have gone, of course, to oblige him; but as thirty years ago I was thirty years younger than I am now, and single at that, those who are now or have been young men will understand that this was an additional inducement.

Mr. C. lodged with a lady, Mrs. O., the widow of a Canadian ship captain, and Miss H., the singer in question, lived in rooms adjoining, with her mother, the widow of a British officer. When we went into the house, Carey said to the daughter of his hostess—“Go and ask Miss H. if she will come and take tea with us.” She returned, saying that Miss H.’s mother could not spare her

that evening. At this we were both disappointed. I may explain that each family had a front entrance, but there was an unopened door between the two premises, and through this we could distinctly hear Miss H., when she began, a few minutes after, to sing. When she stopped, Carey said in a loud voice—"Miss H., give us 'Home, Sweet Home.'" She began, and I said—"I never heard a nightingale, but I think it must be something like that." He made some reply. Miss H. stopped and said—"Mr. Carey, you are a pretty man! You ask me to sing, and now you're talking!" He replied—"There is a gentleman here, a poet, who says you sing like a nightingale." I then said to him—"As you have spoken of me as a poet, I had better write a couple of verses, complimenting her singing." "Do," said he, "and I will send them round." I wrote:

Thy voice is soft and musical,
 You sing with witching grace;
 But 'twould be still more beautiful
 If we could see thy face.

Whene'er we hear an angel's voice
 She also should be seen.
 'Tis hard to have an envious door,
 And plaster'd wall between.

They were sent round, and soon after Carey went himself to try and prevail with Mrs. H. to let her daughter come. He did not succeed, and felt rather mortified, but said on his return—"You had better write a couple more verses, regretting that she does not come, but commending her for her obedience to her mother." I wrote :

It seems the songster cannot grant
The wish my verse express'd,
Because thy mother answer'd No,
Though Mr. Carey press'd.

'Tis well to heed thy mother's voice,
Tho' us she did deny.
Some other time, perchance, we'll hear
Thy voice of melody.

These verses were also sent round. I saw her for a moment that night upon the landing, when I was introduced, but I never happened to meet her again. I was told by another young lady, a short time after, that she met her at a party, and she had the verses with her.

The last time I saw Mr. Carey was about 18 years ago. The stage stopped at Springfield, where he was living then. It was at the time when the Government had gone out of office, and

there appeared to be a dead lock, and no one seemed for the time to be able to form a ministry. Mr. Carey came to the door of the stage and said, in his usual blunt way—"Are you going to town to help to form a Government?" He was not very well at the time, and he died some two weeks after.

THE OWEN SOUND COUNCIL FOR 1859.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE "COMET."

Our town has given the powers of legislation
 To ten, with *each a diff'rent occupation* ;
 A merchant one, and one an ex-distiller,
 A cooper one, and one a fat beef killer ;
 One levies executions, one makes writs,
 One makes a bureau, one a shoe that fits ;
 One is a joiner, one a steamboat boss,
 All pledged to save our interests from loss.
 Just three believe the methodistic creed,
 Two think that England's royal church should
 lead ;
 Four think the Presbyterians are right,
 And one rejoices in the Baptist light.

One Irish and one Scotch, two English, and
 The rest are natives of this favour'd land.
 I've told their callings, countries, and their creeds,
 'Tis yet too soon to prate about their deeds.
 Time's tongue will tell, and so perhaps will mine,
 If right or wrong, their deeds for fifty-nine ;
 I'd rather praise than blame, the last I'll do,
 Tho' 'gainst my will if praise would not be due.

IMPROMPTU—AT HAMILTON.

I was at a Musical Concert given by Professor Clark in Hamilton in 1840. He accompanied himself on the piano. It was the first concert of the kind I had ever attended. Among other pieces Mr. Clark sang a very popular song describing a "Storm at Sea." When he had finished I rose and said :

We ne'er feel till we hear such wild melody roll,
 That the ear is related so close to the soul,
 But they who would doubt it need only to hark
 To a musical storm of the ocean by Clark !

After the *music* of hands and feet, which followed this, had subsided, the Professor said : " As the gentleman is so well pleased with the song, I will sing it again." This was to me, of course, as gratifying as unexpected. And it is the only instance I have known of a public performer giving a *voluntary* encore.

IMPROMPTU—AT OWEN SOUND.

In January, 1859, there was a Concert at the Court House, Owen Sound, for the purpose of raising money to aid three unfortunate widows, whose husbands had all died suddenly some time before. The following is from the Owen Sound *Comet*.

“At the close of one of the pieces, which was sung in a very effective manner, and on which the audience hung with breathless attention, Mr. W. A. Stephens arose from the midst of the crowd and electrified us by the recital of the following impromptu”:

Mrs. Parker, and Spencer, and Armstrong and
Vick,
And Miss Woolrich, their songs make our pulses
beat quick!
Mrs. Spencer and Hastie, Garvie, Armstrong and
Gale,
Hunter, Brodie and Boardman, their efforts don't
fail.
The heart's in our ears, as their music comes o'er
us,
How sweet is each solo, how grand is the chorus!

We could listen all night—when the last piece is
o'er,

We still could call out for another *encore* !
But the best of it is that each musical voice
Bids the heart of the widow and orphan rejoice.

The choir recovered themselves, and with renewed heart
seemed to enter into the " Spirit of their Song."

IMPROMPTU—AT MEAFORD.

Some years ago, several concerts were given in this part of
the County, for the purpose of aiding in the erection or
completion of Church Buildings.

I attended one at Meaford. About the close of the pro-
gramme, I rose and repeated what I had just composed
for the occasion.

'Tis said Apollo, the old heathen boy,
By his good harp built up the walls of Troy ;
That stone and mortar in their dancing paces
All leap'd and splash'd into their several places.
Perhaps he gave some concerts, grave or funny,
And by the tickets made large sums of money.
While others built the walls, he paid them for it,
And thus with music built each tower and turret.
And thus we moderns his example follow,
And try to build with music like Apollo.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

FROM THE OWEN SOUND "TIMES," JULY 19TH, 1861.

The following lines were written by Mr. W. A. Stephens on the 12th instant, and read the same day during a speech, referred to above, by Ogle R. Gowan, at Owen Sound. Mr. Stephens is not an Orangeman, but wishes to promote between Orangemen and Catholics a more friendly feeling than at present exists.

By martial music stirr'd,
Thro' hill and valley heard,
Our Lodges come.
Stern memories of old,
Of sires for freedom bold,
When blood in torrents roll'd
At beat of drum.

Come from the father land,
And felt thro' all our band,
Our bosoms swell—
Arm'd with their high intent,
With truth and valour blent—
If call'd on by the event,
Our deeds will tell.

Like our illustrious sires,
We have the heart that fires
 In freedom's cause.
And let it now be seen
In word, and act, and mien,
That while we love our Queen
 We'll guard the laws.

And let us cast away,—
Unworthy of the day,—
 All hate to those
Who differ in their creed :
Let kindness take the lead,
And show by word and deed
 We are not foes.

In harmony is seen
The *orange* and the *green*,
 In field and bower.
Then let us look above
For motives that may move,
And over all, let love
 Exert her power !

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S
ALBUM.

Sweet, sweet, are the flow'rs of earth,
And bright are the stars of even,
And bright is the hour of the rainbow's birth,
As it spans the arch of heaven.

And the soul will thrill, as with kindling eyes
We on their glories gaze,
Upon the flow'ret's varied dies,
And on the starry blaze.

But O ! there's a deeper feeling far,
That doth the spirit warm,
When the bloom of the flow'r and beam of the star
Is seen in *woman's form* !

TO MAGGIE.

She handsome is that handsome does,
This will be true, is now, and was ;
So let this maxim be thy guide,
While thou art by thy mother's side ;

And when without her aid you tread
 The path of life, by others led,
 Still let it be thy rule of life,
 When pleasure smiles or cares are rife :
 She handsome is that handsome does,
 Which will be true, is now, and W. A. S.*

THE BLIND PIPER AND W. A. STEPHENS.

FROM THE OWEN SOUND "TIMES."

MR. EDITOR,—While at dinner at the Railroad House yesterday, I observed two gentlemen coming in, the eldest seemingly about 40, with a full and genial countenance, but he was blind. His companion was, as I afterwards learned, his brother, and, so far as he could, gave him the use of his own eyes.

In the evening I was told that Ferguson, the celebrated Irish piper, was to give a concert in the Town Hall. As I had never heard the Irish pipes, I resolved to go. The house was pretty well filled. When the musician came in, I saw it was the blind man I had seen at dinner. He has

* My initials make the last word in the piece.

perfect mastery of his instruments, of which he has two. He played on one until intermission, and after it was over he took the other. I do not pretend to decide as to the merits of the two, but I should think that "both are best."

Most of the melodies were Irish, and most of these were the melodies of Moore. I never saw any performer who seemed to enter so fully into the spirit of his work, and he looked at times as if body and soul were brim full of fun and music; and he sang as well as he played. There were no printed programmes. He simply announced each piece before he sang and played it.

About the middle of the first part, when he had just finished the song "A Dollar or Two," your townsman, Mr. W. A. Stephens, rose and delivered the following impromptu:

"How sweet and how mellow and clear are the strains

That come through his fingers from Ferguson's brains;

And then his rich voice is to music all true,

As he gives us the song of "'A Dollar or Two.'"

This, of course, set in motion the *soles* and the *palms* of the people, above which was heard cries of *encore*.

Mr. Ferguson's manner is to dash at once, without notice, from the mournful to the merry ; and about the middle of the second part this feature brought up Mr. Stephens again, who said :

“ How rapidly Ferguson's fingers run
From mellow and grave to farce and fun ;
And he sets the house in calm or roar
By ‘ Tara's Hall ’ and ‘ Rory O'More. ’ ”

This sally appeared to be appreciated fully as much as the first, especially by Mr. Ferguson himself, who made an attempt to reciprocate by an impromptu of his own, and then performed, for Mr. Stephens' special benefit, “ Life let us Cherish.”

I saw the performer this morning at the hotel, and I learned from him that he is a native of the County of Limerick ; that he lost his sight by cataract at the age of ten ; that he came to America when he was young ; and that it was on this continent he first took up the profession of travelling minstrel. He observed that if he could continue steadily to travel and play, he could make his fortune, but the work is so exhausting that he has always to lie by after an effort of a few weeks.—CORRESPONDENT.

Collingwood, Oct. 25, 1870.

TO MISS B——.

Pencilled while she was playing the piano. When she stopped I said—"While you have been playing I have been writing;" and I read:

How sweet to list the witching sounds
That from each stricken chord rebounds,
As a lady's fingers move along,
Waking the sweetest strains of song,
While the spirit of music seems to bring
Her treasures from out each hidden string,
To pour through the ear upon the soul,
While their soft and varied numbers roll.

The above occurred while stopping a night at the British ex-consul's, at Niagara Falls, 1844.

THE POPE INFALLIBLE.

Rome conquered the world, to rule and to *fleece*
her—

The Senate then made a god of their Cæsar—
They made him divine, and then, as in justice,
Decreed divine honors and worshipp'd Augustus.

Their example is followed by Rome, now Pontifical—

So old and so great, so rich and so mystical;
In the name, as they say, of the glorious Trinity,
The Senate of Bishops have made a divinity;

Hoping to place the world under his rod
Who sits now as God in the temple of God,
Commanding the earth to submit and come under
The power of his mighty Pontifical thunder!

And to say when he speaks, or in blessing or ban,
“’Tis the voice of a god and not of a man!”
There was one who received such applause from
a host—

He was eaten of worms and then gave up the
ghost.

This fearful example a warning I’d make
To those who such blasphemy utter or take.
High clergy were call’d from Beersheba to Dan—
And then in the hall of the great Vatican

Some four hundred *fallibles* made an *infallible*!
And the Catholic faith is so plastic and malleable,
It accepts it as true, tho’ it would not be greater
For four hundred creatures to make a Creator!

HONOUR AND FAME FROM NO CONDITION RISE.

The following poem was commenced in February, 1867,
while I was trying to cure a cold by being wrapped in
a wet sheet, and finished after I came out of it:

“Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.”

By Eve, a beggar to the king is brother,
And each one brings to earth as much as t'other;
And, when they've shuffled off this mortal coil,
Each takes away the same of earthly spoil.
The diff'rence, then, between them, it appears,
Will only last a few short mortal years.
A wise old king has very wisely said
A living dog excels a lion dead;
And no street beggar, either young or old,
With royal corse would change, though wrapped
in gold.
To geometry there is no royal road,
And there is none to Heaven's serene abode;
The good, whate'er their rank, or wealth, or age,
Will find it traced upon the holy page;

There Lazarus does to the Heavens rise,
 While scarlet clad in hell lifts up his eyes.
 One thing all take from earth, or good or bad—
 What's this? It is the character they had.
 'Tis said by Him who spake as none before,
 The rich can hardly enter at the door
 Of Heaven's kingdom. 'Tis a solemn thought,
 But who are they who feel it as they ought?
 For all are *more* than willing to essay
 The path of riches, could they find the way.
 In ev'ry age and country men abound,
 All willing in perdition to be drowned—
 Or seeming so—if they by gold can tower
 Above the crowd in prestige, pomp and power;
 Nor ask—What profit, should I gain the world,
 If I must be to sad perdition hurled?
 To lose my soul—to be a cast-away—
 The worth of this can mammon ever pay?

THE CHANGES IN MAN'S PHYSICAL IDENTITY.

It is said by physiologists, and received as true
 by the rest of the world, that in seven years every
 atom of the human body passes off and is replaced
 by other atoms, so that the body you had seven

years ago is not in any particle the same that you have now. This may be, perhaps, the reason why it takes seven years for a foreigner to be acclimated, and the reason why, in some countries, it requires seven years of residence to become naturalized before he can be allowed the privilege of citizenship—requiring thus to be kept in a sort of political quarantine, so as to remove any danger of infection by the *body politic*.

Than the Irish, no people are more given to emigration; and, for example, any one of them who migrated to France seven years ago does not possess, at the present time, a single particle

Of his Irish muscle, skin or veins,
His Irish sinews, bones or brains.

His recollections, feelings, mind, are still Irish, but his present body being made in France, is French, having been manufactured of French bread, French beef, French wine, and French frogs, &c., &c.; so that no English, Irish, or Scotchman, or any other, who has been seven years from his native country, can say, my body is English, Irish, or Scotch, &c. According to the above seven years' hypothesis, a man who has lived seventy years has had his actual physical identity changed ten times.

A LEAF FROM MY DIARY, 10TH MARCH, 1852.

I am now writing this at 10 P.M. What an immense number of persons in America are now winding up their clocks and watches, and pulling off their boots and shoes, and putting on or putting off their slippers, and pulling off their coats, and vests, and pants, and drawers, and stockings, and frocks, and gowns, and *confidential* day dresses, and their day caps, and putting on their night caps and night dresses, and putting down the blankets and sheets, and stepping into bed, to sleep and *dream* till morning. And how many dram-sellers are drawing drams for dram-drinkers. And how many are staggering home, and how many lying in the gutter, and how many are swearing and fighting, and how many poor women, with poor clothing, and poor fire, and poor light, and poorly fed, in a poor-house, with a poor broken heart, are wishing for the enactment of the Maine Law, while they are waiting up for, or shrinking from, the blows of their drunken husbands, who have made them poor, while their poor frightened children are flying from the house

for fear of their drunken fathers. And how many dram-drinkers are now writhing in the last agonies of *delirium tremens*, who have been drammed till they are literally *damned*! God only knows! And how many who are not drinkers, who have gone to bed, and are going, without praying to God, or thanking Him for His many mercies! Alas, how many!

A CANADIAN SONG.

Written when the Fenians were mustering on our frontier,
and our Volunteers were mustering to meet them.

To this muster we have come,
Our loved Canada, for you,
And our bright and happy homes we go to save;
We have met beneath the flag
Of the red, white and the blue,
So beloved by all the loyal and the brave.

Chorus.

Sing, sing, for we'll soon be marching
Off, off, if the Fenians come;
We'll dash them bravely back,
While their blood shall dye the track,
Or they shall find the felon's gloomy home.

Of the memories of old,
 Shining beacon-lights of time—
 On the great and happy islands of our sires,
 Where reigns our matchless Queen,
 With her character sublime,
 And Freedom keeps alive her holy fires.

Chorus—Sing, sing, &c.

Of our young and mighty land,
 Now just bursting into prime,
 Where the myriads of earth may find a home,
 'Neath Briton's western wing,
 In our broad and happy clime,
 Where freedom, hope and plenty bid them come.

Chorus—Sing, sing, &c.

I LOVED THEE—YES!

When a young man I was often asked to write for those who had more love than poetry in their composition. Among others I find the following. I do not remember for whom it was written :

I loved thee—yes! The magic spell
 That's in that *word* I know full well.
 I loved thee! Oh, my blighted heart!
 I love thee still. How can depart

That passion which my being shrined,
Whose fire with ev'ry feeling twined ?
I felt the bliss—I feel the woe—
And all my treasur'd hopes forego.
Thy father—that he is thy sire
Shields him from my hate and ire.
He is thy father, Marg'ret. Yes,
I cannot curse whom thou wouldst bless ;
And yet how sordid and severe
To blight the hopes I held so dear !
If I had been but fortune's child,
Then on those hopes he would have smiled,
But now farewell ! I fain would fly
From thee, from love, and agony.
I go to find a home or grave
Beyond the rolling ocean wave,
In that fair isle, the ocean's gem—
'Tis Neptune's em'rald diadem—
From which I came in early years,
Ere hope's bright dream was dimm'd with tears.
I go to fly from love and thee ;
But vain—my thoughts eternally
Will wander back to love and you ;
Remembrance will not say *adieu* !

THE PREACHER'S ADDRESS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE OWEN SOUND "TIMES."

It has been said of Bruce's Address at Bannockburn, that it is the finest war ode that has ever been written. Let this be the case or not, it has in it, as all acknowledge, the true spirit of martial poetry, and it stirs the feeling of patriotism in Scotsmen to its greatest depths. Almost all popular songs have been parodied. I have parodied this in applying it to a theme far more grand and interesting than the original or any mere national or worldly glorification. The nature of the subject required that I should leave out the Scotisms; for although we have love songs, war songs, patriotic songs, comic songs, pathetic songs, bacchanalian songs, and other songs, the emanations of genius of the highest order, I am not aware that any hymns or spiritual songs have ever been written in *braid Scotch*, and therefore the Scotch, as well as ourselves, sing the praises of God in English. Without further remark I give the following:

Saints who are by Jesus led—
 Saints for whom the Saviour bled—
 Come behold His gory bed,
 And His victory!

Now's the dread and fearful hour ;
 See the storms of darkness lower ;
 See approach proud Satan's power—
 Stripes and agony !

Who would be to sin a slave ?
 Who would fill a sinner's grave ?
 Since the Saviour died to save
 And give liberty !

From pollution's woes and pains,
 And from everlasting chains,
 He did drain His dearest veins,
 That we might be free !

Who for Heaven's King and law
 Truth's bright sword will strongly draw ?
 Christians stand or Christians fall—
 Brethren, on with me !

Lay the dread usurper low !
 Sin is man's eternal foe !
 But, since Christ will guide the blow,
 We shall conquerors be !

MOUNT SINAI AND MOUNT ZION.

Hebrews xii.

Once, guided by Moses, old Israel came,
 With the pillar of cloud and the pillar of flame ;
 They rested at Sinai—Jehovah was there !—
 But to touch the dread mountain no Israelite dare.
 God tells them in thunder what's virtue and crime,
 Whilst the terrible mingles with more than sub-
 lime.

In blackness, in darkness, in tempest, in ire,
 Jehovah is throned on the mountain of fire !
 But now let us sing in our loftiest strains,
 At Sinai no more, but at Zion He reigns !
 Not guided by Moses, but Jesus, we come,
 To th' glorious mountain, now Israel's home !
 All the first-born of Heaven, in robes bright and
 fair,
 And the angels that never have fallen, are there ;
 And God, Judge of all, and the Lamb that was
 slain,
 And the blood fiercely shed in the hour of His
 pain,

Which tells better tidings than Abel's, who led
 The way to the silent repose of the dead !
His blood call'd for vengeance. The blood of the
 Lamb

Speaks pardon and peace—to the nations a balm.
 And O ! that the world would but listen and bow
 In homage to Him who *leads* Israel now,
 And rejoice in His rule, that is over all things,
 As Lord of all lords and the Monarch of kings !

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

Behold that man of God !
 Elijah's duplicate—
 Good Zachariah's son—
 The Baptist, John the great,

Stand in that sacred stream,
 Which once, in days of old,
 Had its waters piled on heaps,
 As in holy writ 'tis told.

Saved by the unseen dam,
 On dry and pebbly road
 The hosts of Jacob passed,
 Led by the hand of God.

Through here, in after years,
 The first Elijah came,
 To mount the rushing whirlwind
 In his chariot of flame.

'Twas from its healing stream
 The great Assyrian dripp'd,
 Which carried off his leprosy
 When he seven times had dipp'd.

But now not one, but myriads,
 With moral leprosy,
 Are dipp'd by John in Jordan
 To gain remission free.

When all had been baptised
 Then comes the Nazarene :
 "I wish to be immersed."
 O ! what a wondrous scene !

The greatest human born
 Shrinks back with solemn awe !
 He felt he was not worthy
 Even off the shoes to draw

From Him who asked the rite :
 "I need that rite from thee ;"
 "We must fulfil all righteousness,
 And thus now it must be."

John hesitates no more ;
 The marvellous behest
 Obeys, and Jordan's tide
 The Son of God has press'd !

As He rises to the shore
 They see the vault of Heaven
 Brightly open, and a dove
 Pass through where it was riven.

It is the Holy Spirit,
 Never seen by man before ;
 And such a scene as this
 Again will never more

Be seen in earth or Heaven.
 The Spirit hovers down ;
 Lights on the Saviour's head.
 O ! what a wondrous crown !

A voice from Him who spake
 From Sinai's fiery crest,
 Came through the open'd vault,
 While the Spirit was at rest :

" This is my well beloved Son,"
 The Holy Father said.
 Thus here at once is heard and seen
 By man the whole Godhead !

Thus Baptism has been,
 As Jesus left the tide,
 More honor'd by our God
 Than any rite beside.

Yet some will dare to scoff
 And ridicule what He
 Has joined with faith in Christ
 To gain remission free.

A CHILD CARRIED AWAY BY AN EAGLE.

An eagle from the sky
 Swoops down upon his prey;
 He rises—in his talons
 He bears a child away!

The parents are from home—
 A girl is looking on;
 All struck with fearful horror
 She sinks down in a swoon.

She recovers—sees the bird
 Fly slowly with his freight,
 And wildly on she follows
 To save it from its fate.

In an agony of fear
She chases through a wood,
And sees the eagle stooping
Hard by a river's flood.

He lights upon the ground—
Just then she hears a shot;
The eagle, frightened, rises—
The baby he has not.

She wildly cries and runs,
For *coming back* he seems;
The hunter sees her running,
And hears her fearful screams.

He thinks not of the game
Just killed among the reeds;
He sees the bird above him,
And he fears its dark misdeeds.

He joins in loudest voice—
In haste reloads his gun;
The eagle, disconcerted,
Now flies. The field is won.

The girl the hunter reached,
And then exhausted fell
All breathless with her running—
The cause she could not tell.

Just then, an infant's cries
 Came on his wond'ring ear ;
 He started, and discovered,
 Unharm'd, the little dear.

In agony of joy
 The maiden to her breast
 Has clasped the little traveller,
 And O ! but she is blest !

The parents have returned ;
 They miss the truant pair ;
 But soon they see them coming.
 O ! what a scene is there !

The hunter, too, is with them—
 The wondrous tale is told ;
 And with all love's intensity
 The babe they did enfold

Within their arms. Who knows
 The terror and the joy
 That thrill'd through ev'ry fibre
 As they gazed upon their boy ?

'Twas Christmas, and it was
 Most joyous day of life,
 So happy were the *trio*—
 That maiden, man and wife !

The above incident occurred on Christmas, 1868, in one of the American States, and I have merely turned it into verse.

A CITIZEN OF DRUNKENDOM.

The crown was out of his old plug hat,
 He'd a quid in his cheek put by ;
 A flask he had in his old coat tail,
 And a glass he had in his eye.

His brownish brogues had no blacking seen
 For many and many a day,
 And from both the ends of his toes were seen,
 And open the quarters lay.

His pants, through many a seedy rent,
 Disclosed his naked skin.
 Respectable once—but look at him now !
 A slave to tobacco and gin !

His wife is at home—*it is leaky and cold*—
 In her eye there's no joyful beam.
 The rags in the sash let in the cold,
 And keep out the sunny gleam.

The children—for she has children there—
 Have learned both to beg and steal,
 And have learn'd by His sacred name to swear
 To whom they never kneel !

Ye who dispense the fatal cup,
 And spread the ruin wide,
 When Death's pale horse appears in sight,
 And you must mount and ride—

What joy it will be to think of the dimes
 You've had for many a dram,
 From those who are now in a drunkard's grave,
Whom your liquor has helped to damn!

PRAYER.

Let Christians always pray,
 Come what may;
 Always pray and never faint:
 This is the way the Saviour taught,
 In joys or trials.
 The pray'rs of saints in golden vials
 Are kept in Heav'n.
 O! glorious thought!

Then without ceasing pray,
 Night or day;
 Ever pray in Jesus' name;
 He who's the way salvation wrought.

•

He once was bleeding—
 Now He triumphs, interceding
 With God in Heaven.
 O ! wondrous thought !

Then without ceasing pray ;
 The scriptures say,
 Watch and pray, and never faint.
 The dawning ray with blessings fraught
 Will soften sorrow.
 Grief is to-day—joy comes to-morrow—
 It comes through pray'er.
 O ! cheering thought !

CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.

Ephesians vi.

All clad in armour from on high
 United let us stand,
 With loins all girded round with truth,
 A bold, devoted band.

With breastplates formed of righteousness,
 And feet securely shod,
 Resolved and ready to obey
 The Gospel of our God !

And in each hand the Spirit's sword
 We all must bravely wield,
 And raise aloft for our defence
 Faith's bright celestial shield.

To finish, then, our panoply,
 And make the foeman bow,
 Salvation's helmet safe must guard
 Each firm, undaunted brow.

And thus equipped, the stoutest foe
 We all may safely dare ;
 But we must watch, and add to all
 Our earnest daily prayer !

And then, through Him that loved us,
 The victory is ours,
 And more than conquerors we'll be
 O'er all opposing powers.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST.

I.

Once Jesus gave the wondrous grace
 To Peter, James and John,
 To see Him on the mountain while
 His visage brightly shone.

II.

In presence of Elijah and
 That grand old man of God,
 Who smote the rock at Miriba
 With Aaron's wondrous rod,

III.

And died for that transgression,
 And was buried by the Lord,
 Whilst no man knew his sepulchre—
 So saith the holy Word.

IV.

When many ages pass away
 He is allow'd to stand
 With Jesus on the mountain top,
 Within the promised land.

V.

He there who fasted forty days
 Met in that interview—
 While Heav'n its effulgence round
 The holy conclave threw.

VI.

One in immortal clay was there,
 One from the spirit land,
 And one in living flesh and blood,
 Did there together stand.

VII.

And these are all the states in which
 Mankind are known to be—
 The *living, dead*, and glorified—
 And all are one of three.

VIII.

They spoke of the decease which Christ
 Was to accomplish soon,
 Which brought salvation unto man—
 God's great, eternal boon.

IX.

But when from out the shadowing cloud
 A voice was heard to say—
 "Hear this my well-beloved Son!"
 The vision pass'd away!

X.

Not Moses or Elijah now,
 But Christ, th' embodied word,
 In Zion rules o'er Heaven and earth—
 The Universal Lord!

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

I was asked by several persons if I were the writer of the verses called "The Nine Parts of Speech," that went the rounds of the press some years ago, and of course I had to answer No. In consequence of being asked if I had written them, I thought I would try and produce something similar. As I have not a copy of the original, I have no means of comparing it, but some of my readers may have a copy, and can do so.

The part of speech that leads the van
Is article *a*, *the*, or *an*.

The name of anything's a noun—
As *cottage*, *carpet*, *clock*, or *clown*.

An adjective will qualify

The noun—as *holy*, *happy*, *high*.

Pronouns the place of nouns supply—

As *he*, *she*, *it*, *his*, *you*, or *I*.

The verb will tell you what is doing—

As *sitting*, *standing*, *shaving*, *shoeing*.

Adverbs to adjectives and verbs

Are added—as, he *tightly* curbs,

Or *very* good, or it is *well*,

As these examples plainly tell.

A preposition shows relation—
 As *to* the town or *from* the station.
 Conjunctions will connect or join
 All other words—as *leg* or *loin* ;
 Or phrases they will join together—
 As muddy roads *and* rainy weather.
 All interjections show surprise—
 As *Oh* or *Ah*, or *Bless my eyes*.
 These rules to ev'ry word will reach,
 And they define nine parts of speech.

POETICAL GEOGRAPHY.

EUROPE.

The Arctic Ocean, where the icebergs roll,
 Far to the north keeps Russia from the pole ;
 The Ural mounts, where falling glaciers shiver,
 From whence descends the rapid Ural river
 Into the Caspian ; all of these divide
 Russia from Asia, on the eastern side.

Then from the Caspian to the Black Sea passes
 The long and lofty mountain range—Caucasus :
 These latter, sea and mountains, well define
 The Russian bound'ry on the southern line.
 Along the Danube west her reign extends,
 Till meeting Austria, her empire ends.

Then farther north, upon her western side,
 Is Prussia, and the Baltic's stormy tide;
 One arm of which goes east, and pushes inland,
 To Petersburg—'tis call'd the Gulf of Finland:
 The other arm meets many a mountain tide,
 And pushes north, on Sweden's eastern side,
 To Lapland:—go through this, by Norway bounded,
 And European Russia is surrounded.

Then, Norway, lies a crooked strip of land,
 North-western Europe's zig-zag stormy strand.
 From Norway to the Gulf they Sweden call,
 And Lapland to the Danish capital.
 Almost an island, by two seas surrounded,
 On the south alone by land, is Denmark bounded.

From Denmark to the Adriatic Sea
 Lies great confederated Germany;
 Including Holstein, Hanover and Prussia;
 (Poor Poland lies between the last and Russia:)
 Then Mecklenberg upon the Baltic lies,
 That does in rank to a Grand Duchy rise.
 All in a line are Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen,
 Three cities, whose inhabitants are freemen.
 Then south of Prussia, near the mounts of Ore,
 Is Saxony, without one briny shore:
 Bavaria then to Wurtemberg will join,
 South-west, near Baden, on the river Rhine.
 'Mong these you find full many a minor state,
 From Principality to Landgravate;

With cities famed in history and song,
 Renown'd for arts, or arms, in battle strong:
 All these, with Austria (foe to the free),
 Make up confederated Germany.
 Then south of this is Turkey; still increase
 Your journey farther south to ancient Greece;
 Wash'd by the waves of earth's great middle sea,
 A nation once again, glorious and free!
 Now sail to Italy; you see between us
 And *Cobbett's boat*,* the famous Gulf of Venice,
 North-west of Italy is Switzerland:
 And west, beyond the Alps, is France *la Grande*.
 To Holland, north from France, pass Belgium through,
 Where nations fought at fearful Waterloo!
 And west of these, where freedom brightly smiles,
 Across the wave, are seen the British Isles.
 South-west of France, between two rolling seas,
 Is Spain, beyond the tow'ring Pyrenees.
 Across one kingdom more the land extends,
 And Portugal the map of Europe ends.

ASIA.

From Ural mountains east, to Behring Straits,
 (Between two worlds the narrow northern gates,)
 Where night and winter reign 'neath arctic skies,
 Far to the north, in north of Asia, lies

* Cobbett said that Italy was like a *boat*.

The Asiatic empire of the Czar;
 Where near the zenith shines the polar star,
 This cold, wild region's called Siberia,
 Where Russian exiles wend their weary way,
 The sea Kamtschatka's on the eastern side,
 The Ural mountains on the west divide
 Siberia from Russia European :
 Whilst many a noble river runs the sea in ;

The Oby, Yenesei, Khatanga, and
 The Lena, all along the northern strand.

Between Siberia and China rise
 Huge mountain ranges, towering to the skies.
 The Ochotsk, the Japan and yellow seas,
 Bound on the east the famous land of *Teas*.
 Still farther south her eastern line extends
 To Father India—there her empire ends.
 Between her western line and Caspian's tide
 The independnet hordes of Tartars ride.
 See there the great Himmalaya mountains rise,
 Than any other nearer to the skies ;
 And on the south, the boundary they span
 'Tween China and the Delta Hindostan,
 And Father India's also on the south,
 Extending to the Cambodia's mouth :
 'Mong all earth's streams that are as long and wide,
 No other river rolls so straight a tide.

Malacca pierces through the southern brine,
 Extending Asia almost to the line

Between Sumatra's isle and Borneo,
 And 'tween a sea, and Indian ocean's flow,
 And pointing where two ocean waves are hurl'd,
 Around the largest Island in the world.
 In India, farthest from the land of Ham,
 Is Burmah, Tonquin, Cochin and Siam.
 Then south of Tartary is Afghanistan;
 Still south, upon the sea, is Beloochistan.

Then Persia, so renowned in history,
 Is 'tween the Persian Gulf and Caspian sea.
 And north of this, where mountain streamlet purls,
 Is Georgia, lovely land of lovely girls.
 West is the Empire of the Seigneur Grand,
 Including what was once the Holy Land;
 And south of this Arabia's sea of sand.
 Arabia's most by gulfs and seas surrounded,
 And now we've learned how Asia's realms are bounded.

AFRICA.

Algiers, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli,
 Are by the sea and sand surrounded wholly:
 These four, with Barca, form the Barb'ry States,
 From Egypt west, beyond Gibraltar Straits,
 North of the Desert; and they form almost
 The whole of Africa's wide northern coast.

South of Tripoli is the Fezzan land,
 Almost an island in a sea of sand.

East of the Desert sea and Siwah's isle
 Is Egypt, lying on the River Nile.
 Two noted seas this ancient land confine,
 One on the east, one on the northern line ;
 Excepting that a narrow passage through is,
 Between the two to Asia there, at Suez.
 And south of Egypt ancient Nubia lies,
 Around the Nile, and under torrid skies.
 Then Abyssinia, Adel ; east, not far,
 Is Berbera, Ajan—South is Zanguibar,
 And Mozambique ; all in the Torrid Zone ;
 Between the ocean and wide realms unknown.
 Off Mozambique's the queen of Afric's islands,
 Large Madagascar, famed for lofty highlands.

South of the Southern tropic now you see
 The Boshuanas, and their town Kureechanee.

Now, from the snowy mounts, on these look down,
 Caffraria, Cape Colony and Town ;
 The last must with two mighty oceans cope.
 Cape Colony is on the Cape of Hope—
 The Cape we'll double now and leave the South.

The Hottentots are round the river's mouth
 They call the Orange : from the tropic line,
 All Lower Guinea lies along the brine ;
 Past where the sun no shadow throws at noon :
 And reaching to the mountains of the moon,
 With Mountain Kong, a range extending far,
 From River Senegal to Zanguibar.

Along the ocean Upper Guinea lies,
 Whilst at her back the great Kong Mountains rise.
 Liberia is also on the strand,
 Where slaves return to see their father-land ;
 And, west of this, Sierra Leone has
 Behind it the Mandingoes and Foulahs.
 From Senegambia, inland, is Bambarra,
 And north of these we find the Great Sahara ;
 Cross'd only by the thirsty caravan :
 All south of this great desert's call'd Soudan,
 Till you the summit of the mountains gain,
 Where rise two mighty streams, that flow through many
 a plain ; .
 Where grow the serpent, crocodile, and tiger ;
 The streams are many mouth'd, both Nile and Niger.
 To Barbary now cross the sandy way,
 And you have made the tour of savage Africa.

NORTH AMERICA.

Cold Greenland, (own'd by Denmark), little worth,
 Is round the Northern Axle of the earth.
 Bears, deer and dogs, the sea gulls, (goose and gander,)
 Make up the oily food of the Greenlander.
 Just at the Arctic Circle Iceland lies,
 Where Hecla's fires light up the northern skies.
 South-east of Baffin's Bay (no corn nor lumber-land)
 Is seen the spacious isle, part Cockburn and part Cum-
 berland.

From east to west New Britain spreads her plains,
 From Labrador to where the Russian reigns.
 And south from Hecla, and the Hudson Straits,
 To Canada, and the United States.
 Here's Hudson's Bay, and great McKenzie's flow,
 And east and west the savage Esquimaux.

Between St. Lawrence Gulf and ocean's strand,
 Near Labrador's the Isle of Newfoundland.
 And east of this is found, extending wide,
 Grand Bank, an Island just below the tide.
 South-east is Nova Scotia, then go on,
 You meet New Brunswick, with her town, St. Johns :
 Upon the Gulf, the sea, and Fundy's flow,
 And west Quebec, and then Ontario
 Which lie upon St. Lawrence and the Lakes,
 And each a part of the Dominion makes.
 All these I've named, from Baffin's arctic bay
 Unto the last, are under British sway :
 Extending to the land as chief that rates
 Among Republics, the United States ;
 Whose coast is found where Gulf and ocean flow,
 From Brunswick north, and south to Mexico ;
 And from this coast, far tow'rd the setting sun,
 Their rule extends past Western Oregon ;
 From here along the great Pacific go
 To Guatemala, right through Mexico ;
 And Guatemala is a central land,
 Between two oceans, one on either strand :
 It almost reaches the Panama Bay,
 And is the end of North America.

SOUTH AMERICA.

On South America's most northern line
 New Granada and Venezuela join :
 Where Orinoco rolls its waters wide,
 Through many mouths, to meet the ocean's tide :
 It flows through almost boundless plains, or Llamas,
 Not far from English, French, and Dutch Guianas.
 Upon the north these meet the ocean spray ;
 Their south is back'd by mountains Acaray.
 These countries I have named are all you will
 Observe upon the north of wide Brazil ;
 An empire nearly large as Europe, and
 The only *empire* in this western land.
 'Tis here, just at the equinoctial line,
 Earth's mightiest river meets the rolling brine ;
 Along a hundred vales, a hundred rivers run,
 And in the Amazon unite in one !
 Brazil extends beyond the capricorn,
 From Ac'ray mountains southward tow'rd Cape Horn.
 Throughout the year, the cold scarce falls to zero,
 Th' imperial city is R o Janeiro.
 West of Brazil, you find small Uruguay :
 The Plata here to ocean finds its way.
 Now cross the river, south or west, and there is
 The independent State of Buenos Ayres.
 From river Negro to Delfuego's island
 The Indians own each dreary plain and highland ;
 And Patagonia is the name that's given
 To this wild land, not favor'd much by Heaven.

Now north to Chili—see its narrow land is
 Between the wide Pacific and high Andes.
 Beyond it, on the ocean, lies Peru :
 Bolivia, though, comes out between the two ;
 Northward and eastward she extends her sway,
 To large Brazil, and little Paraguay.
 Now look at Mount Sorata, it is here,
 The loftiest mountain in this hemisphere,
 Beyond Peru, upon earth's middle line,
 Ecuador lies, from Brazil to the brine.
 By these and Grenada it is surrounded,
 And now we've seen how all these States are bounded,
 The lands of Sloth, the Condor, and the Llama,
 The Continent is ended at Panama,

ENGLAND.

Girt by the Tweed, the Cheviot Hills, and Cumberland,
 Durham and the sea, is wide Northumberland ;
 York's south of Durham, on the eastern shore,
 Drain'd by the Ouse and Aire, the Swale and Yore ;
 Beyond the Humber, as you journey south,
 You meet with Lincoln, with its town of Louth :
 Then long Northampton ; when o'er this you're gone,
 You enter Cambridge, or small Huntingdon :
 These two are inland ; east, upon the brine,
 Is Norfolk ; and upon her southern line

Is Suffolk; Essex then; then Kent is seen,
 With River Thames all flowing wide between.
 Through many a County this famed river rolls,
 And through the city of three million souls.
 From County Kent you can see plainly over
 To sunny France, across the Straits of Dover.

Sussex is west; if not in too much hurry,
 Go north to Middlesex, through County Surrey;
 Back to the sea you'll now the way inquire,
 South-west to Portsmouth city, in Hampshire.
 From Hampshire on to Cornwall, west by south,
 You find seven seaport towns, that end in mouth—
 Portsmouth, Weymouth, Exmouth, Teignmouth, and
 Dartmouth and Plymouth; near the end of land
 Is Falmouth, in the sea-washed Cornwall county,
 Where nature treasures up her min'ral bounty.
 But let us note: from Hampshire to the last,
 Dorset and Devon we unnamed have pass'd;
 From Devon now we'll pass through Somerset;
 Gloucester* and Wilts north-east of this have met,
 If to the east you'll now the way enquire,
 You cross Berks, Buckingham and Hertfordshire;
 The last is north of Middlesex, which claims
 Part of the mighty city on the Thames:
 And all are famed in ancient page historic.

We'll go through Bedford now, across to Warwick,
 But long Northampton we must cross once more,

* Pronounced Gloster.

Which goes from Oxford to the North Sea shore;
 Birmingham's in Warwick, east is Lei'ster,
 And on the west of Warwick is Worcester.
 And Hereford then (known in historic tales),
 And Monmouth too, lie on the edge of Wales.
 Shropshire and Stafford, then, are north of these,
 Still north is Cheshire, so renowned for cheese.
 And now, 'tis right, before we go up higher,
 To note that on the east is Derbyshire.
 From Derby, Nottingham is farther east,
 Near Rutland, of all English shires the least.
 Now journey north, who will may travel faster;
 We'll go to Westmorland, through long Lancaster.
 The last is where the eastern breezes cool
 Bring ships across the sea, to Liverpool.

As now we've pass'd through England's hills and vales,
 It comes, in turn, to make the tour of Wales.
 Through Flint and Denbigh, west to Carnarvon,
 And thence to Anglesea, the bridge cross on;
 Then back, o'er mounts once famed for Druid mummary,
 You go through Merioneth, and shire Montgomery,
 Then Randon, Cardigan, and then Brecknock,
 Glamorgan South, Carmarthen, and Pembroke
 Lie farther west, brush'd by the ocean gales;
 And now we've made the tour of England and of Wales.

IRELAND.

Antrim is where north eastern breezes fan,
 Girt by the sea, Lough Neagh and river Bann ;
 Excepting near Belfast, or Lisburn town,
 And there it joins the sea-wash'd County Down.
 Then west of Down's Armagh, and east by south,
 You meet with Counties Monaghan and Louth :
 To enter Meath, you farther south must go ;
 Pass County Dublin next, and then Wicklow ;
 Then Wexford, Waterford, then Cork and Kerry :
 (At Ireland's *other* end is Londonderry.)
 From Kerry travel north, and note with care,
 Beyond the Shannon, is the County Clare.
 Mayo, and Galway then—still north you meet them ;
 And Sligo lies between the first and Leatrim.
 Fermanagh next, then northern Donegal,
 Of Counties on the sea, I've named them all ;
 And all I've named are so, excepting Monaghan,
 And having this premised, we'll just go on again.
 Of Inland Counties, farthest north of all,
 Is large Tyrone, south-east of Donegal ;
 Then south is Cavan, Longford next is seen,
 And then Westmeath, then Counties King and Queen :
 Rescommon joins upon the *north* of King,
 And Tipperary forms its *southern* wing.
 The east of Queen's, Kildare, then Carlow and Kilker ;
 Of inland Counties 'tis far south as any,
 Excepting one, and thus you have in view,
 With Limerick the last, the Counties thirty-two.

And farther north is Ulster, Munster's south;
 Connaught is west; then east, to Liffy's mouth,
 Is Leinster, with her Dublin famed of yore:
 Thus Ireland's fruitful Provinces are four.

SCOTLAND.

Just where the northern billows wildly roll,
 Thro' Pentland Frith, far tow'rd's the Arctic pole,
 Is Caithness cold, by stormy seas surrounded;
 Excepting west—there 'tis by mountains bounded;
 Still further north, where summer briefly sm'les,
 Lash'd by the ocean, are the Orkney Isles.
 Of Caithness west enclosing mountains grand,
 Cut up by Loughs, and Bays, is Sutherland:
 And south of this is Ross, near Isle of Skye;
 And west, the Hebrides all scatter'd lie;
 Then south is Inverness, then large Argyle,
 With Mull, and famed Iona's little Isle.
 Then Jura, Isla, and where vessels ride,
 Are Bute and Arran, in the Frith of Clyde.
 East of Argyle is Perth, then Stirling is in view;
 And then Dumbartonshire, and shire Renfrew:
 Then Ayr, and Wigton, join Kircudbright,* right
 O'er Solway Frith, South Britain is in sight.
 Dumfries, Roxburgh,† Berwick on the Tweed,
 Are where the *Border* armies oft did bleed.

* Pronounced Kircudbree.

† Roxburro.

Then Selkirk, Peebles, Lanark, in a row;
 And Haddington, and little Linlithgow:
 All these, where war oft plough'd his deepen'd furrow,
 Are round the town and shire of Edinburgh.
 From Edinburgh, 'cross the Frith of Forth,
 Clackmannan, Fyfe, Kinross, are on the north,
 From Fyfe to Forfar, 'cross the Frith of Tay:
 And then Kincardine's in the tourist's way;
 Then Aberdeen, and Bronff, then Elginshire is seen.
 Nairn, then Cromarty, with a Frith between.
 And now thro' shires and Friths, o'er mounts and lakes,
 We've made the tour of Scotland, "Land o' Cakes."

UNITED STATES.

New Brunswick and Quebec, 'neath England's reign,
 East, west and north join on the State of Maine;
 New Hampshire touches on her western line,
 Her southern shore repels the Atlantic brine:
 New Hampshire's western border joins Vermont,
 And Massachusetts forms their southern front.
 And on the south, this from the sea is shut
 By small Rhode Island and Connecticut;
 Upon the map you find the latter three
 On south and east are bounded by the sea.
 West of all these, and narrow Lake Champlain,
 The Empire Delta spreads her wide domain;

Between Connecticut and Jersey New,
 New York into the ocean pierces through ;
 Then Pennsylvania lies almost a square,
 From Erie Lake to State of Delaware.
 West of the last, yet reaching ocean's strand,
 Around a zig-zag bay is Maryland ;
 And south of this, but ocean touching on,
 Virginia lies, the land of Washington.
 'Tween these two States the Congress city stands,
 Whose rule is bounded by two ocean strands.
 South from Virginia to Savannah's mouth,
 You see the Carolinas, North and South.
 Then Georgia, Alabama, Florida ;
 The last to Cuba goes more than midway ;
 Then Mississippi's on the eastern side,
 And Louisiana west of Mississippi's tide.
 And Louisiana on her west annexes
 The lone star country, now the *State* of Texas.
 Near where the Indian round his war-fire dances,
 Back from the ocean is the State Arkansas.
 Missouri then's upon Missouri's tide,
 That drains a territory long and wide.
 Far to the west, a land of many fountains,
 That foam and tumble from the Rocky mountains.
 Between this region and the Texas State,
 Tow'rds Mexico, the Indian tribes locate :
 Osages and Creeks, Seminoles and Chickasaws,
 Shawnees, Potwatomees, Cherokees and Chocktaws.
 Far to the west, close by the setting sun,
 Behind the mountain rocks is Oregon.

Then California, famed for gold commotion,
 Stretches along the North Pacific Ocean.
 Nevada, Idaho and Washington,
 All round about the State of Oregon.
 Then Utah south, and Colorado east—
 Utah's the land where lives the *Brigham* beast !
 Then Arizona and New Mexico,
 Where Rio Grande and Colorado flow.
 North's Wyoming, Montana and Dacotah,
 Nebraska and the State of Minnesota.
 To bound the flapping of the Eagle's pinion,
 Far to the north of these, the lion holds *Dominion*.
 Iowa state then northward spreads her plains,
 A fertile land that the Desmontes drains ;
 Wisconsin lies along the winding course
 Of Mississippi, reaching near its source.
 Among the mighty lakes is Michigan,
 With Indiana touching on her van :
 That's 'tween Ohio and State Illinois.
 And on the front of these Kentucky lies :
 Her front is Tennessee, these lie midway
 Between Lake Michigan and Florida.
 State Tennessee,* like Plato's famed Utopia,
 Has gain'd the largest end of *Cornucopia*.
 Where slavery and freedom cross'd their lances,
 A prelude to the war, is State of Kansas ;

* The greatest corn growing State in the Union.

And where the zenith shows the polar star,
 They've lately bought Alaska from the Czar.
 A bleak peninsular of rock and glacier,
 That stretches northward to the north of Asia.

Thus in my verse you've ev'ry one that rates,
 'Mong Territories and United States.

CANADA.

New Brunswick, States of Main, New Hampshire and
 Vermont,

And wide New York, are on its southern front.

From Chaleur's Bay and Lake St. Francis, and

Throughout this line the boundary is land.

The line then through the great St. Lawrence takes,

Then through the lowest of our mighty lakes ;

Then up Niagara, over cliffs so tall,

They form the world's sublimest waterfall.

The bound'ry line here makes a southern bend,

Then west again to Erie's western end.

Now northward turn, 'mong lands both bright and fair,

Through the Detroit, and Lake and stream St. Clare.

Still *north* through Huron : near its end you vary

Your course through islands to the Sault Ste. Marie.

Then *west*, upon the map the line is laid

Across the largest lake that God has made ;

And here are found, upon each rocky shore,

The largest, richest mines of copper ore ;

And when it leaves the lake, the bound'ry line
 Is near the parallel of forty-nine.
 The line we've traced on either side has written
 United States or empire of Great Britain ;
 Except from State of Main to Chaleur's Bay,
 For both sides there are under British sway.
 We've traced the bound'ry now on west and south,
 From Lake Superior to St. Lawrence mouth.
 This river's mouth is to a gulf increas'd,
 Which bounds *two* provinces upon the east.
 The *northern* boundary is almost lost
 'Mong boundless realms of forest, rock and frost :
 Where hunters 'gainst the furry tribes make war,
 From Lake Superior to Labrador.
 The turbid Ottawa by flow and fall
 Descends and disembogues at Montreal :
 The largest river which that monarch claims,
 Whose palace rises on the banks of Thames ;
 That is, the largest stream whose flowing tide
 Has British land *throughout* on either side.
 The world's next greatest cataract is here ;
 Second but to Niagara is Chaudiere.
 Thus, in the largest *Province* in the world,
 Is where the mightiest streams o'er rocks are hurl'd.
 Vast rafts of timber, cut by axe and saw,
 Are yearly floated down the Ottawa.
 We'll also note, along with all the rest,
 It cuts the Province into east and west.

And now you have, in geographic lay,
 The bounds of east and western Canada.
 These were our bounds until confederation
 Made us a great Dominion and a Nation.
 Now Nova Scotia and New Brunswick claim
 As well as we, the old Canadian name.
 And also Manitoba, lately plann'd,
 And all the rest of wide Prince Rupert's Land.
 And Newfoundland, and little Edward's Isle,
 Will likely soon within our Union smile:
 And large Columbia, and Victoria too,
 Their lonely isolation will eschew,
 And claim with us confederate relation,
 Giving increase of pow'r and population.
 We on the great St. Lawrence and the lakes,
 Gave up our name, which the Dominion takes.
 For nearly thirty years as one we grew,
 But now, as once before, we are in two.
 Ev'ry Province holds a local pow'r,
 From Ottawa, where Senate buildings tow'r.
 Our central Government's wide domination,
 Extends throughout the whole confederation.

RHYMING RULES FOR SPELLING,

I was gratified some time after this was published, on
 being told by a young lady, then a student at the Nor-
 mal School, that she and her companion, a class-mate,

were relieved from a very unpleasant predicament by remembering one of these rhyming rules, as they were able in consequence to answer a question which no others of the class were able to do,

RULE 1.

All words of but one syllable
Must end in double *f, s, l*;
That is, when single vowels lead,
But not when consonants precede.
Exceptions—*of, if, as, us, is,*
And *as, was, yes, this, thus, and his.*

RULE 2.

But other consonants don't double;
So this in writing saves us trouble.
Exceptions—*add, ebb, butt, egg, odd,*
And *err, inn, bunn, purr, buzz, and dodd.*

RULE 3.

Words ending in the vowel *y*,
When plural, change it for an *i*;
When by a consonant 'tis led;
If not, an *i* won't do instead;
Comparatives, superlatives, past participles too,
And persons of the verbs; for these the rule will
always do.
The present participle *ing*,
Though, with it *y* does always bring.

When a vowel goes before the *y*,
 'Tis seldom ever changed to *i* :
 Exceptions—*pay*, when past, is *paid* ;
 From *lay* and *say* come *laid* and *said*.

RULE 4.

When words that end in *y* do add
 Another syllable, and had
 A consonant before the *y*,
 It mostly then is changed to *i* ;
 Excepting when a vowel will
 Begin the added syllable.
 When a vowel next the *i* is ranged,
 In such a case it is not changed.
 Thus, as you see, from *coy* comes *coyless* ;
 From *boy*, comes *boyish* ; *joy*, has *joyless*.

RULE 5.

Monosyllables and words accented on the last,
 And ending with a consonant that has a vowel pass'd,
 That consonant will double, when a syllable they add ;
 Beginning with a vowel, or the spelling will be bad ;
 As *wit*, has *witty* ; *win*, has *winning* ;
Abet, *abettor* ; *thin*, has *thinning*.
 But if the accent does recede,
 Or if a diphthong does preeede,
 Without being doubl'd, consonants will do :
 This rule will hold the English language through.
 When *toil* adds *ing*, no double *l* you see ;
 When *maid* adds *en*, it wants no double *d*.

RULE 6.

When words do end in any double letter,
 Excepting *l*—you'll always find it better
 To leave it double—(guided by this rule)—
 When adding to them *ness*, *less*, *ly* or *ful*,
 As *stiffly* or *carelessly*, successfully this shows,
 Whilst *harmlessness* and *carelessness* will not the rule
 oppose.

RULE 7.

When words in silent *e* are ended,
 And *ness*, *less*, *ly* or *ful*'s appended,
 They keep the *e*, except in *duly*,
 And some such words, as *awful*, *truly*

RULE 8.

When *ment* is added to the *e*,
 Don't cut it off, to stay 'tis free;
 Unless preceded by a *g*,
 Its sometimes then cut off you see;
 As *judgment* and *abridgment* tell,
Abatement, *chastisement* as well.
 Whene'er a consonant is *nigh*,
 Then *ment* will change the *y* to *i*;
 As *merry's* changed to *merriment*;
 Thus *y* its place to *i* has lent.

RULE 9.

When words that end in silent *e*,
 Take *able* or *ible*, you're free

To cut it off—'tis not defensible,
 As in *blamable, curable, sensible*,
 But if *c* or soft *g* comes before, in such case
 The *e* has a right to remain in its place ;
 In peace it remains, in *peaceable, rangeable*,
 And without any change, you find it in *changeable*.

RULE 10.

But then, 'tis quite another thing,
 If to it comes an *ish* or *ing* ;
 Then *e* is lost, as seen in *dancing*,
Slavish, knavish, prudish, prancing.

RULE 11.

Two words are oft made into one ;
 Spell them as though each stood alone.
 You'll see at once that this is right,
 In *gashouse, glasshouse, and skylight*.
 Exceptions—words in double *l*—
 They would be awkward thus to spell,
 And notice this you plainly will
 In *welfare, wi ful* and *fulfil*.

Learn well what I have here been telling,
 If you would know the rules of spelling.

THE DEBTORS' AND CREDITORS' CIRCLE.

The following was sent for publication to the *Markham Economist*, with the accompanying remarks by way of explanation :

I was once in a company where the conversation turned upon the relation of debtor and creditor, and it was observed that the payment of one debt often provides the means, which, passing through several hands, is used in the payment of many others. To illustrate this, one of the company observed that a case occurred once on Yonge Street, a few miles from Toronto, when some half dozen neighbours met fortuitously in a tavern, and in a short time they began the business of dunning. One asked payment of his account of one of the party, who in his turn applied to another of the company who owed *him*, that he might pay the first. The third one had no money, and applied to another; and so it went on till they found, by a little explanation, that each one present was a debtor to some one of the party, and each one also found that one of the party was a debtor to him, and that by one of them paying

a few shillings receipts could be exchanged all round, which was done, and all the accounts were settled.

This incident suggested the following verses :

A. owed a debt of fifty pounds,
 'Twas to his neighbour B.,
 And B. himself did also owe
 A debt to Doctor C.,

Who'd sent to B. a heavy bill
Per medicine for his spouse ;
 C. owed to D., the publican,
 Where he did oft carouse.

D., in his turn, was due to E.,
 The brewer, for his beer,
 Who was, again, in debt to F.,
 For goods the current year.

F. owed to G., a lawyer, who
 Laid on his charges thick—
 While he to tailor H. was due,
 Where he had dealt on tick.

H. in his turn's in debt to I.,
 The baker, for his bread,
 Who owes to miller J. for flour
 Sent by his servant Ned ;

Who, in his turn, had purchased corn
And wheat from farmer K.,
And from the baker he, of course,
Expected cash to pay.

The baker, then, to tailor H.
Sends off an urgent dun ;
And quickly, all along the line,
The dunning letters run.

All urged their claims with earnestness
Until it came to A.,
But he had also got a claim,
For land, 'gainst farmer K.

From K. to A. the debts went round,
And here the circle *met*.
To change receipts is all they need
To clear them all of debt.

They chance to meet one night, and then
They all, in talking, found
How matters stood, and they agreed
To give receipts all round.

So A. to K. gave his discharge,
K. handed one to J. ;
And so receipts passed round the ring—
The last was B. to A.

And all were pleased—each one was *free*—
And ended all their pother ;
And thus we all in business see
How one hangs on another.

IF ALL THE CLOCKS, &c.

If all the clocks in all the world
Did all together stand,
And all struck twelve at once, the sound
Would be so very grand.

If all the horns in all the world
Did all together sound,
'Twould wake the people up from sleep
For many miles around.

When all the bulls in all the world
Did all together roar,
A noise like that was never heard
By any one before.

If all the pigs in all the world
Should all together squeal,
And you were in the midst of them,
How queerly you would feel.

If all the dogs in all the world
Should all together bark,
To such a noise as that you'd not
Wish very long to hark.

If all the turkeys in the world
Should all together gobble,
Away from such a din as that
You'd quickly wish to hobble.

If all the bells in all the world
Should all together ring,
The dings and donges a mighty clang
To ev'ry ear would bring.

But if the clocks, bulls, horns and bells,
Dogs, turkeys, all should mingle,
O! then the climax would be reach'd
Of clang, and roar, and jingle!

JACK TO TOM.

How easy, Tom, it is to pay
The money when you have it, eh?
But when you haven't, and can't get it,
Then it is that you are fretted.
And then comes the hated protest,
Always leaving you with low zest.

How pleas'd the notary will waddle,
 Protest fees within his noddle,
 Knowing they will reach his pocket ;
 As to your distress, he'll mock it.
 Don't sign your name to I. O. U.
 If you can't meet it when 'tis due.
 But many, without ever thinking
 Of the danger great of sinking,
 Go into unwise expenses,
 Which, to see the end, no lens is
 Needed by any but yourself
 To see you'll soon be broken delf,
 When you'll be wrecked among the breakers,
 Who are the legal undertakers
 At the fun'ral of your credit,
 While they jocundly have sped it.
 Then all extravagance avoid
 Which comes from meanness mixed with pride,
 And into which so many slide.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day is always between
 Yesterday and to-morrow ;
 To-day is always here
 With its freight of joy and sorrow.

All the days that are pass'd
 Were *yesterday* each when done ;
 And every day was *to-morrow*,
 Changed to *to-day* in turn.

To-morrow is always coming,
 Yesterday always pass'd,
 To-day is never gone,
 Though going away so fast.

Life is a string of days ;
 None know when the string may break, ;
 Then, while it is *to-day*,
 The offer of mercy take.

I GAZED UPON THINE AUBURN TRESSES.

I gazed upon thine auburn tresses,
 Flowing o'er thy forehead fair,
 And eyes as bright as dew that presses
 On the leaf of flowret rare.

To deck thy form, by nature singled,
 All the graces lent their art,
 While loveliness with beauty mingled
 All their sweetness to impart.

Love, no more in quiet sleeping,
 Burn'd, a wild tumultuous flame,
 Ev'ry nerve in passion steeping,
 Mingling ecstasy with pain.

He seized thine image, which enshrining
 In my wildly throbbing breast,
 While in dreams thy form entwining,
 To that throbbing heart was press'd.

And to me thy faith was plighted—
 Pledged a ringlet of thy hair;
 But that pledge and vow were slighted.
 Yes, I found thee false as fair.

If thou'dst been but what I thought thee,
 Then thou'dst not so soon have turn'd;
 Tho' a hundred suitors sought thee,
 Thou their off'rings would have spurn'd,

And remained in faith unshaken,
 True to me and to thy vow;
 But no more on earth to waken—
 Would those thoughts were buried now!

Tho' deeply wrong'd, tho' thou hast given
 To another what was mine—
 Tho' hope is from my bosom riven,
 And another now is thine—

Yet too holy was the feeling
 E'er to wish revenge—ah, no !
 Thus I pray to Heaven kneeling,
 May she never feel such woe !

Fare thee well, and that forever—
 Yes, forever fare thee well !
 Would my trusting heart had never
 Known thy false inspiring spell !

THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

The Word made flesh—the Son of Man—
 God with us—Immanuel—
 Fed a host with fish and bread,
 As the sacred writers tell.

The living Vine, the living Bread,
 Fed the people, hungry grown,
 After He had heal'd their sick,
 And the precious word had sown.

He bless'd the loaves, and brake, and gave
 To His apostles standing round,
 Who also broke, and then supplied
 The thousands seated on the ground.

As Jesus broke, the bread increased,
 And so with Peter, James and John,
 And all the others, as they broke
 The bread and fish, the growth went on.

When all had eaten, more remained
 Than when the loaves at first were bless'd,
 And then the Saviour gave command
 To go and gather up the rest.

From this we learn a maxim wise—
 In abundance do not waste—
 God's bounty use but don't abuse,
 Lest unto poverty you haste.

By this command the Saviour taught
 Strict economy and care.
 "*Nothing wasted nothing lost*"
 Should be our motto ev'rywhere.

The more they ate the more was left;
 As the people here were fed
 On material bread of earth—
 And so 'tis with the *living Bread*.

For no consumption can reduce
 That wondrous store by Heaven supplied—
 Given for the *life* of those
 Who trust and hope in Him that *died*.

NOW THERE REMAINS ONE DAY THE LESS.

The author was asked by a pious lady friend, some two years ago, to supply what she had forgotten of a favourite hymn, written by an eminent Church of England minister, whom she had known in Ireland many years before. She repeated seven lines, all that she could recollect, which I wrote down, and, pursuing the strain, finished the second verse and added four others. I may observe that the lady expressed herself well pleased with the addition.

“ Now there remains one day the less
To spend in this dark wilderness ;
One day the less divides me now
From Him to whom archangels bow.

If I have lived by faith in fear,
A stranger and a pilgrim here,
I’ve one day less my foes to dread,”
One less the narrow way to tread,

Which leads to life where angels sing
The glories of our Saviour King—
Where is no night nor twilight grey,
For Heaven is one eternal day.

No sun is there, tho' here so bright—
 The Lord our God Himself gives light ;
 And equal to the angels then
 The saints shall be angelic men.

And where their hearts were while below,
 While they did to the Spirit sow,
 And laid up treasure with the just,
 Where there is neither moth nor rust.

Where is no grief, nor sigh, nor pain,
 But love and joy eternal reign ;
 For this they have the living Word,
 And shall be ever with the Lord.

THE MERRY HEART.

In August, 1865, one of my nieces, who was about leaving home for boarding school, handed me her album, and pointing to a picture in it, "The Merry Heart," asked me for some verses in reference thereto I wrote:

The Bible says a merry heart
 Doth make the visage glad ;
 The Bible says of merry hearts
 A constant feast they had.

The Bible says a contrite heart
The Lord will not despise ;
The Bible says the pure in heart
To see the Lord shall rise.

The Bible says keep well thine heart,
It doth life's issues hold ;
The Bible says the heart is where
Its treasure is untold.

The Bible says with perfect heart
Obey the Lord above ;
The Bible says with all thine heart
The Lord thy Maker love.

Dear Cassie, think of these good words
When far from home you stay ;
And may it be your highest aim
To walk in wisdom's way.

JEANIE WATSON'S CONCERT.

FROM THE OWEN SOUND "TIMES."

At the close of one of the pieces on Wednesday evening,
Mr. William A. Stephens, who is irrepressible as an
impromptuist, gave the following:

It was Jubal invented the harp,
And the organ—but let us rejoice
In a far sweeter instrument still—
It was *God* who invented the *voice*.

And at the close of the concert he repeated to some
friends the following, which he was just going to give at
the end of "Scots wha hae," but was prevented by the
enthusiastic cheering:

When piano and voice rose together
How grandly they swell'd through the dome!
While Miss Watson and Hardie together
Gave the soul-stirring music of *Home*!
And when they sang the mighty dead
In "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

ON A MEETING AT BROCK'S MONUMENT,
QUEENSTON, IN 1840.

The monument had been shattered by the notorious Lett, who, having placed some barrels of gunpowder in the opening at the base, caused its explosion. I was the last but two, I was informed afterwards by the keeper, who had ascended to the top, which was done by a spiral staircase inside. Having admired the grandeur of the scenery and written my name on the plaster inside, I left for the Falls, and while there the outrage was committed. I came back to Queenston next day, and at the request of some of the principal inhabitants I wrote an account of the explosion to the New York *Albion*, which was published in that paper. I may observe that here I met at the hotel, for the first and last time, the Hon. Michael Foley, who afterwards acted so prominent a part in Canadian politics. He was then a young man, and at that time wrote for the Toronto press, and he sent an account of the affair to a newspaper in that city. We each read our pieces to each other, and of course were mutually complimented on the style in which we had written.

The outrage aroused the indignation and patriotism of the country, and it was determined that a new monument, superior in every respect to the old, should be erected, and it was to carry out this purpose that the meeting above referred to was convened, which was one of the most numerous and imposing ever held in that part of the country.

The following lines were written and published at the time in a Montreal paper :

Hark ! what means that earthquake shock ?
 Terror asks, with sudden dread ;
 'Tis the riven tomb of Brock
 Shatter'd o'er the mighty dead.

Brock, the merciful and brave,
 Who died our soil from foes to free ;
 What vandal villains mar thy grave,
 Great chieftain of our chivalry ?

Dark as midnight's darkest shroud
 Enveloping the mount and tomb,
 See yon fire-created cloud,
 Offspring of the thunder's womb !

Dark's the cloud, but darker yet
 Must be the depredator's soul ;
 Infamy has claimed him—*Lett*
 His name be on the blackest scroll.

How vile to desecrate *his* bed
 Who made his country's heart rejoice—
 Who oft his victor legions led,
 And fell amid the battle's voice.

'Tis the hour of early dawn—
 Darkness mingles yet with day ;
 From the mount the cloud is borne
 By the western winds away.

Still stands the stately tomb of Brock,
 By a grateful people given ;
 But the desolating shock
 Its lofty shaft has cracked and riven.

Some months have passed—see, yonder line
 Of stately steamers passing by
 Have come, with banner and ensign,
 Led by our naval chivalry !

Breasting Niagara's rolling flood,
 Which is the floating boundary
 Of two empires, one in blood,
 And both are mighty, brave and free !

Hear the martial music throw
 Stirring strains o'er land and wave,
 Then sink to music's sweetest woe
 To sing the mem'ry of the brave !

Now the steamers reach the shore,
 Thronging near the storied height
 Which had drunk, in days of yore,
 Blood of heroes slain in fight !

On what purpose are they bent ?
 'Tis to pledge themselves they throng,
 With a nobler *monument*
 To repair the hero's wrong.

ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME, BUT NOT PUBLISHED BEFORE.

What sounds of sorrow fall
 From cot and Senate hall,
 Thro' our Dominion land—
 The great McGee is dead !
 Slain by th' assassin's lead !
 The deed by hatred plann'd
 Was consummated by a fell and Fenian hand !

'Twas in full strength and power
 Within the fatal hour,
 That heard his manly voice
 In glorious debate
 Support the good and great
 Confederation cause,
 'Mid list'ning Senate's rapturous applause !

That our McGee was slain,
 Shot through that wondrous brain—
 As lightnings flash'd the tale
 Of this fell Fenian's deed,
 Which made the patriot bleed !
 Shock'd myriads grew pale—
 Then rose a startled nation's angry wail !

As Abel's blood had speech
 The ear of God to reach
 To list'ning ear divine,
 McGee's red blood will tell
 Of this dark work of hell—
 And punishment condign
 Will overtake the deed—"Vengeance," He says,
 "is mine !"

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

I.

Men of wisdom from afar
Leave behind the rising sun—
Guided by a new-made star,
To Jerusalem they come.

II.

“Where is He that has been born,
Judah’s young and royal King?
We have seen His glory dawn,
And we here our off’rings bring.”

III.

Herod then in trouble brought
All the scribes, and asked to know
Where Messiah might be sought;
Then he bade the wise men “Go

IV.

Seek the child, and bring me word;
I would also worship him.”
When the crafty king they heard
In haste they left for Bethlehem.

V.

What joy ! again the eastern star
 Appears to guide them on their way ;
 As they enter at his door
 There the infant monarch lay !

VI.

Down the wondering sages fall—
 Do him homage and adore !
 Worship him as Lord of All,
 And present their precious store.

VII.

Myrrh, and frankincense, and gold,
 Each a costly offering,
 From their treasures they unfold,
 And present them to their King.

VIII.

Warn'd of God, they then return'd
 To their land another way.
 Fiercely Herod's anger burn'd,
 And he madly sought to slay

IX.

Jesus, rival of his reign.
 By his cruel, fierce decree
 All the infant born were slain
 But Messiah—where is He ?

x.

Far beyond the tyrant's wile
Mary and her child have fled,
To the region of the Nile,
Till their enemies are dead.

REJOICE IN CHRIST JESUS.

PHILIPPIANS iv. 4, 9.

Rejoice in Christ Jesus—yes, always rejoice,
And show moderation in conduct and voice.
Be careful for nothing, the Lord is at hand ;
With pray'r and thanksgiving make humble
demand.

And the peace, yes, of God, He has given His
word,

Shall keep all your hearts and your minds through
the Lord.

All things that are honest, just, lovely and true—
All things that are pure and of good report do.

Yes, think of these things, and of virtue and
praise,

And think, too, of Paul ; also follow his ways.

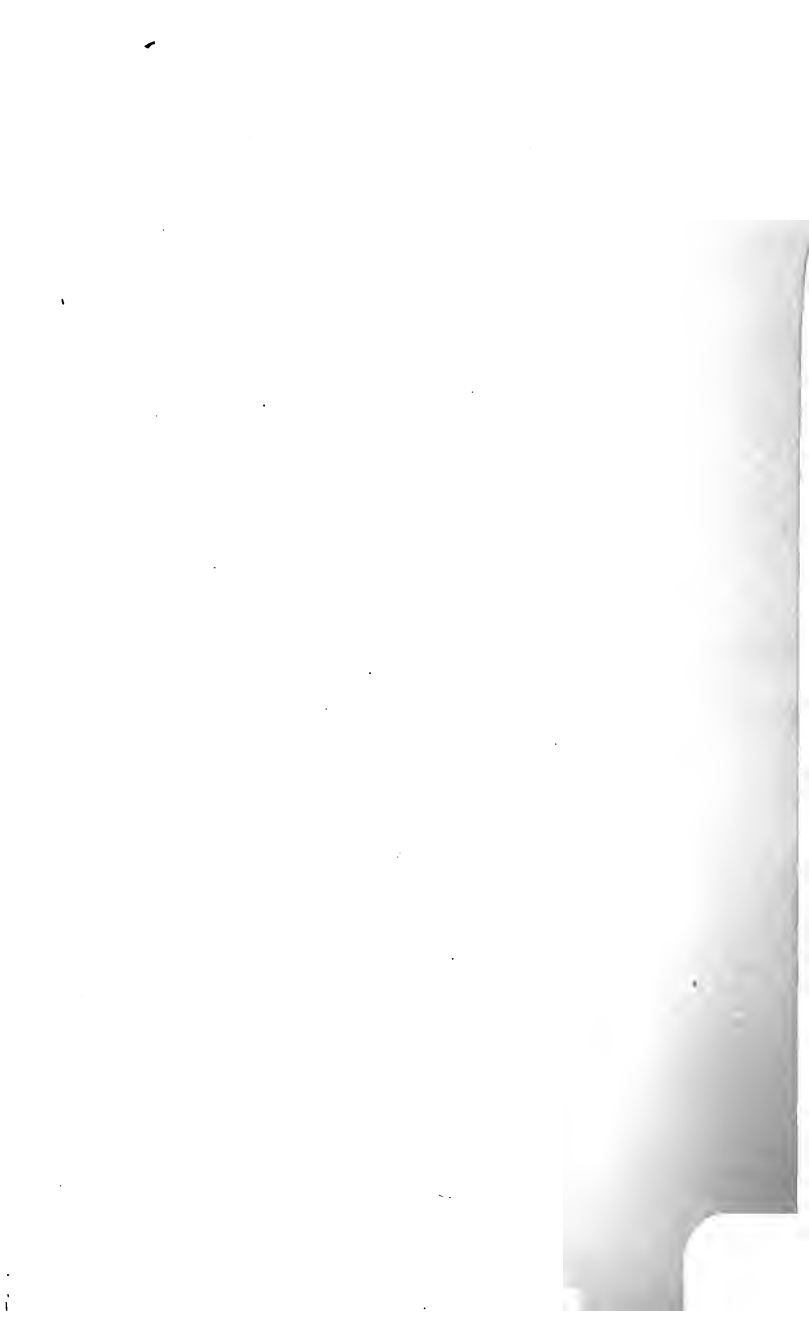
And God shall be with you. Let this be your
choice :

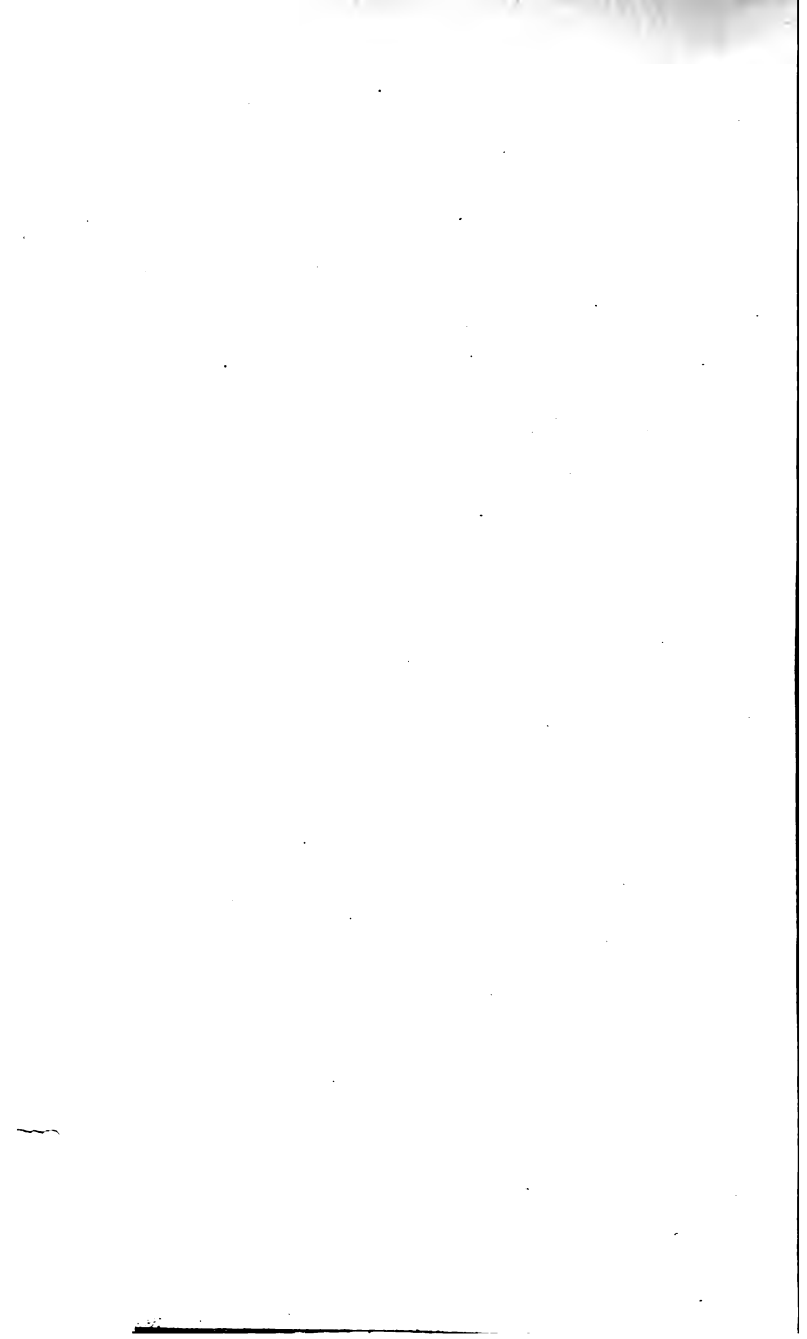
Rejoice in Christ Jesus—yes, always rejoice !

IN GOD'S PURE SIGHT.

In God's pure sight 'tis worse to disobey
What God has said, than aught that man can say;
And more 'twill please to keep His written law
Than any rule that man or men can draw.
Then if the *creed* be just as God has said,
Who needs it, for within the Book 'tis read ;
But if within the Book it be not found,
Where is the warrant to believe it sound ?
Though it be true, no truth that man has given
Is needed to make sure God's way to Heaven.
And when such tests on human souls are laid
The narrow way they block and barricade.

THE END.





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